Aug. 18, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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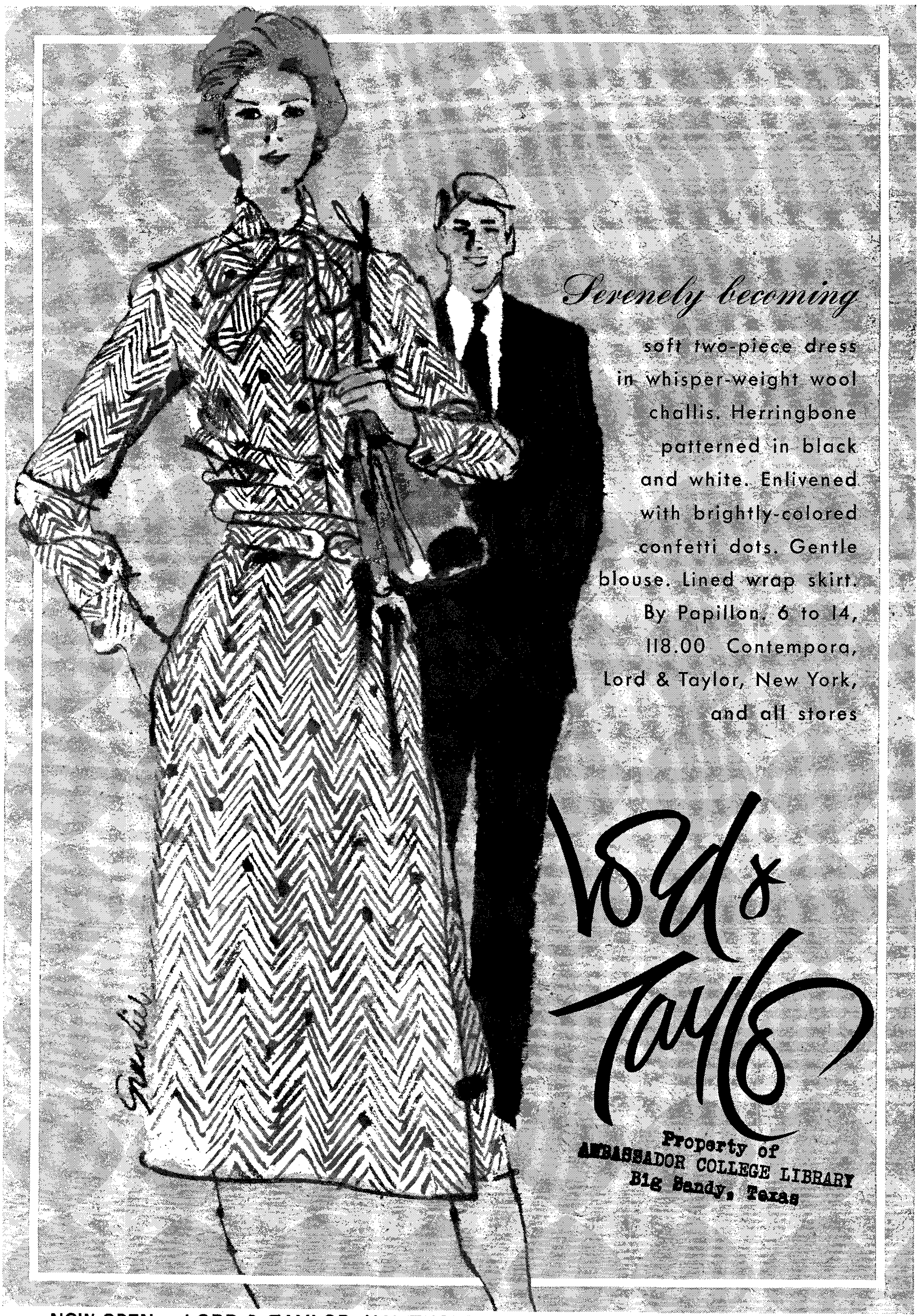

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Liza Minnelli (substituting for Gwen Verdon), Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by Greg Antonacci, and played by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—George C. Scott in a superlative performance as poor, dying Willy Loman. With Teresa Wright, James Farentino, and Martin Sheen. Directed by Mr. Scott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 24.)

The Ritz—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rodgers & Hart—Many samples of the handiwork of a great team of songwriters. What ought to be a zestful evening goes curiously flat. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 16.)

Rubbers and Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh—The management has extended the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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The Wiz—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,369 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Satur-

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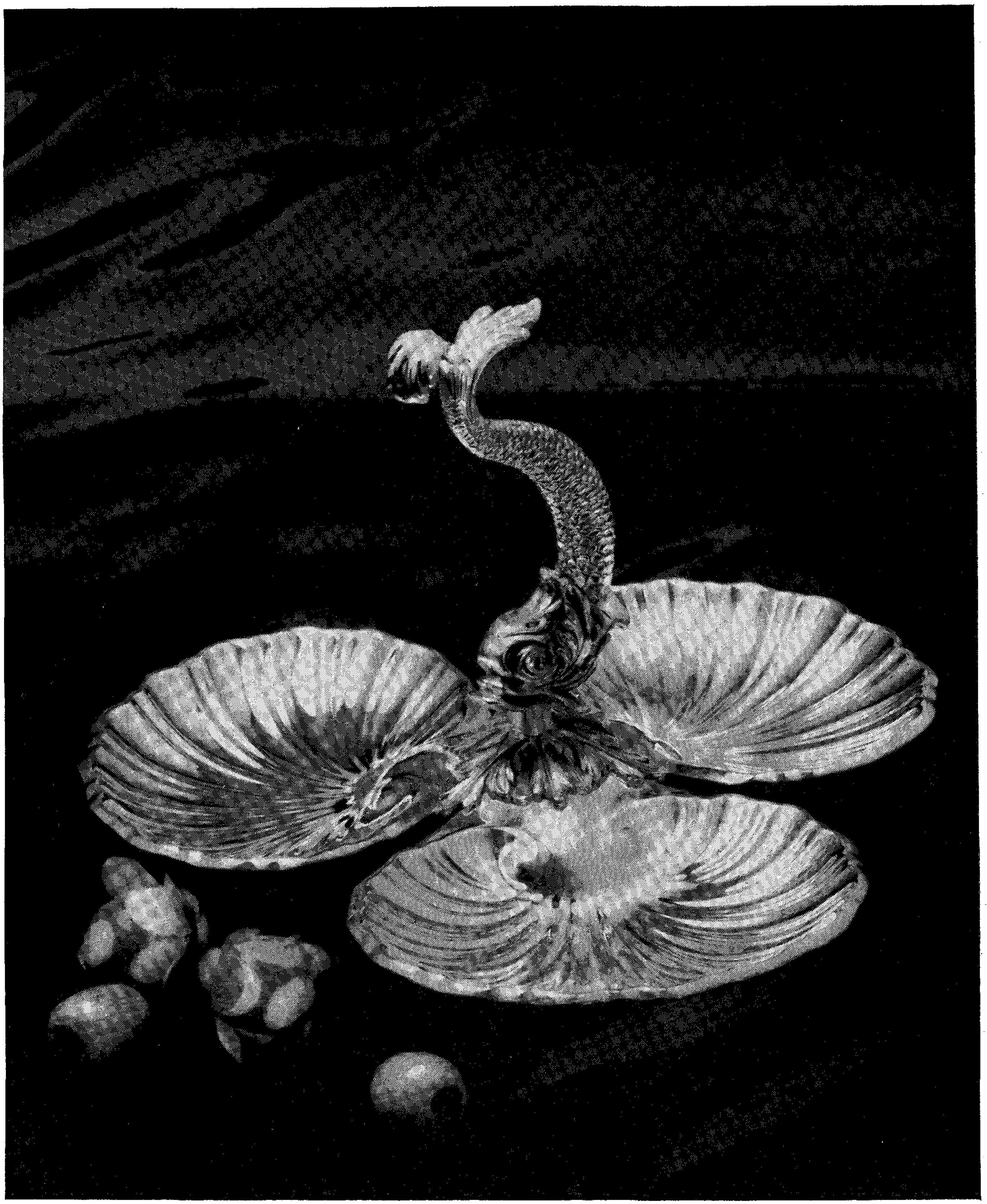

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Neville is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 19, Robert Stephens will replace Mr. Neville. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Love Songs," "After Eden," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2: "Dance for Six," "Love Songs," "After Eden," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug 17, at 1: "Dance for Six," "Love Songs," "After Eden," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 7: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 19-20, at 8: "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," "A Song for You," "Portrait of Billie," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2: "Blues Suite," "A Song for You," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Mooche." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Closes Sunday, Aug. 24.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may be just tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Bop-inspired altoist Charles McPherson leads a quintet through Saturday, Aug. 16. On Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 18-19, tenor saxophonist George Coleman co-pilots a combo with trumpeter Danny Moore. Pianist Cedar Walton and his quartet take over on Wednesday, Aug. 20. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Country singer **BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN** performs through Sunday, Aug. 17. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 18-20, two rocksters—Nicky Hopkins and Nils Lofgren—will trade sets. Blues-rock singer Felix Cavaliere comes in on Thursday, Aug. 21. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY RANEY**, a warm, melodic guitarist, and his bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** provide the music through Saturday, Aug. 16. On Monday, Aug. 18, pianist Barry Harris begins working with a bassist. Music from ten to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD**, a mansion with many rooms, is present, with Major Holley on bass. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** and his brother Red Prysock's trio will be on hand, along with pop singer Natalie Cole, through Saturday, Aug. 16. On Monday, Aug. 18, **BUDDY RICH** and his sixteen-piece band will return for a week-long visit; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, the band will be spelled by trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON'S** twelve-piece orchestra. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show to both live and disco music. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Supper. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 Universiy Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is back, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and Johnny Williams, a fine bassist. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. . . . ¶ On Sundays, Stella Marrs, an easygoing soul singer and a WRVR-FM radio personality, claims the center of the room for herself and her two backup musicians—bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Harold Mabern. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, Aug. 19, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** is the guest musician. Red Richards mans the piano nightly from seven to three-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Trumpeter Red Rodney and his quintet, featuring Cecil Payne and John Bunch, depart after Sunday, Aug. 17. On Tuesday, Aug. 19, **SUN RA** begins an extraterrestrial orbit over the lower East Side with a twelve-piece crew. The music begins after ten. Chinese and American food. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** works with and learns from drummer **SONNY GREER**, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** swaps ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist John Beal. Pianist **AL HAIG** plays from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Jamil Nasser for a few sets from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Nick Sassone or Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**TEDDY WILSON**, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and others over the past forty years, does quite well with tenorman Flip Phillips, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Some intricate, easygoing rhythm-and-blues is offered up Sundays through Thursdays by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker. Their music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials, untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Known for years as the Bitter End, these revamped quarters have preserved only the abused-looking brick walls and the double-bill entertainment policy. Chris Rush, who is a high-pitched, high-energy comic, takes turns with a rock group known as Barnaby Bye. Their last night is Sunday, Aug. 17. On Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 18-19, flutist Jeremy Steig brings in his latest group. Beginning Wednesday, Aug. 20, Flatbush's most famous cowpoke, **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, ambles through these parts, grunting and picking folk and blues in his kindly way. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** and his quartet go on at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. Dining and dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Composer and arranger **SY OLIVER** is currently leading a fine orchestra from seven every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, with an enthusiastic clientele and a reverence for just about anything campy. Singer-comedian Marilyn Sokol is here opposite Keith Green through Saturday, Aug. 16, after which the club shuts down for a two-week vacation. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut bar where all is flux: Altoist **LEE KONITZ** puts his weight behind his joyous, heedless, flying nine-piece band on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Vibraharpist Vera Auer and a trio play Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, drummer Tadashi Yasunasa's trio, featuring guitarist Masuo, takes the stage. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays, from nine until two, are given over to the guitar duo of **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA**,

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who exchange more notes than there are begats. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, a black-marble-topped bar, and an acoustically perfect corner where the musicians are to be found. On Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13-14, Mike Wolff works with bassist Walter Booker; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 15-17, John Abercrombie, a young up-and-coming, way-out guitarist, performs with pianist Mike Nock and bassist Rick Laird; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 20-21, bassist Mickey Bass plays duets with pianist Bert Ekoff. On Friday, Aug. 22, bassist Jack Six comes in with guitarist Harry Leahey. Music from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Pianist Dom Salvador and a Brazilian-flavored quartet play here on Sundays and Thursdays. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, a blues quintet called Cakewalk appears. On Fridays and Saturdays, **CECIL MC BEE**, one of the best bassists around, has charge of a rousing sextet. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—**CHARLES MINGUS** is present, inspiring his quintet, Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. **YUSEF LATEEF**, the spiritual flutist, leads his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 17. On Tuesday, Aug. 19, one of the most respected trumpeters, **CLARK TERRY**, will come on board with his quartet. Mondays belong to **GIL EVANS'** seventeen-piece band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Mondays through Wednesdays, David Lahm plays piano with a bassist, and Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Patti Wicks works with a bassist. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who seek out neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, onetime Basie saxophonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet known as the Warren Court. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving Buddy Tate, Paul Quinichette, and Sammy Price. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Peter Allen—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

War, Rare Earth, Eddie Palmieri and Friends, and **Parliament/Funkadelic**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alexander Calder—A new series of Aubusson tapestries woven from his rollicking designs. Through Aug. 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha—Site sculptures constructed for a campus arcade. Hamrol's is made of a plywood blackboard with colored chalk dangling on strings, and quickly provoked a lot of graffiti by passersby ("Mean Jimmy Green Is a String Bean," for instance); Healy's consists of colored sheets of fabric; and Tacha's is built up of tiers of Styrofoam slabs. Through Wednesday, Aug. 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Beverly Pepper—Five large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

David Smyth—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through Aug. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Realist paintings and drawings devoted to views of buildings, by fifteen gallery artists. Through Aug. 29. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Karel Appel, Paul Jenkins, and others, plus sculptures by Barbara Hepworth. Through Aug. 29. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by American artists, among them Eakins, Burchfield, and de Creeft. Through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, William Glackens, Leonard DeLonga, and others. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St. . . . **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5:30. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

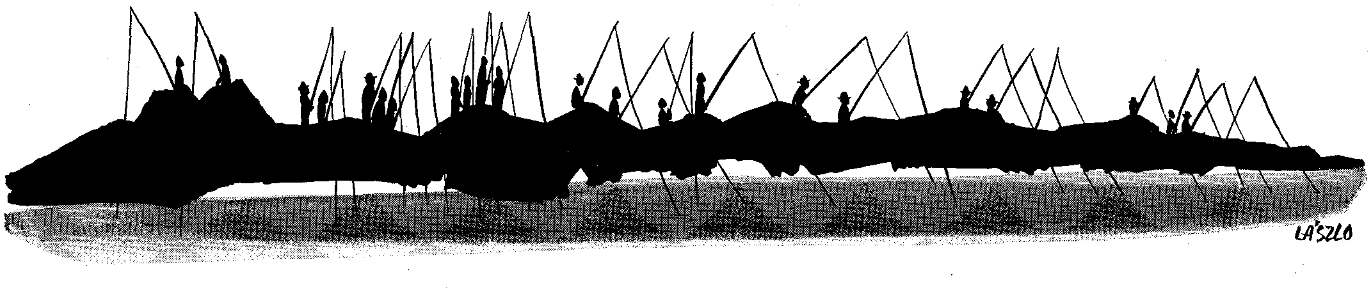
Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last ten years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser light to create a three-dimensional image on a photographic plate. . . . ¶ Two photo essays concerning California—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.). . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Another exhibit of holography. Through Aug. 29. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Conceptual photographs (arranged objects or figures) by Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: A show of Kodak advertisements that ran in the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other publications between 1900 and 1924. Through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, 1 to 7.). . . **NIKON HOUSE**, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.: Travel photographs (all of them in color) that have appeared in *Travel & Leisure*, by thirteen photographers, among them Burt Glinn, Slim Aarons, and John Lewis Stage. Through Aug. 29. . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Julia Margaret Cameron along with the works of gallery photographers. Through Aug. 26. (Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.: Photographs by Paul Strand, Edward Weston, and others. Through Aug. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects bearing his likeness—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen-seventies to the present. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45, and Thursday evenings until 8:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse," an exhibition of more than a hundred paintings by European artists on loan from both public and private collections. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "Picture Puzzles" is a show of about forty conceptual photographs. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser. Through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans,



among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition focusses on the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, on Eighth Street. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth) ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs, primarily abstract images, selected for their emphasis on texture, by such ranking artists as Paul Strand, Edward Weston, and Imogen Cunningham. Through Aug. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Sunday, Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition, arranged in conjunction with the International Center of Photography, of photographs of the landscape and people of the Himalayan countries. The prints, most of them in color and most of them taken over the last ten years, are by such photographers as Ernst Haas, Marc Riboud, and Lila and Barry Bishop. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime." . . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Illusion in Nature and Art," a show that examines, through such techniques as three-dimensional models and push-button objects, the way we see things. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Menus from across the United States, some simple, some fancy, that demonstrate the prices (three cents bought a hard-boiled egg aboard a Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore dining car in 1864) as well as the fare for eating out during the past two hundred years. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A small loan exhibit of Shaker products, including the familiar oval boxes, along with photographs of Shaker interiors. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Through Nov. 1.) . . . ¶ A small showing of prints and drawings, including maps and cartoons, detailing the public and private life of George Washington. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9. Through Sept. 30.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of paintings, sculptures,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and prints (the earliest work is dated 1765 and the latest 1975) by black American artists, among them Joshua Johnson, Jacob Lawrence, Henry O. Tanner, Charles White, and Romare Bearden. Through Sunday, Aug. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs (devoted also to the music of Beethoven and Haydn)—Wednesday, Aug. 13: George Cleve conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with John Browning, piano, and Hermann Baumann, horn. An hour before the concert, Mr. Baumann and Philippe Entremont, piano, will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14: The Cleveland Quartet, with the Messrs. Browning and Baumann, plus James Buffington, horn. An hour before the concert, the Quartet and Mr. Baumann will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16: Mr. Entremont conducting the orchestra and acting as soloist. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18, and Wednesday, Aug. 20: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra and acting as flute soloist, with Anton Kuerti, piano, and Ransom Wilson, also flute. An hour before each concert, the Messrs. Rampal, Kuerti, and Wilson will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19: The Cleveland Quartet with the Messrs. Rampal and Kuerti. An hour before the concert, the Quartet and Mr. Kuerti will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: Tashi (Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin and viola; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet) and others. An hour before the concert, they will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: John Nelson directing the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Benita Valente, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. An hour before the concert on Friday, the string section of the orchestra will perform Part I of Vivaldi's "The Seasons;" an hour before the concert on Saturday, it will perform Part II of Vivaldi's "The Seasons." (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 15, at 7: Messiaen's "Quartet for the End of Time," played by Joseph Silverstein, violin; Harold Wright, clarinet; Jules Eskin, cello; and Yvonne Loriod, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 9: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Messiaen's "Turangalila-Symphonie," with Yvonne Loriod, plus Jeanne Loriod, Ondes Martenot. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a varied program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 8:30) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Young Artists Orchestra, conducted variously by Arthur Fiedler, Gunther Schuller, Aaron Copland, and Seiji Ozawa. (A benefit for the Music Center.). . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 7: A recital by Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Ravel program, with, among others, Phyllis Bryn Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani and Joy Davidson, mezzo-sopranos; David Evitts, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 2, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 23—Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: Leonard Slatkin conducting, with Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:15: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Eugene Fodor, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:15: Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program of French music, with John Browning, piano. . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Chuck Mangione and an orchestra on Sunday, Aug. 17, at 8:15, and by Chicago on Monday, Aug. 18, at 7.]. . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8:15: Julius Rudel conducting, with Christine Weidinger, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:15: Arthur Fiedler conducting a pop concert, with Angel Romero, guitar. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy directing, with Betty Allen, contralto, and the Saratoga Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Vera Zorina, narrator. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Sunday, Aug. 17, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 5:30: Tashi (Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet), with Daniel Phillips, viola, and Buell Neidlinger, double bass. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Margaret Beals, plus soloists from the American Ballet Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-23: Lawrence Rhodes and Alba Calzada, the Five by Two Dance Company, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, Aug. 15, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES: Vs. Chicago, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 19-21, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday, Aug. 22, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 16; the Diana Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 17; the Seneca Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 20; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 22; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 16, and the Choice Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 23.

Tennis—World Team Tennis: New York Sets vs. Golden Gate. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.). . . ¶ Medi-Quik Women's Tennis Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Sunday, Aug. 17, through Sunday, Aug. 24.). . . ¶ Tennis Week Open Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 18-24.). . . ¶ Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 18-24.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, and Tuesday afternoons at 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, directed

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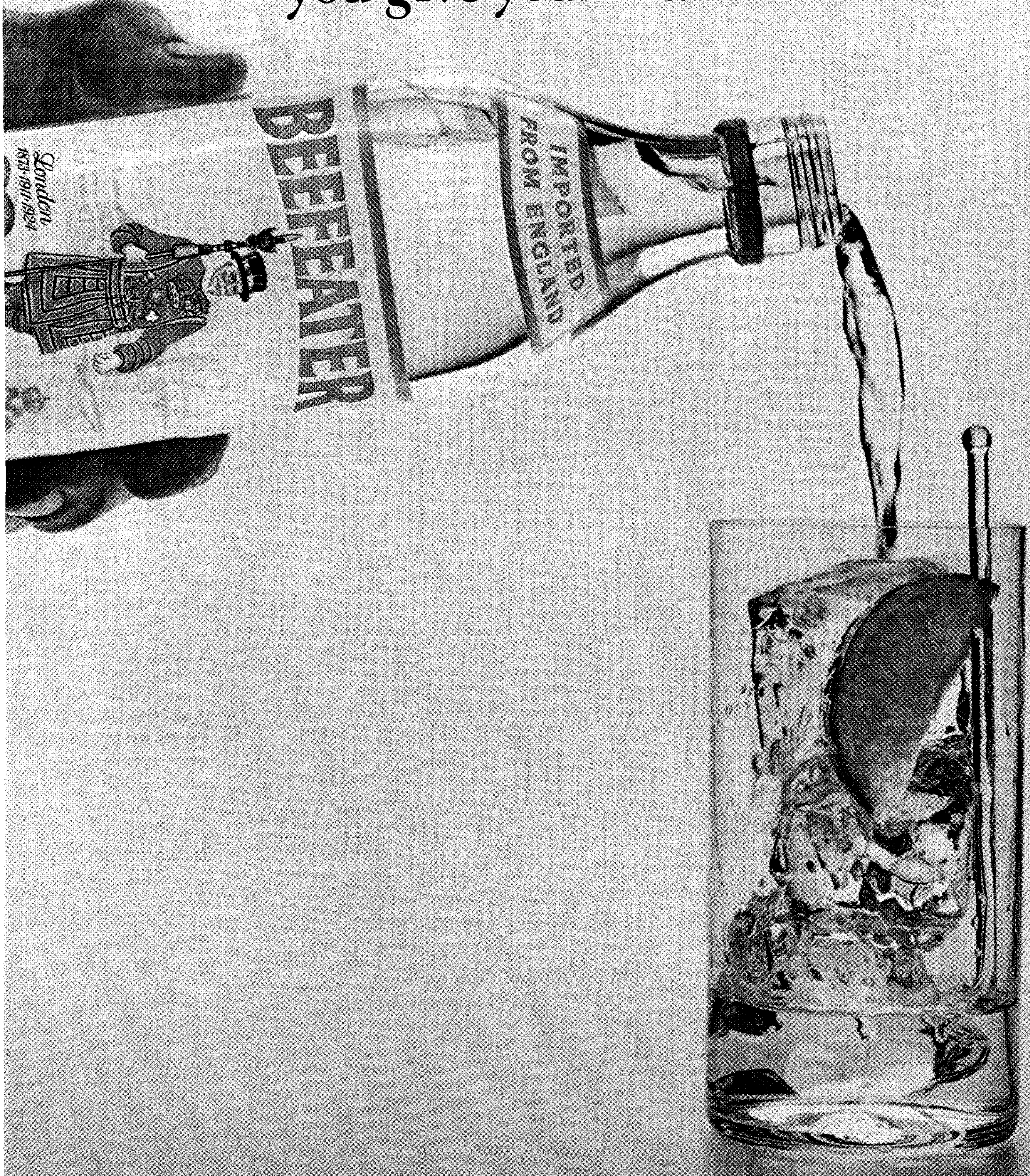
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by John Pasquin. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Final concerts in the park, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Pierre Boulez will be conducting in CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:30. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz will be conducting in PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the last two in a series of performances. Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8 (rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 19): "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8 (rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 26): "Turandot."

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting a program called "Music in the Great American Band Tradition." The last in a series of concerts. (Monday, Aug. 18, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St.)

WOLLMAN RINK—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 7: J. Geils Band and Roomful of Blues. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 6:30: Sha Na Na and Bob Altman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 7: Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, the Charlie Daniels Band, and Joe Droukas. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18, at 6:30, and Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 7: Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 7: Poco and Deadly Nightshade. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 7: Melanie and Jimmie Spheeris. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A three-week festival of musical comedy, opera, dance, recitals, chamber music, jazz (as well as country, gospel, and Latin music), and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Wednesday, Aug. 13, Jimmy Owens Quartet Plus One at 12:30, Free Street Theatre Company at 5, and pianist John Browning and the Cleveland Quartet at 6:30. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, David Amram conducting the New Chamber String Orchestra at 12:30, and Leonard Raver in an electronic organ recital with percussion at 8. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, clowns, jugglers, street musicians, and mime artists at noon. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, clowns, jugglers, street musicians, and mime artists at noon, the Vieuxtemps String Quartet at 4, and the gospel choir of the Canaan Baptist Church at 8. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18, the Hey Brother Coffee House with the Reverend Fred D. Kirkpatrick at 12:30 and the Alvin Ailey Repertory Workshop at 8. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19, the Puerto Rican Travelling Theatre at 2:30 and the Big Apple Theatre Company at 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20, the Artists Collective Drama Ensemble at 2:30, the Peoples Performing Company at 5, and Tashi (with pianist Peter Serkin and others) at 6:30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, the National Theatre Company at 2:30 and Rites and Reasons Theatre Company at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, the Arioso Woodwind Quintet at 12:30, the Laura Veldhuis Dance Company at 2:30, and the Cuban Cultural Center of New York at 5. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8, Dance for the New World. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 8, the Manuel Alum Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 8, the New York Dance Theatre.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of OKLAHOMA!, with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 31. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"Henry James's Fifth Avenue," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Aug. 17, starting at the statue of Washington in Union Square, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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Through Aug. 16: "Born to Dance" and "Rosalie."
Aug. 17-19: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Honky Tonk."
From Aug. 20: "Good News" and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 19: "The Great Waldo Pepper" and "The Front Page."
From Aug. 20 (tentative): "Funny Lady" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 14: "Gone with the Wind."
From Aug. 15: "The Great McGonagall."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 19: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From Aug. 20: "Funny Lady."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 19: "Singin' in the Rain."
From Aug. 20: "Beyond the Door."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Supervixens."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 19: "Beyond the Door."
From Aug. 20: "Coonskin."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Aug. 19: "Mary Poppins" and "Lady and the Tramp."
From Aug. 20: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Aug. 19: "Once Is Not Enough."
From Aug. 20: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Wind and the Lion."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Junior."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Bite the Bullet."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Tommy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 19: "The Great Waldo Pepper."
From Aug. 20: "Funny Lady."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 19: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Drowning Pool."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Supervixens."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Aug. 19: "Once Is Not Enough."
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Aug. 19: "Cooley High."
From Aug. 20: "Take a Hard Ride."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 19: "Mary Poppins" and "Lady and the Tramp."
From Aug. 20: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 13: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "The 39 Steps."
Aug. 14: "The Magician" and "Shoot the Piano Player."
Aug. 15: "M" and "The Magician."
Aug. 16: "Room Service" and "M."
Aug. 17: "Great Expectations" and "Room Service."
Aug. 18: "Shoe-Shine" and "Great Expectations."
Aug. 19: "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Shoe-Shine."
Aug. 20: "Rules of the Game" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."
Aug. 21: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "Rules of the Game."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Tommy."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 19: "Once Is Not Enough."
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Aug. 19 at one or another of the theatres: "Night Moves" and "Day for Night"/"The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" / Two X-rated movies. . . . ¶ Through Aug. 14: "Things to Come" and "Transatlantic Tunnel.". . . ¶ Aug. 15-16: "M" and "Metropolis.". . . ¶ Aug 17-19: "The Blood of a Poet," "Un Chien Andalou," "Lot in Sodom," and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 13: "Olympia."
Aug. 14: "King of Hearts" and "Juliet of the Spirits."
Aug. 15-16: "Amarcord" and "The Clowns."
Aug. 16 and 17: One performance at noon each day of "Plisetskaya Dances."
Aug. 17: "Fellini's Roma" and "Nights of Cabiria."
Aug. 18: "8½" and "I Vitelloni."
Aug. 19: "El Topo" and "Fellini Satyricon."
Aug. 20: "Waxworks" and "The Cat and the Canary."
Aug. 21: "King of Hearts" and "Quacks
Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"King Lear."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Hennessy."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rollerball."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 19: "Mary Poppins" ar
"Lady and the Tramp."
From Aug. 20: "Fantasia" and "Alice i
Wonderland."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 19: "The Prisoner of Secor
Avenue" and "The Terminal Man."
From Aug. 20: "Shampoo" and "Buster ar
Billie."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (75
2131)
Aug. 13: "I Was Born, But . . ." and "La
Spring."
Aug. 14: "Miss Julie" and "Torment."
Aug. 15: "The Conversation" and "The Rai
People."
Aug. 16: "Holiday" and "A Bill of Divorc
ment."
Aug. 17: "The Seven Samurai" and "Th
Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail."
Aug. 18: "Pravda," "See You at Mao," an
"Vladimir and Rosa."
Aug. 19: "My Darling Clementine" an
"Shane."
Aug. 20: "The Flavor of Green Tea Ove
Rice" and "Tokyo Story."
Aug. 21: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" an
"Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 13: "The Harvey Girls" and "Millio
Dollar Mermaid."
Aug. 14-16: "Freaks," "Tarzan and Hi
Mate," and "The Mask of Fu Manchu."
Aug. 17-19: "San Francisco" and "Mutin
on the Bounty."
From Aug. 20: "Ben-Hur."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Loews 83rd St. I, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877
3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Drown
ing Pool." From Aug. 20: "The Fortune."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "Once Is No
Enough." From Aug. 20: "Cooley High."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 19: "The Lan
That Time Forgot." From Aug. 20: T
be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 19: "Tommy."
From Aug. 20: "Papillon" and "Cabaret."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 14: "Bite the Bullet" an
"The Odessa File."
From Aug. 15: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 19: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" and "Scarecrow."
From Aug. 20 (tentative): "Shampoo" and "The Stepford Wives."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 13 at 2: "Glass Houses" (1970), directed by Alexander Singer, with Jennifer O'Neill and Bernard Barrow. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 5:30: "What Price Glory?" (1952), directed by John Ford, with James Cagney and Dan Dailey. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 5:30: "Glass Houses.". . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 8: "Caged Heat!" (1974), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Juanita Brown and Roberta Collins. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2: "Cisco Pike" (1971), directed by Bill L. Norton,

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with Gene Hackman and Karen Black. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 5:30 and Aug. 16 at noon: A program of Walt Disney films from 1932 to 1938 and a program of "March of Time" films from 1935 to 1939. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 3: "Emperor of the North" (1973), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Lee Marvin and Ernest Borgnine. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 5:30: "Ulzana's Raid" (1972), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 12:30 and 3: "The Great Adventure" (1954), directed by Arne Sucksdorff, a nature film. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5:30 and Aug. 18 at 2: "The Grissom Gang" (1971), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Kim Darby and Scott Wilson. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5:30: "Emperor of the North." . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2: "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), directed by Victor Fleming, with Douglas Fairbanks and Kathleen Clifford. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 5:30: "Club de Femmes" (1936), in French, directed by Jacques Deval, with Danielle Darrieux and Josette Day; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2: "Ulzana's Raid." . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 5:30: "When the Clouds Roll By." . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 5:30: "Just Pals" (1920), directed by John Ford, with Buck Jones. . . . ¶ Aug 21 at 8: "Straight Shooting" (1917), directed by John Ford, with Harry Carey, Molly Malone, and Hoot Gibson. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsey and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 20.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/74.) (Elgin; Aug. 15-16.)

Ben-Hur (1959)—Movie moguls have always had a real affinity for the grandiosity of the old Roman Empire. Charlton Heston plays the Jewish prince Ben-Hur; when he refuses to rat on the Jews opposed to Roman domination, his childhood friend Messala (Stephen Boyd) packs him off to the galleys and sends his mother (Martha Scott) and his sister (Cathy O'Donnell) to a dungeon. After prolonged slaving at the oars, Ben-Hur escapes and saves the life of a bigwig in the Roman navy (Jack Hawkins), who adopts him. Eventually we get to the chariot race, with Ben-Hur pitted against the treacherous Messala. Lew Wallace's hectic potboiler-classic has everything—even leprosy. M-G-M laid on the cash and William Wyler directed, with several busy assistants; the cast includes Sam Jaffe, Haya Harareet, Hugh Griffith, Finlay Currie, and a corps of stunt men. Has anyone ever been able to detect the contributions to the script of Gore Vidal, Christopher Fry, and S. N. Behrman? Could they? (Regency; starting Aug. 20.)

Benji—Loyalty tale, supposedly for children, about a mongrel. Not so much a dog of a film as a puppy. (Guild.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle; with David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher, and Elizabeth Patterson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Aug. 14.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown. Composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Almost twenty years later, in his "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes set down in this first film. It may seem somewhat static and autoerotic while one sees it, but it is peculiarly suggestive, and it has been enormously influential. In French. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 17-19.)

Born to Dance (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. In the finale to this musical, she taps on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, and Frances Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 16.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A documentary of the American Depression, using movies, popular songs, and newsreels of the thirties. Produced in England, and directed by Philippe Mora. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

Buster and Billie (1974)—Set in Georgia in 1948, about coed friendship. The film ends with a communal rape and killing, so it's not for the young. It has a faintly faked aura of lyricism and of homesickness for a far from good time in the forties, which makes it not for anyone else, either, though there are a few good, incomplete touches about a believably unlikely friendship. Directed by Daniel Petrie. (Playboy; starting Aug. 20.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 20.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 17-19.)

The Cat and the Canary (1927)—A classic horror film, with Laura La Plante and Creighton Hall, directed by the gifted Expressionist, Paul Leni. (Elgin; Aug. 20.)

Charlotte—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 17-19.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 15-16.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

Cooley High—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Aug. 20.)

Coonskin—An animated and live action film, written and directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Trans-Lux East; starting Aug. 20.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 19.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

The Drowning Pool—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old maleloner myth. (6/30/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Aug. 19.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 18.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 20.)

Farewell, My Lovely—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe. Directed by Dick Richards. (Loews Tower East.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 19.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 17.)

The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and can decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Aug. 20.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Regency; Aug. 14-16.)

THE FRONT PAGE—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 19.)

FUNNY LADY—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 20, tentative.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 14.)

GOOD NEWS (1947)—One of the best of the lighthearted rah-rah collegiate musicals. Peter Lawford and June Allyson do the number "The French Lesson" by Comden and Green and Roger Edens, and there's also that memorable novelty "Pass That Peace Pipe," by Ralph Blane and Hugh Martin. The rest of the score, including "The Best Things in Life Are Free," is from the original show by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson. Charles Walters directed, and the cast includes Mel Tormé and Joan McCracken. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 20.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1946)—David Lean directed this elegant and satisfying production, which is one of the most memorable of all the many Dickens films. John Mills is Pip; Jean Simmons is Estella as a young girl, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the role; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Finlay Currie is Magwich; Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 17-18.)

THE GREAT MCGONAGALL—With Spike Milligan and Peter Sellers, directed by Joseph McGrath. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 15.)

THE GREAT WALDO PEPPER—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Aug. 19.)

THE HARVEY GIRLS (1946)—In this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak (an ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland) and Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Henry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Regency; Aug. 13.)

HENNESSY—A thriller of gripping harmlessness, directed by Don Sharp, about the plan of an Ulsterman named Hennessy (Rod Steiger) to blow up the Houses of Parliament at a State Opening. The Home Secretary (Peter Copley) takes the threat with deep-breathing seriousness: "The whole power structure of the nation will be there." So does the I.R.A., which is heavily emphasized as having nothing to do with the scheme. There is a lot of blandly ingenious cutting between the fictional story and the behavior of the Royal Family in a color newsreel of an actual State Opening. The mixture of fiction and reportage is in a special class of frivolous opportunism. There are two bombs involved here: Rod Steiger, draped in gelignite, and the film. (8/4/75) (Music Hall.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16.)

HONKY TONK (1941)—Practically indistinguishable from several other Clark Gable pictures featuring sheriffs, cardsharps, and girls in net stockings and feather boas. The lush twenty-one-year-old Lana Turner is a New England lady out West to catch up with her father (Frank Morgan); she speedily becomes entangled with the town's good bad man (Gable), gets him drunk, and marries him. That's only the start of the picture; from then on it's turgidly predictable. Jack Conway directed; with Claire Trevor, Marjorie Main, Chill Wills, Albert Dekker, Esther Muir, and Veda Ann Borg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17-19.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagey but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 19-20.)

I WAS BORN, BUT . . . (1932)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

JAWS—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME (1968)—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film, which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then

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dropping them with a clang. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 14.)

King Lear—Kozintsev, who directed the Soviet "Hamlet" with Smoktunovsky, uses Boris Pasternak's translation. Lear is played by Yuri Jarvet, with a look of fragility unexpected in Lears, who are generally like oaks. This is an Old Testament figure capable of both enormous delusion and enormous insight. The film is handsomely imagined, both pictorially and intellectually. Not to be missed. In Russian. (8/11/75) (Bijou.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Aug. 14 and 21.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Aug. 19.)

The Land That Time Forgot—With Doug McClure, directed by Kevin Connor. (Loews 83rd St.; through Aug. 19.)

Late Spring (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a benedictine simplicity. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

Lot in Sodom (1933)—This avant-garde effort (by Dr. John S. Watson and Melville Webber) certainly didn't point movies in any direction that sensible people wanted to follow, but it keeps coming back, so perhaps it has attained some sort of classic status. It's a symbolic interpretation of the Biblical story, with bodies writhing and swaying in poetic debauchery. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 17-19.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Quad Cinema; Aug. 15-16.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 14-15.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Aug. 19.)

The Mask of Fu Manchu (1932)—Fortunately, Boris Karloff doesn't seem to take his Oriental accoutrements too seriously. As the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, Myrna Loy isn't as archly bemused as Karloff, but she's fun to see in her slinky getup. A tolerable, campy entertainment, with Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, and, in the juvenile lead, Charles Starrett, who has a perfect profile and is a perfectly deadly actor. Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor directed; from the Sax Rohmer story. (Regency; Aug. 14-16.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 17.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Quad Cinema; Aug. 15-16.)

Million Dollar Mermaid (1952)—Esther Williams was a great advertisement for the one-piece bathing suit; still, centering a story on the invention of the thing leaves a lot of dead space in a movie that goes on for 115 minutes. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, is not known for his sense of pace. In this M-G-M musical splasher, Esther Williams plays Annette Kellerman, the Australian swimming champ who went into show business; Walter Pidgeon plays her father, Maria Tallchief plays Anna Pavlova, and Victor Mature is the American promoter who discovers first Annette and then Rin Tin Tin. The picture's only claim on one's attention is in the two sequences staged by Busby Berkeley, which were excerpted for "That's Entertainment!" Berkeley used smoke pots and sparklers, and put Williams, wearing a chain-mail bathing suit made of thousands of gold flakes, at the top of a geyser. (Regency; Aug. 13.)

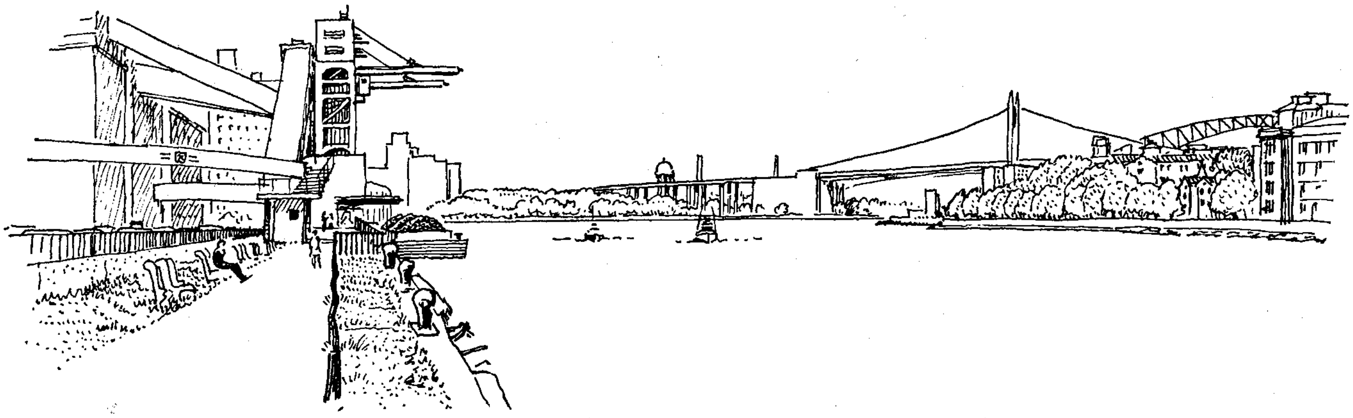
Miss Julie (1950)—Strindberg's passionate, relentless drama of sexual debasement, directed by Alf Sjöberg. Anita Björk is the fragile, capricious, feudal aristocrat who encourages her father's servile valet to seduce her; she sustains the demanding role with intensity and grace. As the valet, Ulf Palme matches her performance with a surly, sly arrogance that makes his conquest of her a true degradation. The expansion of the play over considerable lyric acreage and preceding generations is ill-advised; it tends to dissipate the confined, harrowing drama. But the performances make this a powerful version, nevertheless, and it took the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1951. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Art, Little Carnegie, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor; Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Regency; Aug. 17-19.)

My Darling Clementine (1946)—John Ford's poetic Western with Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp, Walter Brennan as hateful Old Man Clanton, and Victor Mature coaxed into a surprisingly good performance as a mutinous doctor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 19.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports


Richard Edes Harrison

to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

Night Moves—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (6/23/75) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 19.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a shabby, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Arguably Fellini's finest picture. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 17.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Symphony; through Aug. 14.)

Olympia (1938)—The 1936 Olympics in Berlin, with Hitler in his glory. "Olympia" is only incidentally a great record of the actual games: the director, Leni Riefenstahl, selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with more than three hours of dazzling quality. One of the two greatest films ever directed by a woman; the other (the infamous "Triumph of the Will") is also by Riefenstahl. Viewed now, "Olympia" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Elgin; Aug. 13.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, Loews Ciné, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd St.; through Aug. 19.)

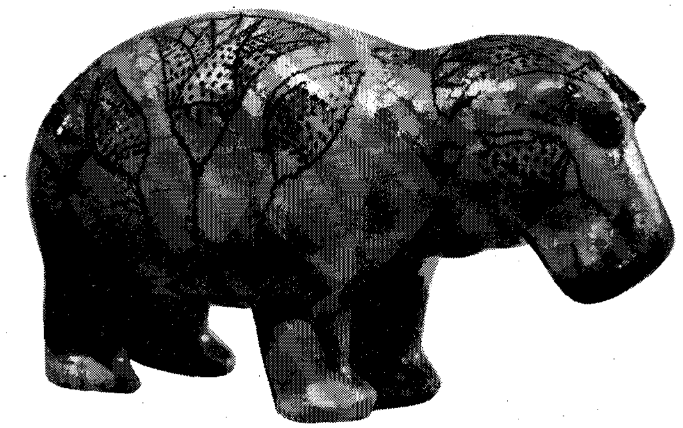
A Pain in the A.—With Lino Ventura and Jacques Brel, directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Papillon (1973)—A pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (New Yorker; starting Aug. 20.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 19.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Elgin; Aug. 16 and 17, one performance at noon each day.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining trash, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain tabloid novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, premoral way—is dressed in impeccable white as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronym and Leon Ames have a showoffy courtroom clash. With Audrey



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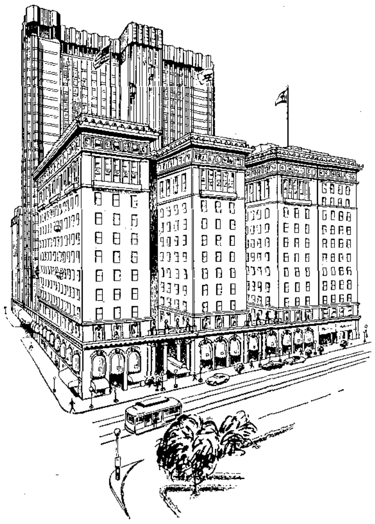

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Totter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17-19.)

Pravda (1970)—Jean-Luc Godard shot this film in 16-mm. in Czechoslovakia after the Russian occupation. Image is pitched directly against sound, and fictional narrative is thrown out altogether. The gist of the dialogue is an attack on the Russians for invading Czechoslovakia and an attack on the Czechs for wanting bourgeois pleasures. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 18.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) Gramercy, Juliet 1, Playboy, and Olympia; through Aug. 19.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Elgin; Aug. 21.)

The Rain People (1969)—There's a prodigious amount of talent in Francis Ford Coppola's unusual, little-seen film, but it's a ponderously self-conscious effort; the author-director exhibits his film craftsmanship with undue solemnity on material that suggests a gifted college student's imitation of early Tennessee Williams. The result is academic, and never believable. Shirley Knight is atrociously mannered as a pregnant woman who leaves home and picks up a brain-damaged hitchhiker (James Caan). With Robert Duvall as a motorcycle cop. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting Aug. 20.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in properly to the rules of the mythically curative game is quite an omission, considering this can count only as a sports film and not remotely as prophetic. (7/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 16-17.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 16.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 20-21.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Regency; Aug. 17-19.)

Scarecrow (1973)—A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Olympia; through Aug. 19.)

See You at Mao (1970)—An hour-long film by Godard. Radical politicking to a degree that will drive some people mad with its deliberately battering didacticism. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 18.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 17.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Playboy; starting Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 20, tentative.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth—though this particular myth was ready for the remainder counter before the director, George Stevens, picked it up. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. The film is overplanned and uninspired; Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth some sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 19.)

Sherlock Junior (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for blackmarketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 18-19.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 13-14.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd

Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Murray Hill; through Aug. 19.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 21.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (*2/24/75*) (Olympia; starting Aug. 20, tentative.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 19.)

Supervixens—A Russ Meyer film. X-rated. (Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East.)

Take a Hard Ride—A Western, with Jim Brown and Lee Van Cleef, directed by Anthony M. Dawson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Aug. 20.)

Take Me Out to the Ball Game (1949)—This big M-G-M musical, set in the early part of the century, began with a not-too-inspired script idea from Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, and after it went through a series of cast changes and then got assigned to Busby Berkeley to direct, it was a full-scale mess. Kelly and Frank Sinatra are vaudevillians who are also baseball players; Esther Williams, the manager of the baseball team, is in love with Kelly, but Sinatra is in love with her. And there are gangsters trying to get the boys to double-cross her and lose a game. This asinine story just about smothers the good-natured hoofing. Comden and Green and Roger Edens did the songs, but the musical numbers have that flag-waving Irish-American cheeriness which also blighted many Fox musicals made in the same period. With Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin, who work well with Kelly and Sinatra. They all got together—*sans* Esther Williams—the following year in "On the Town." The finale here isn't by Berkeley; it was co-directed by Kelly and Donen, and served to convince the studio to let them co-direct "On the Town." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 20.)

Tarzan and His Mate (1934)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the second of the Weissmuller Tarzan series. This one is cheerful and outrageously preposterous. You are right in the heart of the craziest Africa ever contrived for your entertainment; not a wild beast ever misses a cue. Tarzan's mate has adapted herself to her husband's mode of living with true Victorian propriety; snug in her tree houses, she has a devoted gorilla for her personal maid. Everything is idyllic, though some old Mayfair friends of hers turn up and make trouble for a while. Directed by Cedric Gibbons and Jack Conway. (Regency; Aug. 14-16.)

The Terminal Man (1974)—One of those errors-of-science thrillers; it's an even worse error of moviemaking. Pitifully miscast, George Segal runs around stabbing people uncontrollably. Mike Hodges, who directed, also is guilty of the adaptation of the Michael Crichton novel. Joan Hackett plays a soulful-eyed doctor. (Playboy; through Aug. 19.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson) in the dialogue and acting. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 14.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 13.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of splendid complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (*4/7/75*) (Columbia II, and Waverly. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Aug. 19.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Aug. 19.)

Torment (1947)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. (The following year, Bergman became a director.) Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who have also become directors). Gunnar Björnstrand and others of Bergman's troupe may be glimpsed in small roles, looking very young. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Strong-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most likable early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 14.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 18.)

Vladimir and Rosa (1971)—One of Jean-Luc Godard's revolutionary films. Not all the cant and didactically systematized style in the world can fend off the poetry and gaiety of this piercingly talented man. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 18.)

Waxworks (1924)—The three episodes of this engaging, too-little-known German horror fantasy feature extravagantly villainous performances—Conrad Veidt as Ivan the Terrible, Emil Jannings (in one of his rare comic portraits) as Haroun-al-Raschid, and Werner (Caligari) Krauss as Jack the Ripper. In the Veidt-Ivan sequence, which was obviously a major influence on Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Ivan is a jokester-poisoner who enjoys presenting his victims with hourglasses timed for the precise moment of their deaths; one day he discovers an hourglass labelled "Ivan." The director, Paul Leni, a former Max Reinhardt collaborator, was an extraordinarily gifted scenic artist; the macabre expressionistic décor for the Jack-the-Ripper sequence is made entirely from sheets of painted paper. William Dieterle is also in the cast. (Elgin; Aug. 20.)

The Wind and the Lion—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

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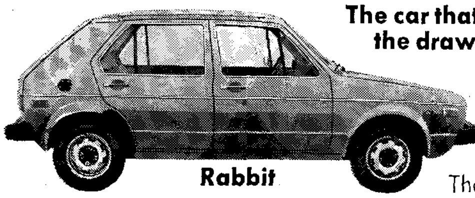
Volkswagen



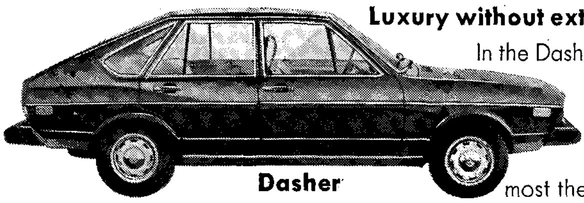
The car that sent Detroit back to the drawing board.

The '75 Rabbit is the winner of Road & Track Magazine's '75 Comparison Road Test. Though small on the outside the Rabbit has as much head and leg room as some mid-size cars.

More luggage, space, with the rear seat folded down, than a Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham.

Plus a hatchback at no extra charge.

All in all it's easy to see why the Rabbit came in first. And not just by a hare.



Luxury without extravagance.

In the Dasher, according to *Guide to Car Economy*, "... VW has achieved almost the unheard of–excellent performance, fuel economy and driveability ..."

What's truly remarkable is that Dasher is a *family* car (available as a 5-seater family sedan or as a 4-door wagon) with plenty of room and comfort.

"Throughout the interior, there is evidence of careful, if not lavish attention to finish detail ... ", says *Car & Driver*.

Dasher, in short, gives you both luxury and economy.

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The Hot Car from Volkswagen.

Volkswagen's Scirocco was recently voted one of the "ten best cars for a changing world" by the editors of Road & Track.

Its lines were drawn by Giugiaro, the man who designed the Maserati. Not only is it hard for the eye to resist, the sleek wedge styling also cuts through wind resistance.

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Compare the new VWs as a group with anyone else's new cars

- All of the new VWs excel when it comes to acceleration. The Rabbit does 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds, Scirocco in 7.5 and Dasher sedan in 8.6.
- All of the new VWs get from 35 to 38 mpg hwy, from 23 to 24 in the city.*
- All have dual diagonal brake circuits so that the driver is protected by a back-up system.
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- All new VWs have rack-and-pinion steering, front-wheel drive, and a unique rear axle design for superior handling.
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Our best engineers started working on the new Volkswagens over five years ago. A fact which explains the difference between Volkswagen's Cars of the Future and everybody else's. You can drive ours today.

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*'75 EPA Buyers Guide

Competitors

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE received a letter (written with the juice of poppies on birch bark) from a friend, a hard-core New Yorker, who has been sojourning in New Hampshire. The transition seems to have unsettled her; indeed, she writes that the air, two thousand feet up and free of exhaust fumes, affects her like Benzedrine, and a long-standing sinus condition has almost ceased to bother her. The letter continues:

> It has been a most abundant summer in the fields and the woods, where the lovely, rare, and wild things that one had only read about, or had forgotten, seem ordinary—almost trivial. When I first came here, lady's-slipper orchids were hung like so many Japanese lanterns through the green ferns, and soon the mountain- and sheep-laurel blossoms were bursting open like popcorn. Scarlet tanagers are as commonplace as stoplights. A bushy-tailed fox has been seen strolling down the road in broad daylight. On overcast days, three or four kinds of thrush seem to sing all the time. Every species of bird has a different language, you know; the birds here are like those phrase books for tourists which tell how to say "I love you" in French, German, Polish, and Rumanian. (Actually, what the birds are saying is "Mine, keep away," but I'm a bit gaga, midsummer mad, and I'd like to think that what the hermit thrush sang at first light, which on the solstice came around four-thirty in the morning, was a kind of credo.) There are, of course, flies in Arcadia, and mosquitoes larger than grackles. A phoebe, instead of catching them, seems to want to bore them to death with the sound of its name repeated incessantly. The *Times* comes late, and the editorial page is in the wrong place. I have weathered the usual mood changes of a traveller—wide-eyed wonder, culture shock (homesick for the city, for the adverse conditions upon which writers are said to thrive)—and have come to accept the marvels of nature with equanimity, if not exactly a yawn. Now that I'm to leave soon, though, I look round me with special interest again. I shall miss the country news: what flower happens next, when the phoebes' second brood will fledge. The lady's-slipper orchids have long ago turned into old bedroom slippers, to wear around the house or throw out. But now the field flowers are in full sway—tansy and meadowsweet, black-eyed Susans, devil's paintbrush. On certain days, their loveliness makes me almost angry. Art is difficult, willed; nature unintentional, offhand. The flowers are their own language. The devil's paintbrush mocks the painters; the birds, at their best, confound the composers; and writers must always be coming to grips with the heartbreaking beauty of nature, the painful insufficiency of words.

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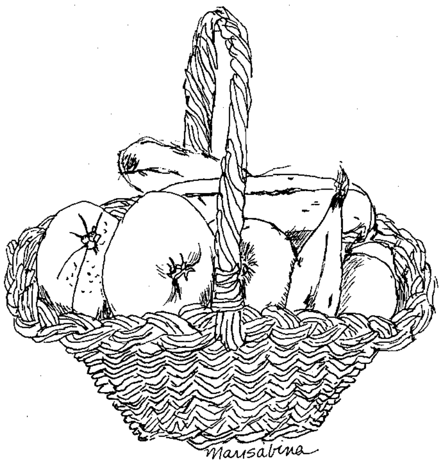
Index

ONE of the most interesting publications we know of—and one of the few we read from cover to cover as soon as it arrives—is *Index on Censorship*, a London-based quarterly devoted to the defense of freedom of expression. *Index* provides an outlet for manuscripts that have been suppressed by tyrannical governments, from Moscow and Prague to Teheran and Santiago, and it publishes lengthy reports, full of specific information, on threats to freedom of speech in whatever countries they occur—and they occur, in varying degrees, nearly everywhere on earth. But *Index*, as its editor, Michael Scammell, told us when he was in New York recently, "is more than a house organ for human-rights buffs or a 'bulletin of frustration,' as somebody called it. It's also a magazine of general interest, I hope, and one with a high literary standard." *Index* has been coming out since 1972, but only the last two issues have been distributed widely in this country. About a quarter of the magazine's circulation of four thousand is now in the United States, and that proportion will probably grow, since Mr. Scammell has arranged for bookstore distribution here under the aegis of Random House. (Subscriptions, at ten dollars a year, can be had from *Index on Censorship*, 156 Fifth Avenue.) A good deal of space in the last two issues has been devoted to a continuing discussion of whether writers should boycott South Africa, with contributions from, among others, Brigid Brophy, Margaret Drabble, Mary McCarthy, Zhores Medvedev, Stephen Spender, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and the South African writers Dennis Brutus, Nadine Gordimer, and Mary Renault. Those two issues also contained articles and stories by the Soviet writers Victor Nekrasov, Vladimir Voinovich, and Victor Fainberg, poems by the Polish poet Jacek Bierezin, and detailed reports from Uruguay, Sri Lanka, and Argentina—even from England, where a proposed closed-shop law may limit access to the press to the members of a single trade union. A particularly useful feature of each issue is a section called "*Index* Index," a country-by-country chronicle of events showing how freedom of expression is variously stifled. *Index* is useful to anyone who cares about the honest expression of ideas and feelings, because it conveys precisely what it means to live in a country where basic intellectual



freedoms are not taken for granted.

Mr. Scammell has been the editor of *Index* since its inception. He gave the magazine its name, which suggests not only the Index Librorum Prohibitorum—the official list of books Roman Catholics are forbidden to read—but also the pointing finger of accusation. He is a handsome, youthful-looking man of forty, with blue eyes, wavy light-brown hair, and a beard. As a working-class lad who left school at sixteen, he seemed destined for smaller things. He worked as a copyboy on a newspaper near home, in Southampton, and then was drafted into the Army. All he really wanted out of life at that point was to ride a motorcycle, and a friend told him that the place for that was the Intelligence Corps, where one could hope to become a courier. He applied, but he was told it was out of the question—unless he was willing to study Russian. "I said no at first, because I couldn't bear the thought of school of any kind," he told us. "But I went, kicking and screaming." He took to it, and the Army posted him to Cambridge for a year, where he polished both his Russian and his motorcycle, which he had ended up buying out of his military pay. Although he flunked his infantry officer's exam and spent the last three months of his military service shovelling coal as a private, the direction of his life had permanently changed.

Mr. Scammell was the first member of his family to go to college. He took his degree at the University of Nottingham, and afterward decided to pursue his studies in the United States. Turned down for a scholarship through the usual channels, he wrote directly to the Slavic-studies departments of Harvard, Berkeley, and Columbia, and was accepted by all three. He chose Columbia, and while he was a graduate student there he helped support himself as a translator. He translated, in collaboration with the author, three early novels of Vladimir Nabokov's—"The Gift," "The Defense," and "Despair"—and did a new translation of "Crime and Punishment" and Tolstoy's "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth." Although he could have had a comfortable academic career in the United States, at the end of four years he went home. "I could live only on the surface in this country," he said. "In retrospect, I suppose I felt a bit the way exiles feel. I was born in England—it was as simple as that."

Mr. Scammell free-lanced as a tourist guide and wrote a *Blue Guide* to Yugoslavia while he looked for a job in England. He finally landed one at the BBC World Service, supervising translations into Slavic languages. "Ironically, I had the right to push the censor's button, though I never did," he said, and laughed. "The BBC wisely abolished the job, and I became a producer in the Bulgarian section, which has to be seen to be believed. It was absolute hell. I quit as soon as I could get a contract to translate another book."

It was the mid-nineteen-sixties, and the *samizdat*—the real underground press—had begun to appear in the Soviet Union. Mr. Scammell edited and translated "Russia's Other Writers," a collection of *samizdat* stories, and "My Testimony," Anatoly Marchenko's book about the post-Stalin prison camps. Mr. Scammell started work on a book about Solzhenitsyn and had nearly run out of money when the *Index* job came up, and he was a natural choice for it.

The magazine itself was a product, in a sense, of the misbehavior of both the Soviet and the American governments. Early in 1968, when the Soviet government was conducting a show trial of four dissidents, the physicist Pavel Litvinov, with Larisa Bogoraz Daniel, daringly issued an open letter of protest, which was published in the West. Stephen Spender sent them a telegram of support, signed also by fifteen other prominent intellectuals, including Cecil Day-Lewis, W. H. Auden, Bertrand Russell, and Igor Stravinsky. Needless to say, the telegram was never delivered, but Mr. Litvinov heard about it on the BBC, and he wrote to Mr. Spender asking him to consider setting up an international committee of writers and scholars to monitor and support the movement for human rights both in the U.S.S.R. and elsewhere. In the meantime, Mr. Spender and Stuart Hampshire, the philosopher, and Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, had been trying to start a new publication that would carry on the work that had been undermined and discredited by the covert funding and manipulation of the United States Central Intelligence Agency—"a sort of counter-*Encounter*, anti-authoritarian, but in an evenhanded way," as Mr. Scammell put it. That project fell through at about the time of Litvinov's letter, but Mr. Spender and Mr. Hampshire had learned a thing or two about fund-raising. The end result was the founding of an organization called the Writers and Scholars Educational Trust (funded initially by a grant from David Astor, the editor of *The Observer*) and, two years later, *Index on Censorship*.

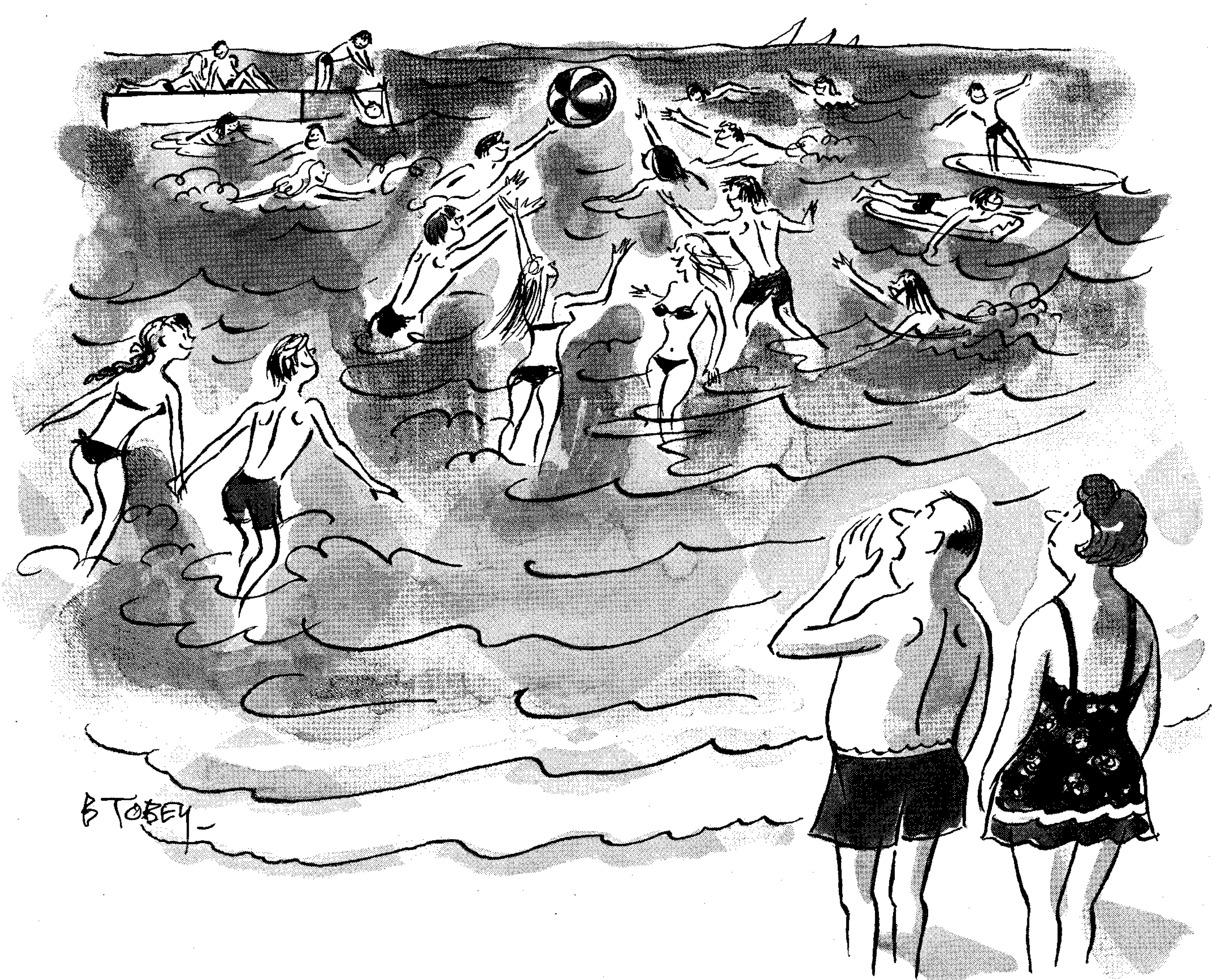
After Mr. Scammell had sketched in the background for us, we asked him for his evaluation of the present state of freedom of expression in the world.

"My feeling is that, if anything, it's got worse over the past few years," he said. "But my hope is that we're in a kind of pre-Watergate situation. I think there's going to be an increasing awareness of the dangers in those parts of the world that are still free. Something like *Index*, which transcends the party political conflict in any one country, would have been inconceivable ten years ago. The feelings that went into the Kennedy and McCarthy campaigns and into the antiwar movement are now going very much into bodies like Amnesty International, and I find that a hopeful sign."

"Doesn't technology make it easier for governments to control their citizens?" we asked.

"Yes, but technology is a knife that cuts both ways. Governments and, if you like, some of the big corporations use it to control us, but we can use it, too. If it's easier for police agencies to computerize their files, it's also easier to record things on tape and microfilm and smuggle them out. More and more people have access to laboratories, and global communication really *is* a reality."

Much the worst blow to freedom of expression in the past few months, Mr. Scammell said, has been the turn toward authoritarianism in India. "Before these events, the Indian press was totally free," he said. "India was a shining exception to the rule of a controlled press in Asia. Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, the Philippines since the imposition of the Marcos presidential dictatorship—all these are disasters from the point of view of a free press, and I'm speaking now only of the Western-oriented countries. It goes without saying that the situation in places like Indo-China is even worse. What is most distressing about what is happening in India is the thoroughness of the censorship. The confinement of political reporting to the reproduction of government handouts, and the fact that the papers are forbidden to leave blank spaces or even to refer to the existence of the censorship, has put India in the category of Iran or Chile in its treatment of freedom of the press. Everyone is so intimidated that we're finding it extremely difficult to get anyone to write from inside the country."



"Yoo-hoo! How's the water?"

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Mr. Scammell said that the situation had also worsened in Africa and Latin America but in Europe the picture was more complex. "Portugal is the great workshop, the great crucible," he said. "I don't think anyone can say which way it's going to go. What Americans can do is give them the benefit of the doubt, as the Western Europeans have done. To do what Kissinger did—to talk as if the worst had already happened in Portugal—is to help bring it about. The combination of Kissinger's saying that and Ford's embracing Franco has been a disaster, from our point of view. The only success story I can think of in recent years has been Greece, and that was despite Kissinger and American foreign policy. As for Britain, the trend there, despite the proposed closed-shop legislation, is toward more freedom of expression. Official commissions on libel, official secrets, privacy, and contempt of court have all come in with recommendations for greater liberalization. In Britain, America is usually invoked as the comparison, and invoked favorably. Still, most Europeans have no idea of the disparity between America's actions abroad and American freedom at home. If one had to draw up a table of freedom of expression around the world, I think America would be at the top. Watergate was the proof of that. But Watergate was also the proof that there are no grounds for complacency."

Leisure Living

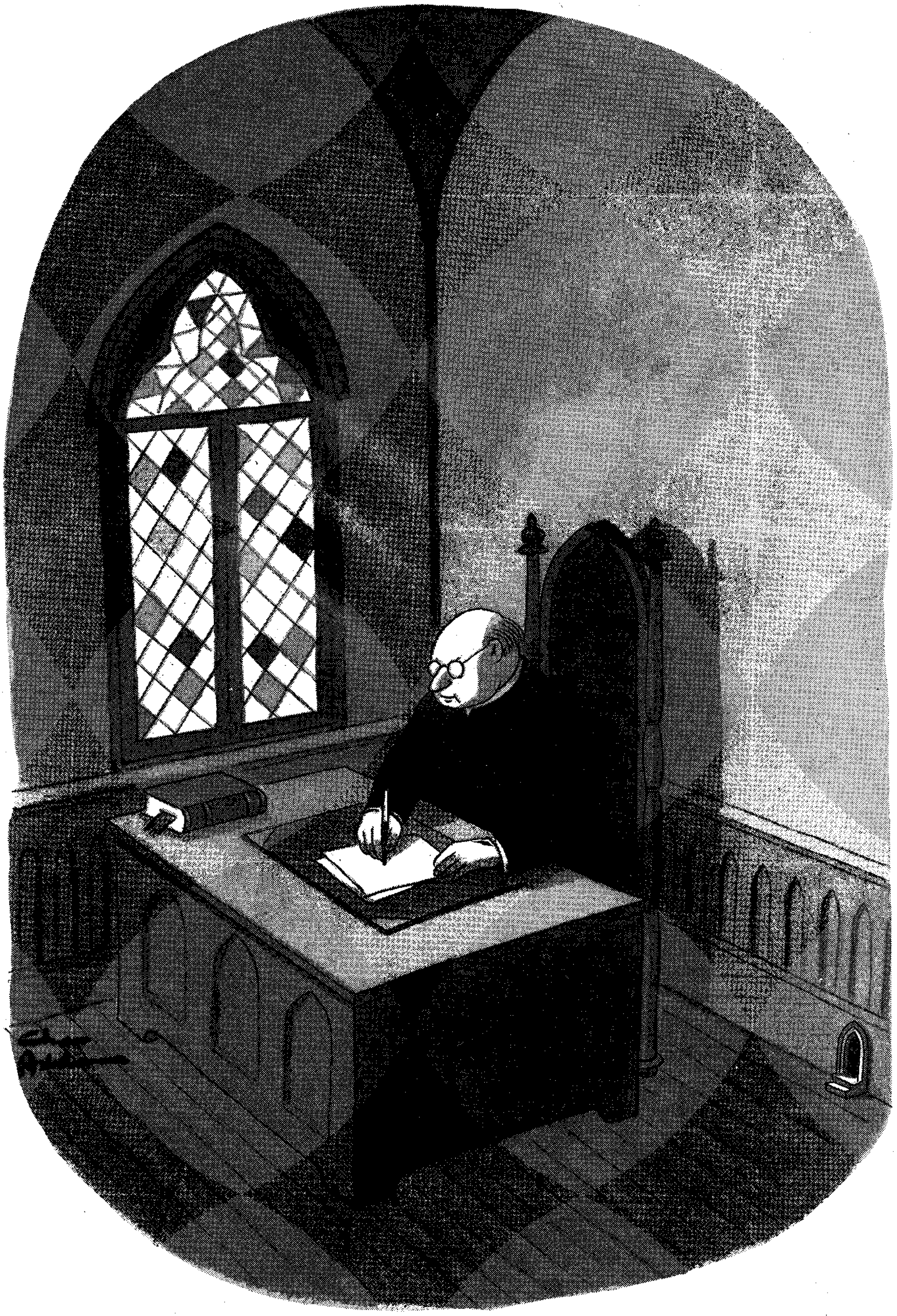
"Can an executive wear at work what he wears at play? Can a lawyer meet with a client dressed like a client? Can a white-collar worker work with his collar open?

"Macy's says yes—thanks to the leisure-suit revolution—casual, comfortable suits you can wear everywhere."—*From a recent Macy's TV commercial.*

USUALLY, the only department-store ads that consistently hold our interest on television are the ones for Korvettes, in which an ebullient fellow tries to sell what seems like Korvettes' entire inventory in thirty seconds. But on a recent Saturday, while we were watching "Valley of the Dinosaurs," this Macy's ad leaped to the center of our department-store-advertisement consciousness. The questions it asked were disturbing. Then we realized that Macy's had a point—many people *do* prefer leisure dressing, no matter what the occasion. Recent sightings: Mel Tormé in a subdued leisure-suit-and-scarf ensemble on the "Tonight Show;" Earl Young, bass singer for the Tramps (a popular rhythm-and-blues group) at a recording session in a peach-colored one; Lindsey Nelson, Mets announcer, on the air wearing one; Kirk Douglas, in his new movie, "Once Is Not Enough;" all the people of the future in "Rollerball;" a man in the lobby of the Collingwood Hotel, on West Thirty-fifth Street; several men at the bar of Joe's Clam House, in Brooklyn; Raymond

Popeil, the inventor of the Pocket Fisherman, in Chicago; the manager of a Second Avenue supermarket in the Fifties.

Leisure suits meant originally just that—a suit you wore when you were going to have a good time. You don't wear a tie with a leisure suit. The jacket is constructed in such a way that it gives a less formal appearance than a suit jacket or a blazer. Basically, it looks like a big shirt. It has no lapels, and it is usually in a solid color, often with decorative stitching around the pockets, cuffs, and collar. The cuffs unbutton, so that they can be turned up to show off a contrasting shirt, and the trousers, which are flared, are of the same fabric as the jacket. Most leisure suits are made of "texturized" polyester. Jack Hyde, the senior editor of *Men's Wear*, says that the first leisure suits were designed by Louis Roth Clothes right after the Second World War, for rich men to wear when they went golfing at Palm Springs and similar resorts. The original leisure suits were made of wool gabardine and cost about a hundred dollars. "In those days, you saw them in Florida and California, never in New York," Mr. Hyde told us. "They usually had an inverted pleat in the back, and the colors ran to high shades. Then, when rayon gabardine came on the market, they were done in that. Then they went into a decline when the Ivy League look came in, in the fifties. About six or seven years ago, they were made again in California, and today everybody wears one. The only problem is that they make everyone look like a bus driver."

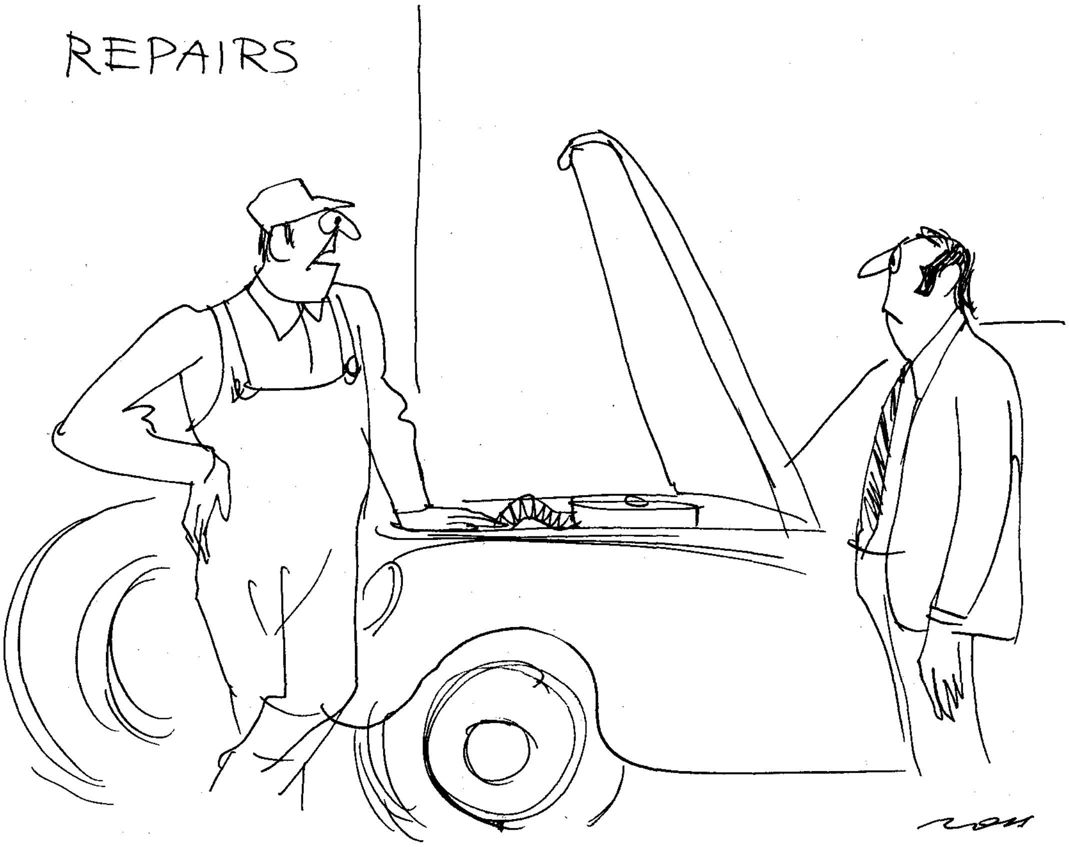


In checking the leisure-suit market, this is what we found: After Macy's ad campaign, the store sold over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of leisure suits in two days, and on Macy's second floor there are still leisure suits as far as one's eye can see; Barney's, the largest men's store in the world, has New Yorker leisure suits on the third floor, Imperial leisure suits on the fourth floor, and European leisure suits in the basement and on the fifth and third floors; at Lee Sport Stores, on West 125th Street, they sell more leisure suits than they do regular suits, and they have different names for different ones, like the Apple Jack, the Come Back Man, the Eagle Man, the High in the Sky, the Big Mouth Albert, and the Top Cat; at Brooks Brothers, there is a new Leisure Corner, featuring corduroy. The price of a leisure suit can be anywhere from nineteen ninety-five to two hundred and sixty dollars.

A man with the definitive word on leisure suits is Howard Brown, of Tobias Sportswear, a Los Angeles firm. "The leisure suit has been one of the two lifebloods of the department stores in the last year or so," he told us. "The other has been the sports shirt, which people buy to wear with leisure suits. People like being casual, and today they find the encumbrance of a tie almost superfluous. You can wear a leisure suit to a bar or a nice restaurant or a semi-business occasion and not feel underdressed. It goes with the life style of a lot of men today."

Whaling Museum

EVER since meeting Barbara Johnson when she was the successful bidder for a whale eye at a Museum of Natural History auction, we had hoped to visit her private whaling museum in Princeton. Our dream came true the other day, when we were invited there for lunch. Our taxi stopped at a large fieldstone house, surmounted by a weathervane in the shape of a whale. Access to the entrance was barred by a locked iron gate, which was opened by our hostess, an attractive, animated woman with blondish hair; she was wearing an antique scrimshaw ring and a necklace of miniature ivory



"There's a new bug going around that's hitting this particular model."

whales, no two alike. "We have to keep the gate closed because of George," she said. "George likes to run away. Come and see him." She led us along a walled lawn and garden, and stopped at an enormous tortoise, who was wandering around. "George," she said. "I think he's African. He weighs fifty pounds. He used to belong to Queen Victoria. I don't know how long she had him. I think he's well over a hundred years old."

We asked for more about George's provenance, and Mrs. Johnson said, "He was given to me by a descendant of Queen Victoria—a girl I went to school with in Switzerland. I was brought up in Switzerland. My father was an international banker and lawyer. I'm a descendant of Martin Luther. George likes vegetables and fruit. He loves cantaloupe. He's out all the time—except in the winter, when we keep him in the laundry, where he half hibernates. He comes to the house when he's hungry. We have to keep the gates locked—there are two—because he likes to escape. The police know who he is, and bring him back. I have a summer house in Nantucket, but I leave George here. The gardener takes care of him. The Nantucket house is on Orange Street, where most of the whaling captains used to live. It has no grounds suitable for George."

We went into the Princeton house, which has twenty-four rooms, several of which are given over to a well-arranged collection of whaling material and a library of sixteen thousand books and ships' logs bearing on early whaling days. Lunch was served, on trays, in the Whale Room—a vast chamber with a vaulted ceiling decorated with pictures of whales and the flags of whaling ships. "The man I bought the house from built this room as a private chapel," Mrs. Johnson said. One wall was covered with mounted harpoons—a hundred of them, all different; tables were covered with engraved whale teeth and whalebone, or scrimshaw, and with whalebone chess sets, dolls, napkin rings, pens, and so on; there were a couple of cases of first editions of "Moby Dick" and manuscripts and letters, including several of Melville's. High over the fireplace, the eye of the old Museum of Natural History whale—actually a light bulb—gazed down on us.

"It has a real look, don't you think?" Mrs. Johnson said, over delicious homegrown asparagus and endive. "It seems to say, 'I know everything.' It follows you all around the room."

After strawberries, served with cookies cut in the shape of a whale, we visited an adjacent Captain's Room—portraits of a whaling captain (Edward Penniman) and his wife, her journal, telescopes, more whale artifacts, a rocking chair made of whale vertebrae, a parrot cage made of whalebone, with a stuffed parrot in it. "The captain's sitting room," Mrs. Johnson said. "I'm going to have a captain's bedroom. I've collected some of its furnishings at an auction in Hyannis. I like my friends to use the house. For instance, Congresswoman Helen Meyner once brought her staff here. I have about eighteen people coming for tea this afternoon. Stay around and meet them."

We did, and met, among others, representatives of the Brooklyn Museum; the presidents of the Princeton and Monmouth Historical Societies; a whaling-enthusiast couple from Wilmington; a blacksmith, who had come to study the harpoons; and a retired doctor and his wife, who sail their own boat to Newfoundland every summer. "Whaling money went all over the country," Mrs. Johnson said as she showed her guests around. "A quarter of our economy came from whaling money. Hetty Green put millions of dollars of whaling money into railroads. I think now we owe the whale a favor—by protecting him. Dürer wanted to do a whale. He died after a whaling expedition, on which he had gone to do some studies. He never did the whale. Besides Melville, O'Neill, Twain, Dumas, and Poe have all written about the whale. And, heavens, the Bible!"

A scrumptious tea was held in a dining room that contained a painting of a rather roguish whale by Ben Shahn. " 'Your whales are so serious,' he said to me one day," Mrs. Johnson said. " 'You ought to have a flirting whale.' So he did one for me."

She pointed to a typical inland Grandma Moses over a sideboard. "I asked *her* to paint me a whale," she said, "and she told me, 'I never paint anything I haven't seen. I've never seen a whale.' "

All hands presently wound up on the lawn, where Mrs. Johnson fed slices of cantaloupe to an eager George. "He gets iceberg lettuce in the winter," she said.

DOWNHILL

WALKING the dog at 7:30 A.M., I sit on the wet grass by the side of the road, directly across from the beaver pond and diagonally across from the graveyard. In back of me is a grapevine that I snitch from. The grapes are bitter. The dog lifts a leg on a gravestone, rolls in dead squirrel in the road, comes to my side, finally—thank God none of the commuters ran over him—and licks my wrist. The wet wrist feels awful. I rub it along his back, passing it off as a stroke. I do it several times. "Please don't leave me," I say to the dog, who cocks his head and settles in the space between my legs on the grass.

•

My mother writes Jon this letter:

"Oh, John, we are so happy that September marks the beginning of your last year in law school. My husband said to me Saturday (we were at the Turkish restaurant we took you and Maria to when she was recuperating—the one you both liked so much) that now when he gets mad he can say, 'I'll sue!' and mean it. It has been uphill for so long, and now it will be downhill."

Curiously, that week an old friend of Jon's sent us a toy—a small bent-kneed skier who, when placed at the top of a slanting board, would glide to the bottom. I tried to foul up the toy every which way. I even tried making it ski on sandpaper, and it still worked. I tacked the sandpaper to a board, and down it went. The friend had bought it in Switzerland, where he and his wife were vacationing. So said the note in the package that was addressed to Jon, which I tore open because of the unfamiliar handwriting, thinking it might be evidence.

•

Why do I think Jon is unfaithful? Because it would be logical for him to be unfaithful. Some days I don't even comb my hair. He must leave the house and see women with their hair clean and brushed back from their faces, and he must desire them and then tell them. It is only logical that if he admires the beauty of all the women with neatly arranged hair one of them will want him to mess it up. It is only logical that she will invite him home. That smile, that suggestion from a woman would lure him as surely as a spring rain makes the earthworms twist out of the ground. It is even hard to blame him; he has a lawyer's logical mind. He remembers things. He would not forget to comb his hair. He would certainly not hack his hair off with manicuring scissors. If he cut his own hair, he would do it neatly, with the correct scissors.

"What have you done?" Jon whispered. Illogical, too, for me to have cut it in the living room—to leave the clumps of curls fallen on the rug. "What have you done?" His hands on my head, feeling my bones, the bones in my skull, looking into my eyes. "You've cut off your hair," he said. He will be such a good lawyer. He understands everything.

"You can be glad you're having problems, Harkness. A man without problems is usually dead."

•

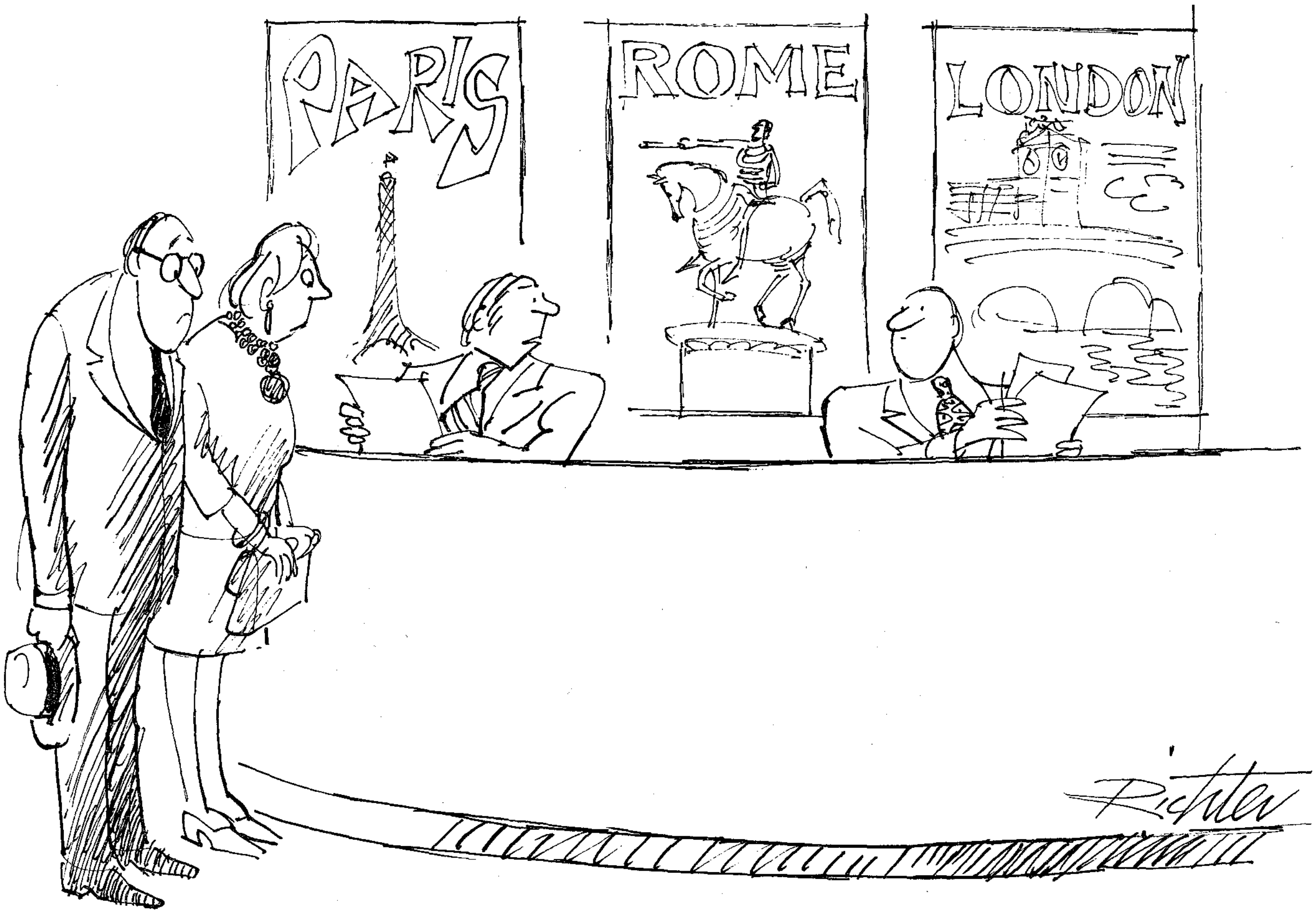
The dog enjoys a fire. I cook beef bones for him, and when he is tired of pawing and chewing I light a fire, throwing in several gift pinecones that send off green and blue and orange sparks, and I brush him with Jon's French hairbrush until his coat glows in the firelight. The first few nights I lit the fire and brushed him, I washed the brush afterward, so Jon wouldn't find out. The doctors would tell me that was unreasonable: Jon said he would be gone a week. A logical woman, I no longer bother with washing the brush.

•

I have a Scotch-and-milk before bed. The fire is still roaring, so I bring my pillow to the hearth and stretch out on the bricks. My eyelids get very warm and damp—the way they always did when I cried all the time, which I don't do anymore. After all, this is the fifth night. As the doctors say, one must be adaptable. The dog tires of all the attention and chooses to sleep under the desk in the study. I have to call him twice—the second time firmly—before he comes back to settle in the living room. And when my eyes have been closed for five minutes he walks quietly away, back to the kneehole in the desk. At one time, Jon decided the desk was not big enough. He bought a door and two filing cabinets and made a new desk. The dog, a lover of small, cramped spaces, wandered unhappily from corner to corner, no longer able to settle anywhere. Jon brought the old desk back. A very kind man.

•

Like Columbus's crew, I begin to panic. It has been so long since I've



"Say, Ed. What can we recommend in ego trips?"

• •

seen Jon. Without him to check on me, I could wander alone in the house and then disappear forever—just vanish while rounding a corner, or by slipping down, down into the bathwater, or up into the draft the fire creates. Couldn't that pull me with it—couldn't I go, with the cold air, up the chimney, arms outstretched, with my cupped hands making a parasol? Or while sitting in Jon's chair I might become smaller—become a speck, an ash. The dog would sniff and sniff, and then jump into the chair and settle down upon me and close his eyes.

To calm myself, I make tea. Earl Grey, an imported tea. Imported means coming to; exported means going away. I feel in my bones (my shinbones) that Jon will not come home. But perhaps I am just cold, since the fire is not yet lit. I sip the Earl Grey tea—results will be conclusive.

•

He said he was going to his brother's house for a week. He said that after caring for me he, also, had to recuperate. I have no hold on him. Even our marriage is common-law—if four years and four months make it common-law. He said he was going to his brother's. But how do I know where he's calling from? And why has he written no letters? In his absence, I talk to the dog. I pretend that I am Jon, that I am logical and reassuring. I tell the dog that Jon needed this rest and will soon be back. The dog grows anxious, sniffs Jon's clothes closet, and hangs close to the security of the kneehole. It *has* been a long time.

•

Celebrated my birthday in solitude. Took the phone off the hook so I wouldn't have to "put Jon on" when my parents called. Does the dog know that today is a special day? No day is special without beef bones, but I have forgotten to buy them to create a celebration. I go to the kneehole and stroke his neck in sorrow.

It occurs to me that this is a story of a woman whose man went away. Billie Holiday could have done a lot with it.

•

I put on a blue dress and go out to a job interview. I order a half cord of wood; there will be money when the man delivers it on Saturday. I splurge on canned horsemeat for the dog. "You'll never leave, will you?" I say as the dog eats, stabbing his mouth into the bowl of food. I think, giddily, that a dog is better than a hog. Hogs are only raised for slaughter; dogs are raised to love. Although I know this is true, I would be hesitant to voice this observation. The doctor (glasses sliding down nose, lower lip pressed to the upper) would say, "Might not *some* people love hogs?"

•

I dream that Jon has come back, that we do an exotic dance in the living room. Is it, perhaps, the tango? As he leads he tilts me back, and suddenly I can't feel the weight of his arms anymore. My body is very heavy and my neck stretches farther and farther back until my body seems to stretch out of the room, passing painlessly through the floor into blackness.

Once when the electricity went off Jon went to the kitchen to get candles, and I crawled under the bed, loving the darkness and wanting to stay in it. The dog came and curled beside me, at the side of the bed. Jon came back quickly, his hand cupped in front of the white candle. "Maria?" he said. "Maria?" When he left the room again, I slid forward a little to peek and saw him walking down the hallway. He walked so quickly that the candle blew out. He stopped to relight it and called my name louder—so loudly that he frightened me. I wanted to answer, to call out that I was under the bed, but his voice frightened me. I stayed there, shivering, thinking him as terrible as the Gestapo, praying that the lights wouldn't come on so he would find me. Even hiding and not answering was better than that. I put my hands together and blew into them, because I wanted to scream. When the lights came back on and he found me, he pulled me out by my hands, and the scream my hands had blocked came out.

•

After the hot grape jelly is poured equally into a dozen glasses, the fun begins. Melted wax is dropped in to seal them. As the white wax drips, I think, If there were anything down in there but jelly it would be smothered. I had laid in no cheesecloth, so I pulled a pair of lacy white underpants over a big yellow bowl, poured the jelly mixture through that.

SHADOW

Cold, he watches for me, cold
from the bottom of the ocean
I'm facing, my face his
sunken in his vision, certain
I know the moment he'll swim up
to be the blackout in my eyes.
Noon. He must be squinting, too.

He lies on the horizon mornings
before I'm up, the sea, the sky
seamless at all his joints.
I step into the light, shivering
under his touch, in love
with pain & none to call his own
our 33 years together.

X-ray of my breath, fleshless,
the last in a blurring of negatives
underexposed, black froth
fog spills on my window nights,
he is burning now, midmorning,
as I will, entering the fire.
I turn, the sun hands me his ashes.

4 P.M. Children & the aged,
slide out of hiding, maggots
sectioning the beach, its flesh;
they stare at us, magi without stars.

Beside me he is tall & growing
taller, till I want to call him
Father, look up, take his hand.

Shades drawn against the undertow,
at midnight lovers coil theirs,
darkness laid on dark. Awake,
beside my woman he's invisible,
one elbow propped to smoke.
I work the pillow up, up,
into his breath as if the last.

Afterimage, my image, finally
after the light, the last wave
beating my eyelids, their undersides,
had gone out, we lay all night
under my blindness, a thin sheet
between us called the world.
Now the edge of sleep, you are leaving.

If I could fold myself into you,
if I could hear you call me
Son, *Double*, *Friend*, shake you
turning a corner, give you a name,
papers to cross borders, mine—
but your dark web tightropes, answers,
maintaining balance, intricate balance.

—PETER COOLEY

•

IN the morning Jon is back. He walks through the house to see if anything is amiss. Our clothes are still in the closets; all unnecessary lights have been turned off. He goes into the kitchen and then is annoyed because I have not gone grocery-shopping. He has some toast with the grape jelly. He spoons more jelly from the glass to his mouth when the bread is gone.

"Talk to me, Maria. Don't shut me out," he says, licking the jelly from his upper lip. He is like a child, but one who orders me to do and feel things.

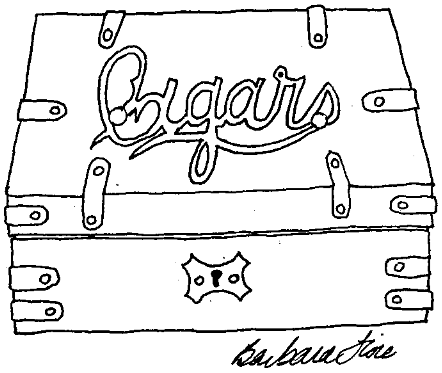
"Feel this arm," he says. It is tight from his chopping wood at his brother's camp.

I met his brother once. Jon and his brother are twins, but very dissimilar. His brother is always tan—wide and short, with broad shoulders. Asleep, he looks like the logs that he chops. When Jon and I were first dating we went to his brother's camp, and the three of us slept in a tent because the house was not yet built. Jon's brother snored all night. "I hate it here," I whispered to Jon, shivering against him. He tried to soothe me, but he wouldn't make love to me there. "I hate your brother," I said, in a normal tone of voice, because his brother was snoring so loudly he'd never hear me. Jon put his hand over my mouth. "Sh-h-h," he said. "Please." Naturally, Jon did not invite me on this trip to see him. I explain all this to the dog now, and he is hypnotized. He closes his eyes and listens to the drone of my voice. He appreciates my hand stroking in tempo with my sentences. Jon pushes the jelly away and stares at me. "Stop talking about something that happened years ago," he says, and stalks out of the room.

•

The wood arrives. The firewood man has a limp; he's missing a toe. I asked, and he told me. He's a good woodman—the toe was lost canoeing. Jon helps him stack the logs in the shed. I peek in and see that there was already a lot more wood than I thought.

Jon comes into the house when the man leaves. His face is heavy and ugly.



"Why did you order more?" Jon says.

"To keep warm. I have to keep warm."

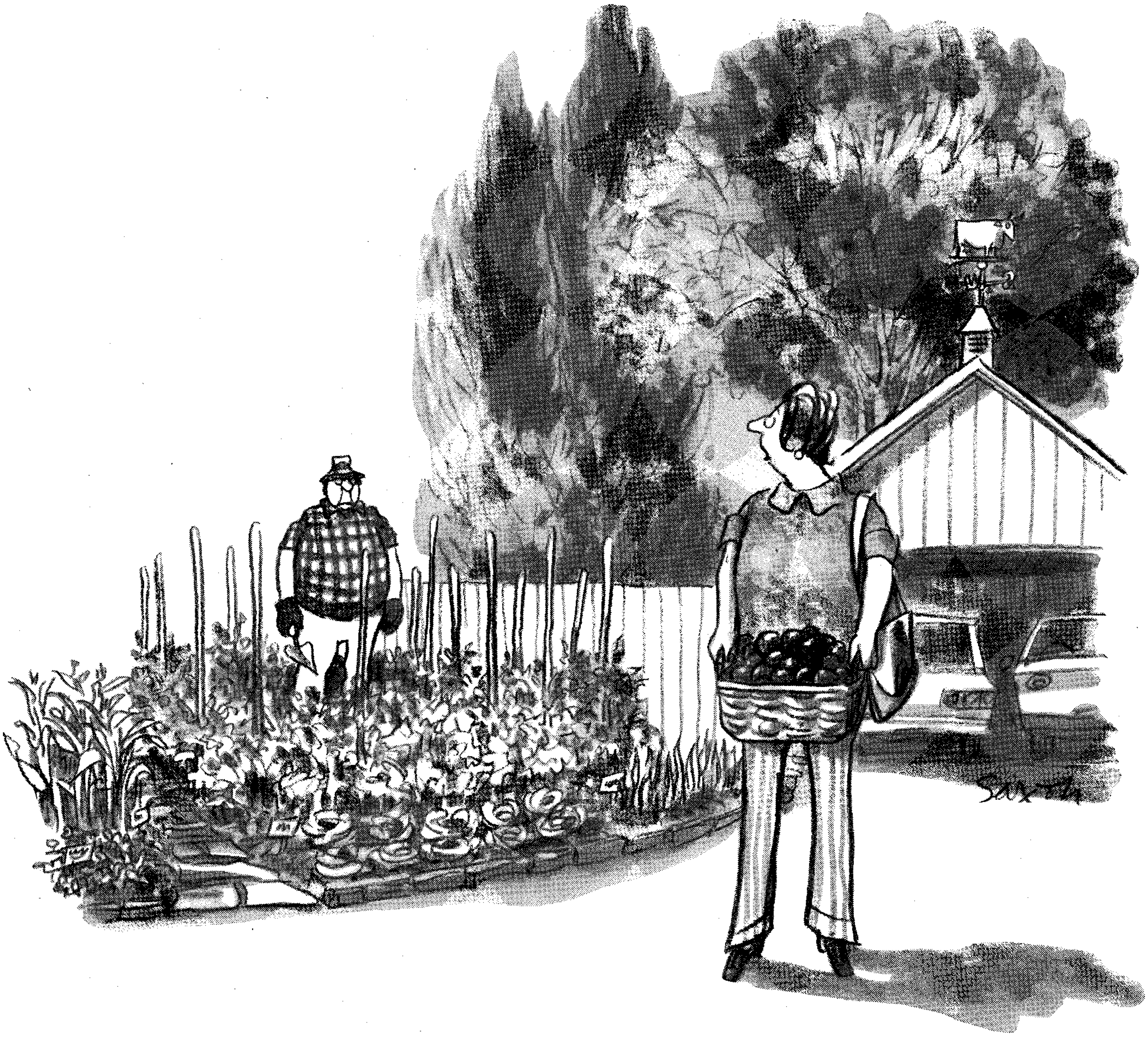
•

I fix a beef stew for dinner, but feed it to the dog. He is transfixed; the steam warns him it is too hot to eat, yet the smell is delicious. He laps tentatively at the rim of the bowl, like an epicure sucking in a single egg of caviar. Finally, he eats it all. And then there is the bone, which he carries quickly to his private place under the desk. Jon is furious; I have prepared something for the dog but not for us.

"This has got to stop," he whispers in my face, his hand tight around my wrist.

•

The dog and I climb to the top of the hill and watch the commuters going to work in their cars. I sit on a little canvas stool—the kind fishermen use—instead of the muddy ground. It is September—mud everywhere. The sun is setting. Wide white clouds hang in the air, seem to cluster over this very hilltop. And then Jon's face is glowing in the clouds—not a vision, the real Jon. He is on the hilltop, clouds rolling over his head, saying to me that we have reached the end. Mutiny on the



"The Kelleys, the Danvers, the Kornfelds, and the Rollinses all have tomatoes coming out of their ears."

• •

Santa Maria! But I only sit and wait, staring straight ahead. How curious that this is the end. He sits in the mud, calls the dog to him. Did he really just say that to me? I repeat it: "We have reached the end."

"I know," he says.

•

The dog walks into the room. Jon is at the desk. The kneehole is occupied, so the dog curls in the corner. He did not always circle before lying down. Habits are acquired, however late. Like the furniture, the plants, the cats left to us by the dead, they take us in. We think we are taking them in, but they take us in, demand attention.

I demand attention from Jon, at his desk at work, his legs now up in the lotus position on his chair to offer the dog his fine resting place.

"Jon, Jon!" I say, and dance across the room. I posture and prance. What a good lawyer he will be; he shows polite interest.

"I'll set us on fire," I say.

That is going too far. He shakes his head to deny what I have said. He leads me by my wrist to bed, pulls the covers up tightly. If I were a foot lower down in the bed I would smother if he kept his hands on those covers. Like grape jelly.

"Will there be eggs and bacon, and grape jelly on toast, for breakfast?" I ask.

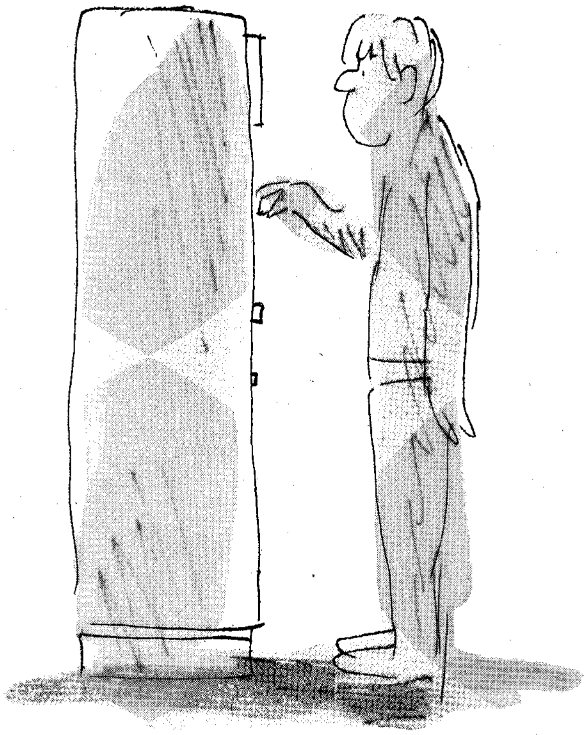
There will be. He cooks for us now.

•

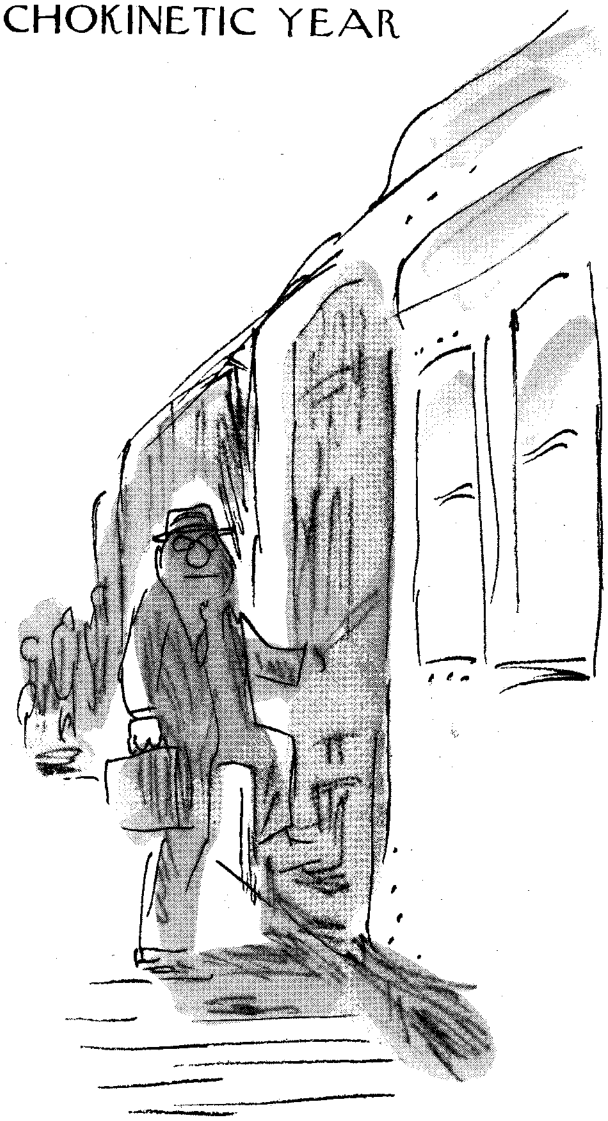
I am so surprised. When he brings the breakfast tray I find out that *today* is my birthday. There are snapdragons and roses. He kisses my hands, lowers the tray gently to my lap. The tea steams. The phone rings. I have been hired for the job. His hand covers the mouthpiece. Did I go for a job? He tells them there was a mistake, and hangs up and walks away, as if from something dirty. He walks out of the room and I am left with the hot tea. Tea is boiled so it can cool. Jon leaves so he can come back. Certain of this, I call and they both come—Jon and dog—to settle down with me. We have come to the end, yet we are safe. I move to the center of the bed to make room for Jon; tea sloshes from the cup. His hand goes out to steady it. There's no harm done—the saucer contains it. He smiles, approvingly, and as he sits down his hand slides across the sheet like a rudder through still waters.

—ANN BEATTIE

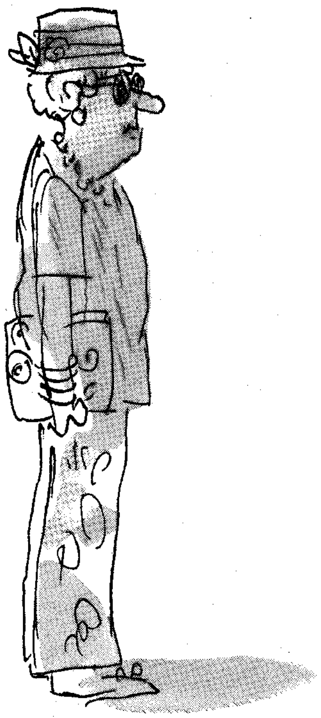
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PSYCHOKINETIC YEAR



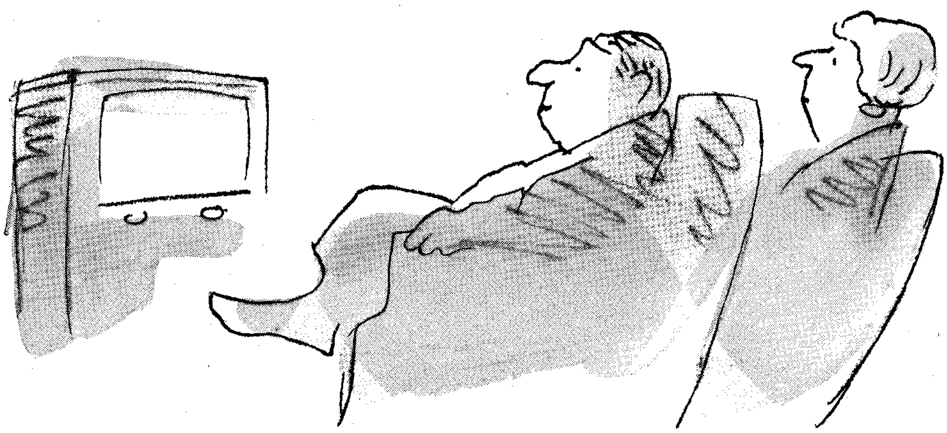
On March 27th, office boy Dan Teller willed a Mars bar from a machine clearly marked "Out of Order."



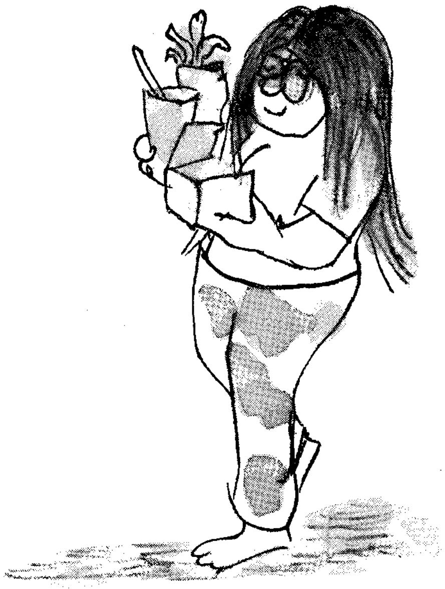
On April 12th, Syosset commuter Bertrand Grosbend made the 8:15 from Huntington stop precisely where he wanted it to on the platform.



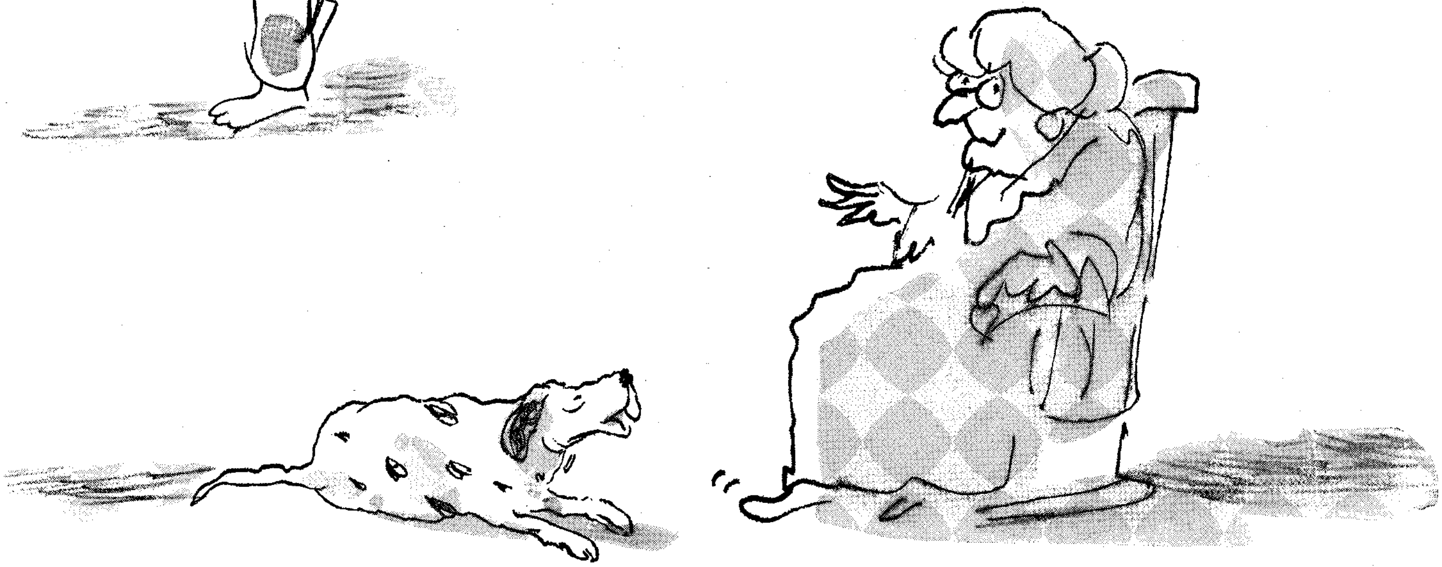
On May 23rd, without saying a word, Babs and Hal Wentworth transferred Babs' mother, Dolly, from their Mount Vernon guest room to a sunny condominium in Naples, Florida.



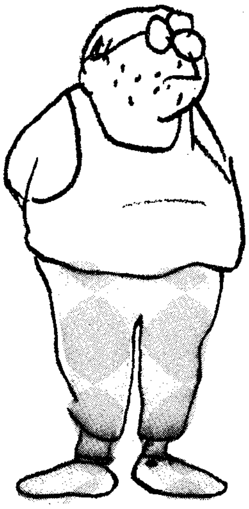
On June 16th, Kenneth Davenport caused a rerun of "Maude" to vanish from the TV screen and be replaced by a montage of Evel Knievel at Snake River Canyon; Olga Korbut; and all of Billy Kilmer's touchdown passes of 1974.



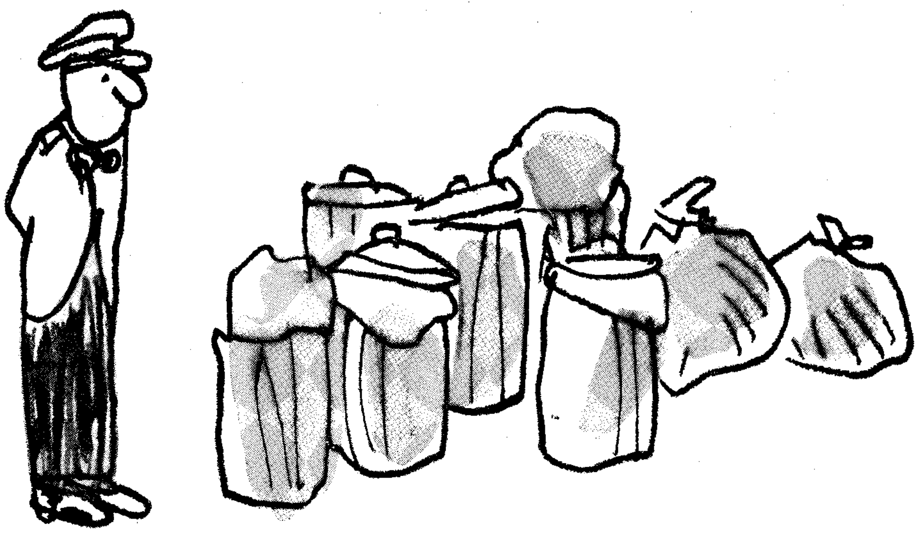
On June 17th, at a Queens Boulevard McDonald's, Lurleen Haskell took out a Big Mac, an order of fries, and a strawberry shake. By the time Lurleen got to her car, the order had become a Truite Froide aux Amandes, Pommes Frites of extraordinary delicacy, and a cold Chablis that was out of this world.



On July 1st, Ida Mae Carruthers caused her aging dalmatian, Pal (who had never even learned "Give us your paw" or "Beg"), to sing the Bell Song from "Lakmé."



On July 2nd, during the garbage strike, Franklin, the superintendent of 31 East Eighty-second Street, caused his building's uncollected garbage to move to 37 East Eighty-second Street.

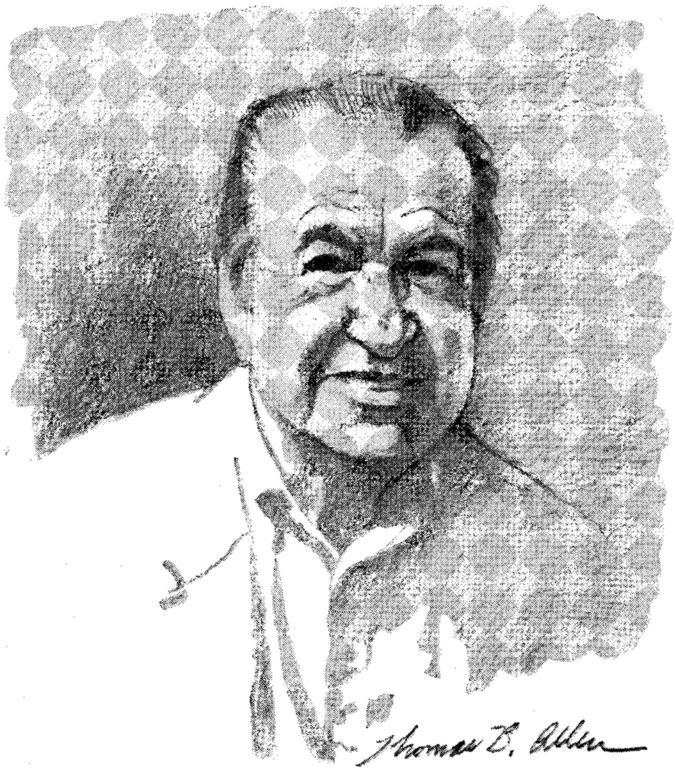


. . . Junius, the doorman at 37 East Eighty-second Street, changed it all into a six-petalled Sassanian cloisonné marguerite and donated it to the Metropolitan Museum, just down the street.

—JAMES STEVENSON

PROFILES

BACK FROM VALHALLA



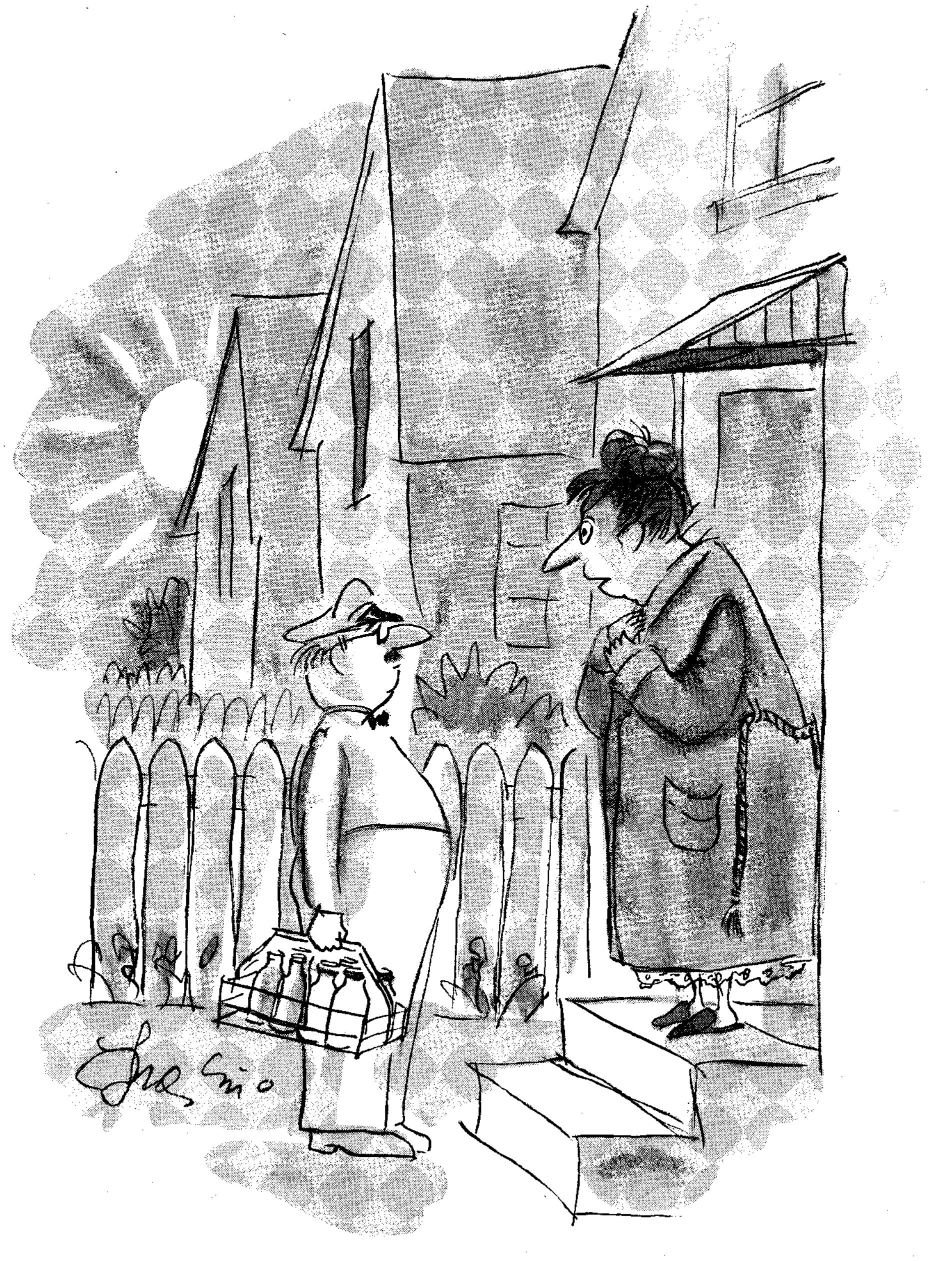
Jess Stacy

EVEN during its most celebrated phase, between the years 1935 and 1945, the career of Jess Stacy had a suspended, dreamlike quality. It seemed recollected while it was happening. One reason was that Stacy spent most of these years as a big-band pianist with Benny Goodman and Bob Crosby and Horace Heidt, and his main job was to supply an endless flow of accompanying chords and fill-ins behind the sections and the soloists. (Stacy was cast even farther into the shadows of the Goodman band by the presence of a second and equally superb pianist, Teddy Wilson, who became the hero of the Goodman trios and quartets.) Another reason for Stacy's shadowiness had to do with his style. He *was* often audible within a band, but his marvellous background countermelodies had a way of—to use his word—"melting" into the whole. And the rare solos he was given didn't free him of the scrim he seemed trapped behind, for they had an elusive, hurrying quality. The sparkling bell chords drifted away like smoke, the quiet, flashing runs disappeared almost before they registered, and the silken tone verged on transparency. But in spite of himself, Stacy did take a famous solo. It came about accidentally, during Goodman's bellwether 1938 Carnegie Hall concert. The band was nearing the closing ensemble of its elephantine showpiece, "Sing, Sing, Sing," when, after a Goodman-Gene Krupa duet, there was a treading-water pause, and an astonished Stacy, suddenly given the nod by Goodman, took off. The solo lasted over two minutes, which was remarkable at a time when most solos were measured in seconds. One wonders how many people understood what they were hearing that night, for no one had ever played a piano solo like it. From the opening measures, it had an exalted, almost ecstatic quality, as if it were playing Stacy. It didn't, with its Debussy glints and ghosts, seem of its time and place. It was also revolutionary in that it was more of a cadenza than a series of improvised choruses. There were no divisions or seams, and it had a spiralling structure, an organic structure, in which each phrase evolved from its predecessor. Seesawing middle-register chords gave way to double-time runs, which gave way to dreaming rests, which gave way to singsong chords, which gave way to oblique runs. A climax would be reached only to recede before a still stronger one. Piling grace upon grace, the solo moved gradually but inexorably up the keyboard, at last ending in a superbly restrained cluster of tintinnabulous upper-register single notes. There was an instant of stunned silence before Krupa came thundering back, and those who realized that they had just heard something magnificent believed that what they had heard was already in that Valhalla where all great unrecorded jazz solos go. Stacy, it seemed, had pulled off his finest vanishing act. But Goodman has always worked in mysterious ways. Twelve years later, long after Stacy had left the scene to settle in California and piece out a living as a soloist in desolate piano bars, and long after his triumph at Carnegie Hall had come to seem a twist of the imagination, Goodman announced that his sister-in-law Rachel had discovered some old records in a closet of his recently vacated New York apartment. They were recordings of the 1938 concert. The concert, it turned out, had been relayed to a recording studio on West Forty-sixth Street. The recording was made at the behest of a well-to-do entrepreneur named Albert Marks, who presented one of the two copies to his wife, Helen Ward, a Goodman vocalist, and the other to Goodman, who put the records in the closet and forgot them. A two-L.P. set was released by Columbia, and hundreds of thousands of copies were sold. The records reveal that memory does not always exaggerate; Stacy's solo is even more remarkable now than it was thirty-seven years ago.

A MAN of consummate modesty, Stacy was evasive and belittling when he was asked about the solo not long ago. The night before, he had ended a fourteen-year retirement by playing in Carnegie Hall at the Newport Jazz Festival-New York, and now he was in a cab headed for the studios of Chiaroscuro Records, on Christopher Street, where he was to record his first solo album in fifteen years. He appeared as relaxed as he had the previous night, when, entering the hall for the first time since the Goodman concert, he sat down without ado, reeled off three near-perfect ballads, and received a roaring ovation. "Well, that 1938 solo was a funny thing," he said, in his soft Southern voice. "Benny generally hogged the solo space, and why he let me go on that way I still don't know. But I've thought about it, and there are two things that might explain it. I think he liked what I'd been doing behind him during his solo, and I think he was mad at Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa and Lionel Hampton, because they had all told him they were leaving to form their own bands. When I started to play, I figured, Good Lord, what with all the circus-band trumpet playing we've heard tonight and all the Krupa banging, I might as well change the mood and come on real quiet. So I took the A-minor chord 'Sing, Sing, Sing' is built around and turned it this way and that. I'd been listening to Edward MacDowell and Debussy, and I think some of their things got in there, too. I didn't know what else to do, and I guess it worked out pretty well. It ended up, of course, that I left Goodman myself later that year in San Francisco and went with the Bob Crosby band.

“Benny wasn't easy to work for. He had this way of looking right at you and not seeing you. Once, at the Congress Hotel, in Chicago, I was fooling around with a little blues before a set started, and he came over and stood next to me and listened awhile, and then said, ‘*That's* the blues?’ I hadn't been with him very long, and I was crushed. I joined him in 1935, just before the band hit it big. I was working in a group in Chicago led by Maury Stein, Jule Styne's brother, and I got a call one night from New York from somebody who said he was Benny Goodman. I thought it was a put-on, but it *was* Benny. He told me that John Hammond had heard me in a joint called the Subway Café and had recommended me and that he wanted to hire me. He said the band was about to leave for the West Coast and that he'd pay me sixty-five dollars a week.” Stacy's eyes twinkled and he laughed. “And, you know, I worked him all the way up to a hundred and seventy before I left! Well, I was nothing in that band at first. I felt like a little outcast sitting there with people like Goodman and Gene Krupa and Bunny Berigan. But Benny had the Fletcher Henderson book, and I loved to listen to those arrangements. It's history that the band laid an egg all the way across the country. We played some tacky ballroom in Michigan and thirty people—most of them musicians—turned up, and when we did the Elitch Gardens, in Denver, everybody was across town listening to Kay Kyser. Goodman couldn't see very well at night, so I'd drive him home after work, and he began saying he was going to quit this nonsense and go back into radio in New York. I said, ‘Benny, get over the mountains first and see what happens.’ I didn't tell him ‘I told you so,’ but when we got to Sweet's Ballroom, in Oakland, they were standing in lines a block long, and when we got down to the Palomar Ballroom, in Los Angeles, everybody went crazy. And on our way back it was that way in Chicago, at the Congress Hotel, and in New York, at the Pennsylvania Hotel and the Paramount Theatre. The big star after Benny, of course, was Krupa. I mean, you can't ask all drummers to keep good time, but he was our salesman, our showman, and he worked hard. You could wring water right out of his sleeves when he finished a set.”

Hank O'Neal, a thin, easygoing Southerner, and the owner of Chiaroscuro Records, greeted Stacy at the studio and asked him if he'd like a drink. “No, thanks,” he said, “But I'll take a Coke. I don't know what it is, but when I take liquor these days it goes right to my fingertips. So I try and stay away from it, just like cigarettes, which I gave up in 1951. I guess I just got tired of burning holes in pianos and dropping ashes all over myself. Let me just sample that piano.” Stacy took off his jacket, which was royal blue, and hung it on the back of a chair. The rest of his ensemble lit up the studio—bright-red pants, a red-and-white checked shirt, and blue sneakers. He has taken on a front porch, but he looks much the way he did when he was a fixture around New York in the mid-forties. His handsome, aquiline Irish face is compact and smooth, and his hair is still dark and combed flat. His ready smile is shy and pursed, and his eyebrows, which shoot up a lot, are imperious. Stacy sat down, worked his way through several choruses of the blues, and got up. He played twin arpeggios in the air with his fingers, then kneaded each hand. “That piano's loose as a goose. I like 'em to fight back a little. And the upper registers sound a little flat. But I don't suppose it matters. I've got the check Hank O'Neal sent me for the session right in my pocket, and if the session don't work out I'll just hand it right back to him.” O'Neal reappeared, with Stacy's Coca-Cola, and told him a tuner was overdue and to make himself comfortable meanwhile. Just then the tuner walked into the



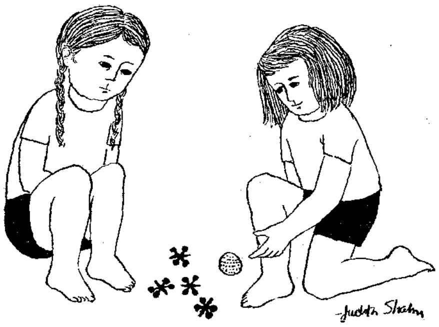
“Well, Alfred, the children have grown up, got married, and left home. Do you still want me to run away with you?”

studio, nodded at O'Neal, and went to work on the piano.

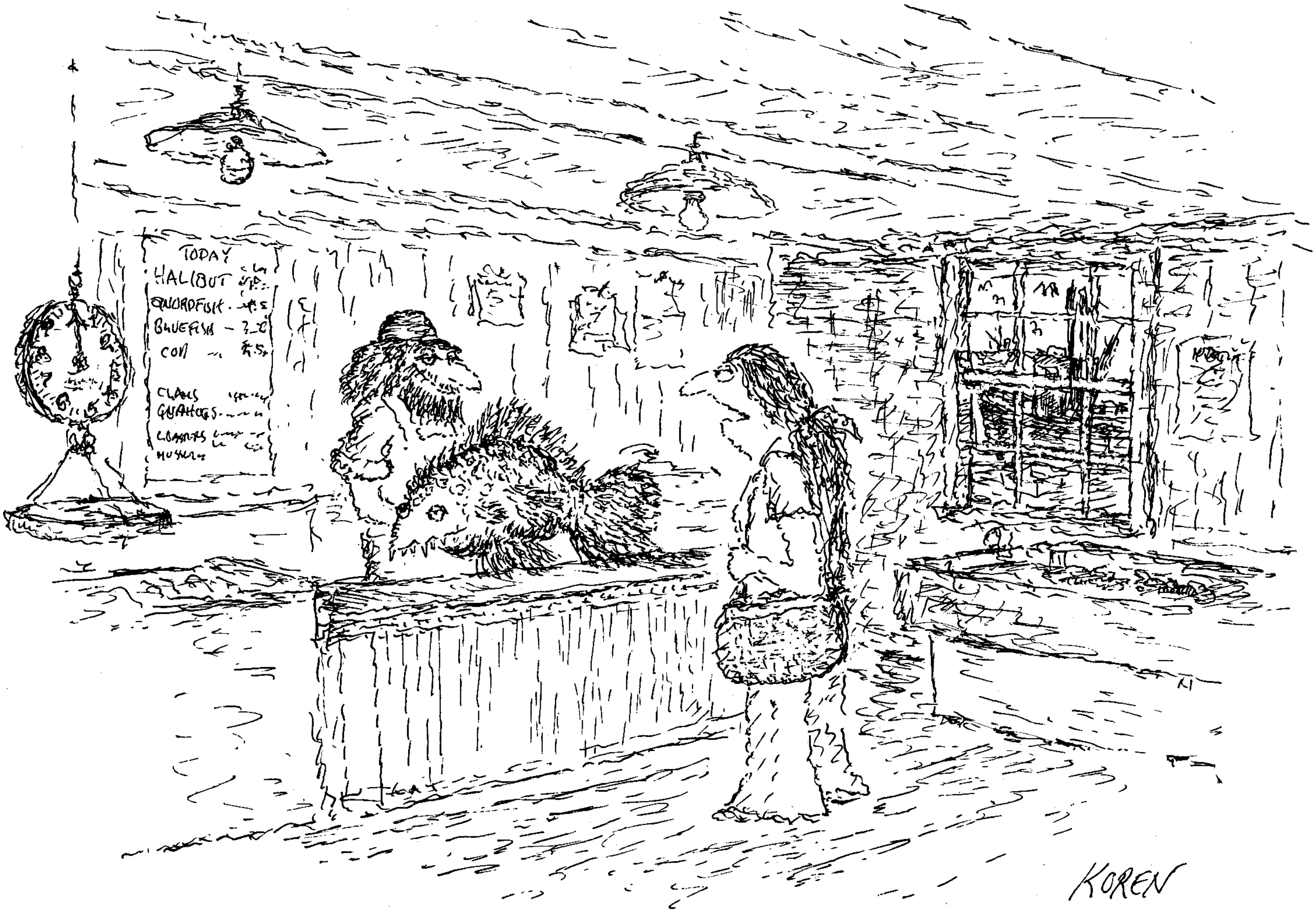
Stacy sat down on a sofa and sipped his Coke. "I surprised myself last night, because I wasn't a bit nervous when I went on that stage. The only problem was the air-conditioning backstage: it turned your hands to ice. Teddy Wilson was back there, and we talked about the Goodman concert—how it was so crowded in the hall they'd seated people right on the stage, making it so your arms were practically pinned to your sides when you played. Last night was easy compared to what I had to do to get ready for it. It was like training for a fight. I'd let myself go something terrible when Marie St. Louis, from the Newport Festival office, called to ask if I'd like to come East and play in the Festival. Fact, when I got to the phone from out in the back yard, where I was watering, I was puffing like a buffalo. I was really out of kilter. But I told her yes, I'd do it, because I figured it might be my last picture show. Then, after I'd signed the contract, I got so nervous I started throwing up. I'm a natural worrier, and I began asking my wife, Pat, What if no one comes to the concert? And I told her if they didn't to please clap long enough so that I could get seated at the piano. The only playing I'd done since I quit, in 1960, was some Bach preludes, which I struggled through. So I started practicing, doing double thirds and double sixths and scales and octaves. Right away, to my chagrin, I found my back was weak, and I couldn't sit at the keyboard more than twenty minutes at a time. I began doing sit-ups, going for two at first and finally getting up to thirty. And Pat and I took four- and five-mile walks every day, and I went on a diet. Pretty soon I was practicing three and four hours a day, and it all began to come back to me.

"I hadn't been sorry at all to leave the music business. After the Bob Crosby band broke up, in 1942, I rejoined Goodman, at the New Yorker Hotel, and stayed with him about a year. It really makes me laugh now, because he fired Jimmy *Rowles* to hire me. After that came a low point in my life. I joined Horace Heidt when Frankie Carle left him to form his own band. He paid me three hundred a week and tried to make a showman out of me, which was ridiculous. I married Lee Wiley in 1943, and that lasted two and a half years. She had million-dollar tastes and I didn't have any money. She got me to form a big band and she wanted equal billing, and it was a disaster, what with the bum wartime bookings and so many good musicians being in the service. So in the late forties I went to California to live and started playing in piano bars. It was all new to me. I'd always been a band pianist, and I hardly knew any tunes. I did have five or six years that were all right. The people in the bars would ask for 'On Moonlight Bay' or 'Clair de Lune,' which I always thought of as 'Clear the Room.' But they'd pretty much leave me alone, and sometimes they'd even clap or some guy would lay a tip on me. But around 1955 TV began keeping the nicer people home, and I came to feel those piano bars were snake pits. I had to walk around the block six or seven times every night to get up enough courage to go in. While I was playing, somebody would put a nickel in the jukebox or some fellow would ask me if I'd play real quiet so he could watch the fights on the bar TV. Or else they'd all get drunk and sing along. My last job was in a snake pit in La Crescenta on Friday and Saturday nights, and I stayed friendly as long as I could, but it was so bad I finally got the message and jumped ship. I took a job in the mail room at Max Factor. It was a lowly job, and I guess you'd call it beneath my station. I walked ten miles a day delivering mail, but at least I enjoyed the first vacations with pay I'd ever had. I worked there six years, and when I hit sixty-five they retired me."

The piano ready, Stacy warmed up with "How Long Has This Been Going On," and then made an excellent take of it. His style has long been said to be a direct offshoot of Earl Hines', but the resemblances—the little tremolo-vibratos at the end of key phrases, the easy tenth chords in the left hand, and the busy, packed right-hand chords—are more than balanced by Stacy's originality. His playing muses. Each number has a quiet, firm inner voice that never varies, no matter what the tempo. It suggests many things: a maiden aunt summoning up her childhood, moonlight blowing through green trees, a lemon slice sliding over hot tea. But this lyrical Stacy is deceptive, for every now and then—in a singing, two-handed tremolo, in a deftly placed blue note, in a complex, intense run—a deep keening suddenly appears. Then cheerful octave chords and short arpeggios brightly surface, and the solo sails quickly back into the sunlight. Stacy allowed his melancholy strain to appear briefly in two long, ruminative takes of "Gee, Baby Ain't I Good to You" and in an otherwise sturdy, straightforward "Lover Man." Then he shook his fingers out and declared he needed a rest. He sat down on the sofa and took a sip of Coke.



"When I play, it's mostly coming off the top of my head. Nothing is contrived or ahead of time. I don't know what I'm doing and I can't explain it to anybody. But I wish I could, because I'd give it to them for nothing. It's a kind of cybernetics. I can hear what I'm going to do a couple of bars ahead, and when I get near the end of those bars a couple more open up. I often think of my playing as a crap game—sometimes I get real lucky. I can't remember lyrics, but I think of the melody all the time and execute around it. Maybe the guy who wrote the tune would hate me for saying it, but in my mind I think I'm improving the melody. I don't look for every note to be a pearl. Sometimes they turn out to be meatballs. Which was mostly what I played until I finally made it to Chicago, in 1925. I'd been born an only child in nineteen-and-four in Merge Point, a train layover in southeast Missouri, where we lived in a boxcar. It was right on the Mississippi—was, because it's since been washed away. My dad, Fred Stacy, was from De Soto, Illinois, which is close to Little Egypt. He was a railroad engineer. He took the first high-speed express train from Centralia, Illinois, to New Orleans, in 1898. It had a speedometer in the observation car, and I believe it registered as high as eighty-five miles an hour. Five years before that, when he was carrying gold from Centralia to the Chicago World's Fair, his train was robbed. The gold was in the baggage car, right behind the coal tender, and the robbers unhooked the rest of the train and told my dad to drive what was left of it to a crossroads where a truck was waiting. One of the robbers had a pistol trained on my dad, and suddenly, while they were highballing along, my dad turned and cold-cocked him. The robber fell out of the cab and lost both legs. The railroad gave my dad a medal and some shares of stock, which must have been et, because I never saw any of them. When he was in his fifties, his eyesight began



“Yes, it is beautiful, but will it serve eight?”

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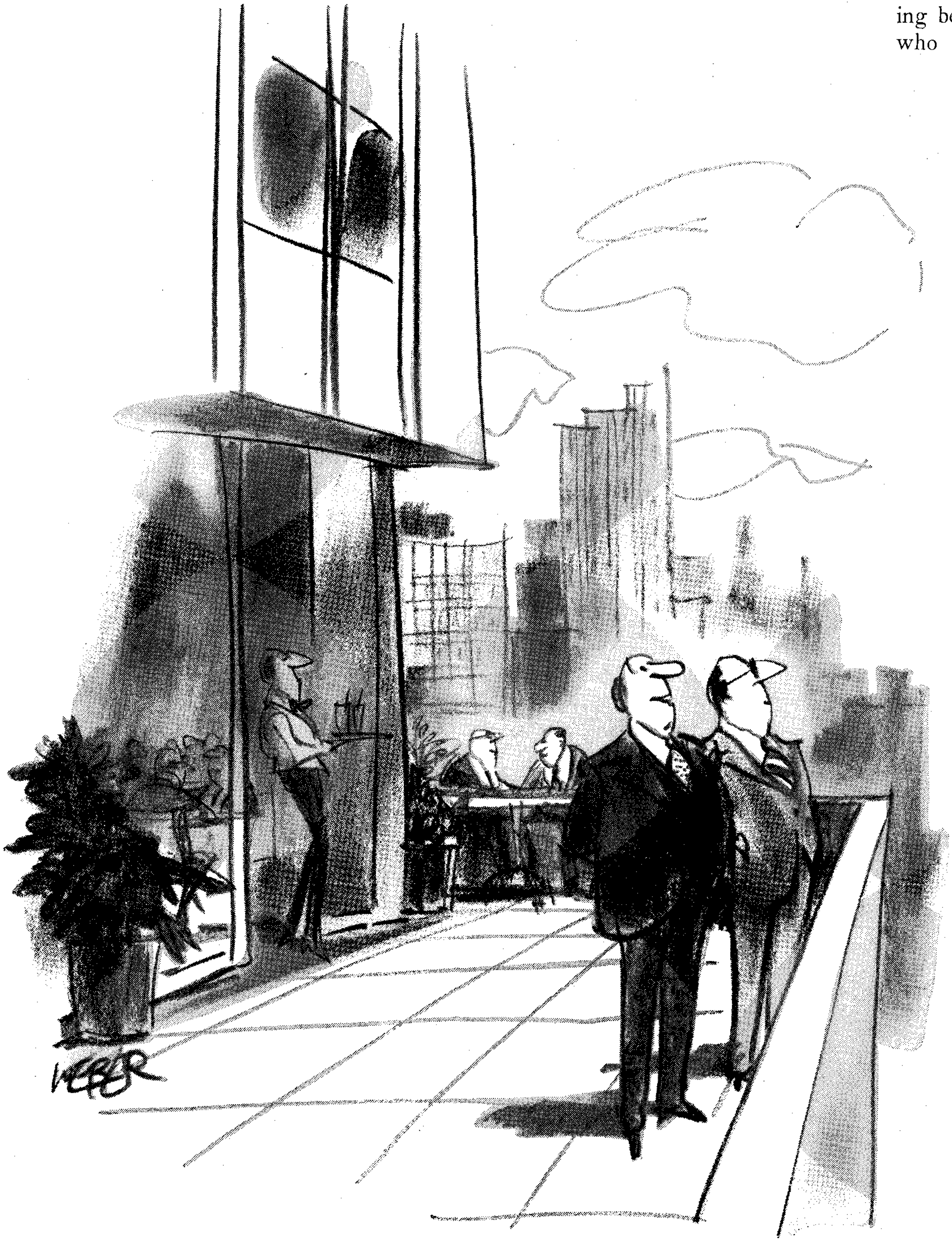
to fail, and after he couldn’t drive a locomotive anymore he spent most of his time hunting. He had a big heart and was carefree and he never worried, which was the exact opposite of my mother. She was born Vada Alexander, in Union City, Tennessee, and all her folks fought on the Confederate side in the Civil War. My mother was a seamstress, and she supported us when my dad’s eyes went bad. We were poor as Job’s turkeys. I helped out by being a Western Union boy and sweeping out the town drugstore in the mornings and jerking sodas in the afternoons. If you made fifty cents a day, it was darn good money. By then, we’d moved to Malden—about seventy-five miles from Merge Point.

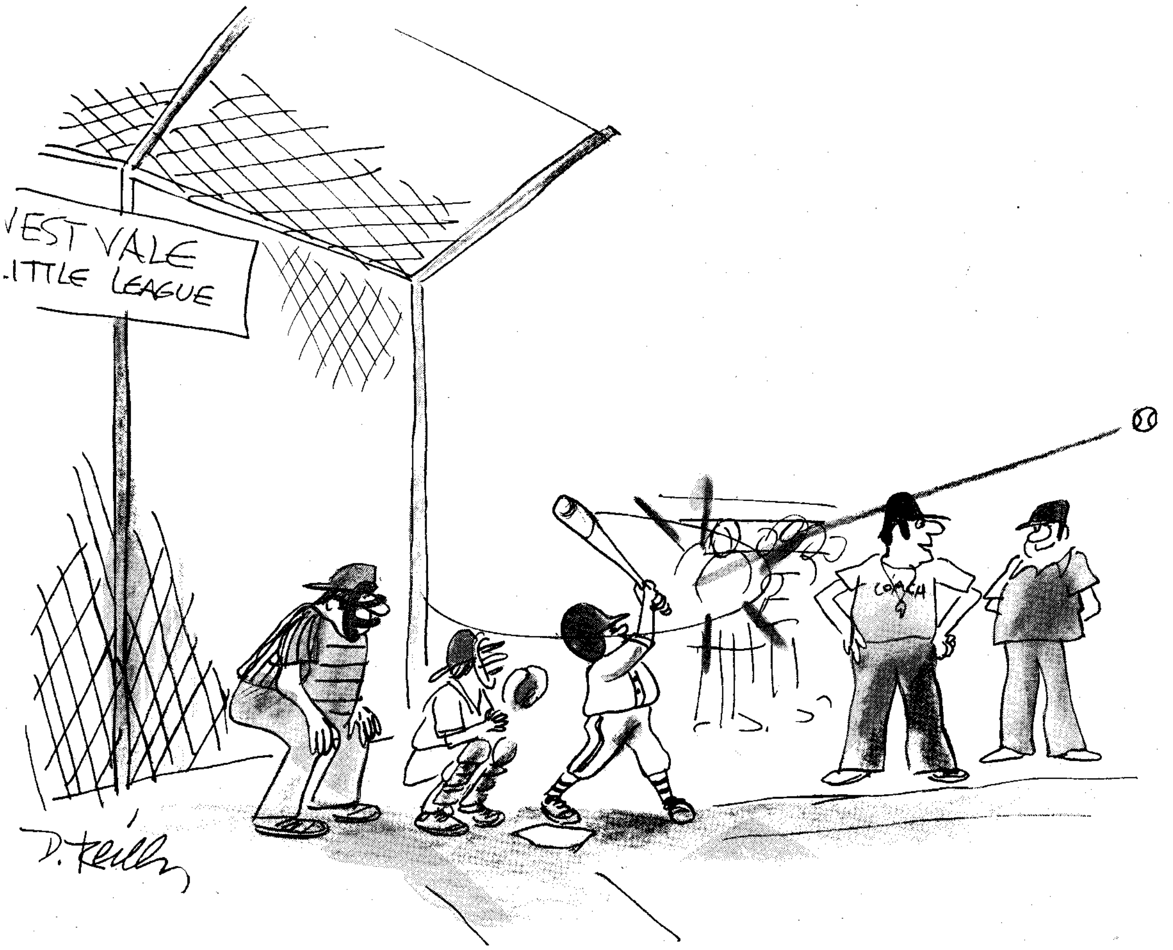
“Neither of my parents was musical, so the first music I heard was played by an old music teacher, from across the street, who knew things like ‘Memphis Blues’ and ‘In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.’ When I was twelve, my mother took in an orphan girl—actually, her mother had died and her father had run off—named Jeannette McCombs. She had a piano, which was moved in, and she took lessons. I’d listen to her practicing and then sit down and play what I’d heard by ear. When my mother caught me doing that, she said I should have lessons. The teacher was Florina Morris, and she’d get you in and out pretty fast and give you a piece of pie along the way to keep you from playing too much. In 1918, we moved to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, which is right on the Mississippi. It had a population of about ten thousand souls, and every one of ’em was as square as a bear. But it was where I first heard the music I wanted to play. Word had come from Cairo, about fifty miles downriver, that there was a fantastic band on the Streckfus boat the S.S. Capitol. It was led by Fate Marable, and I heard it when the boat stopped in Cape Girardeau for a moonlight excursion. That band had Louis Armstrong and Johnny Dodds and Baby Dodds, and they played big hits like ‘Whispering’ as well as the Dixieland numbers. Marable was a tremendous band pianist, and I marvelled at the way he held everything together. I took lessons in Cape Girardeau from Professor Clyde Brandt, and he had me playing Beethoven sonatas and Mozart and Bach partitas, and I think it was then I realized that Bach was the first swing pianist. I’m sorry now I didn’t practice more, but all I wanted was to play in a dance band and get the hell out of Cape Girardeau. I’d played at country clubs and at fraternity dances in a school group called the Agony Four, and after I graduated from high school, in June of 1920, I got my first chance. The steamer Majestic stopped in town, and the band on board, which was led by a fiddle player named Berry, needed a piano player, because theirs had drowned up in Alton. I was with that group a month and a half, and then I joined Tony Catalano on the Capitol. He was a New Orleans trumpet player, and we had to play a lot of Dixieland or else they would have pulled the boat over in the bulrushes and thrown us off. We travelled from Paducah, Kentucky, to Red Wing, Minnesota, and part of my job was to play the calliope, for which I got five dollars extra a week. It was up on the top deck, and it had one hundred and fifty pounds of steam pressure and a piano keyboard of two octaves. The keys were made of copper, and you had to practically stand on 'em to make 'em move. They got so hot I had to keep my fingers taped, and I had to wear a raincoat and a hat, so that the steam and cinders didn't make me unpresentable when I went back downstairs to join the band. I'd play the calliope to announce all-day excursions or moonlight excursions. It could be heard thirty miles away, and we called it the Whooper.

"When we got to Davenport, Iowa, Bix Beiderbecke came aboard and sat in with Catalano. He'd already made his first records, with the Wolverines, and so we knew who he was. But the first thing he did was sit down at the piano and play 'Baby Blue Eyes' and 'Clarinet Marmalade,' and I couldn't believe it. He played what I'd been hearing in my head but couldn't do yet. When he took up his cornet, there was no effort; his cheeks never even puffed out. And his fingering was just as unorthodox as it was on the piano. He was a shy person, and I genuinely believe he didn't know how good he was. I was a jitterbug over Bix. Later, in Chicago, I'd see him walk into the Sunset Café when Louis was playing there, and Louis would turn almost white. But I think they were scared of each other. I left Catalano in Davenport, in August of 1924, and joined Joe Kayser, who had a territory band. In those days, every town of three hundred people had its own dance hall, so we played all over Wisconsin and Iowa and Illinois. The band made it to Chicago, and we were at the Arcadia ballroom for six months, and then we had a summer job in Duluth before the band broke up and I found myself back in Chicago, stranded and on my own. It was the beginning of a ten-year scuffle. I worked for every imaginable kind of group. I was with Floyd Town, who had Muggsy Spanier and Frank Teschemacher, and I remember Benny Goodman coming in when he was still a kid and standing behind a pillar to listen to Tesch, who was *the* clarinet player then. I worked for Earl Burtnett, who had fiddles and a harp and needed an Eddy Duchin piano player instead of me. I was in Art Kassel's band, and I worked in the Canton Tea Garden with Louis Panico, who didn't tell me how to play. Most of the time, I was in Chicago, but one summer I played on the Million Dollar Pier, in Atlantic City, with Al Katz and His Kittens. We wore funny hats and all that, and we had a radio wire, and when we went on the air Katz would say, 'Are you ready, kittens?' And we'd shout 'Meow!' and he'd say 'All right. Let's go.' Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang were at the Silver Slipper, and I'd bought all their records in Chicago. In those days, you got in trouble if they found booze on you, but pot was still legal—in fact, it was better for you than most of that rotgut bathtub gin—and when Eddie Lang found I'd brought two Prince Albert tins of it with me he stayed so close it got stuffy.

"I lived on the North Side of Chicago, on Wilson Avenue, which was a bad neighborhood even then. When the Depression hit, people like Eddie Condon and Gene Krupa and Dave Tough went on to New York, but I'd gotten married to my first wife and had a kid, and it was all I could do to keep my family alive where I was. There was no choice but to work for the gangsters. They didn't pay much, but they didn't



"What a day! A brilliant sun, an azure sky, the air like vintage wine! By George, I've half a mind to do a bit of profit taking!"



"I think I'm beginning to see my imprint there."

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bother us, either. We'd play forty-five-minute sets, starting at ten and ending at six in the morning. If you played the North Side, you worked for Bugs Moran, and if you worked on the South Side, it was for Al Capone. At one point I told Bud Freeman, who was still in Chicago, that it might be better to get into the delicatessen business or something, but he said all our musician friends would come and eat on the cuff and put the store out of business. The best days in Chicago were the early ones, when Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines were in a band at the Sunset Café led by Carroll Dickerson. I'd go there with people like Muggsy Spanier, and we'd stay until five or six in the morning, even though it would take us hours to get home. I was sitting there one night digging Hines, who had an influence on me, when Jelly Roll Morton, who was making his Hot Pepper records, tapped me on the shoulder and looked over at Hines and said, 'That boy can't play piano.' Cab Calloway used to go around and sing at the tables, and we'd chase him away when he tried to drink our gin."

Stacy sat down at the piano, and within an hour he had made good takes of "Riverboat Shuffle," "Memphis in June," "I Would Do Anything for You," "Doll Face," and a blues for Eddie Condon. He finished the session with two of his own tunes—"Lookout Mountain Squirrels" and "Miss Peck Accepts." The latter is a medium-tempo blues and the former a complex, up-tempo number built around a tricky ascending-descending figure. Stacy made three takes before he felt he had it right. Then he put on his jacket and told O'Neal he would see him the next day for a session with a Bud Freeman trio. He found a cab on Christopher Street and headed uptown to his hotel. "Those last two numbers were inspired by my present wife, who was Miss Peck, and by all the squirrels we have on our little place, which is on Lookout Mountain Avenue, up in the Hollywood Hills. Pat and I married in 1950, even though I'd told her I was just a band pianist and that I had a miserable past. I couldn't ask for a better wife. She was a botany major, and she's eighteen years younger than I am. When we got married, we bought the five-room house we have now. We own it, and the taxes are less than seven hundred a year. It's eleven hundred feet above sea level, and it's on a lot that's a hundred and twenty-five feet deep. We have seven holly bushes, one plum tree, two peach trees, two apricots, and three apples. And we have grapefruit and lemons and limes. When we get up there, it's quiet, it's like the wilderness, even though you're only five minutes from Sunset Boulevard. There are deer running around, and all those squirrels the song is about, and sometimes you can hear the gophers munching on the irises in the front yard. And coyotes bay at night. There's a big forest right behind us, and because of the fire danger I keep it very wet back there. My job is to water and cut the grass and do the weeding, and I also do the housework and the vacuuming, since Pat has a part-time job in a small business-management company. We're stay-at-homes and lazy, and we've learned to live on practically nothing. I may even give lessons on how to do it."

STACY appeared once more during the Festival, in an Eddie Condon memorial concert, and right after that he flew back to the Coast. A month later, a letter arrived: "A few evenings ago, Pat and I took a walk a way up the mountain, and all of a sudden this big police dog appeared and bit me in the rear—right through my pants and all. Well, I'm scared of dogs anyway, and I began worrying about rabies and such. I had a tetanus shot and we found out that the dog was O.K. But I think that that dog was trying to tell me something, trying to say, 'You may be a big shot when you're in New York, making records and playing in Carnegie Hall, and all that, but around here you're nothing.' "

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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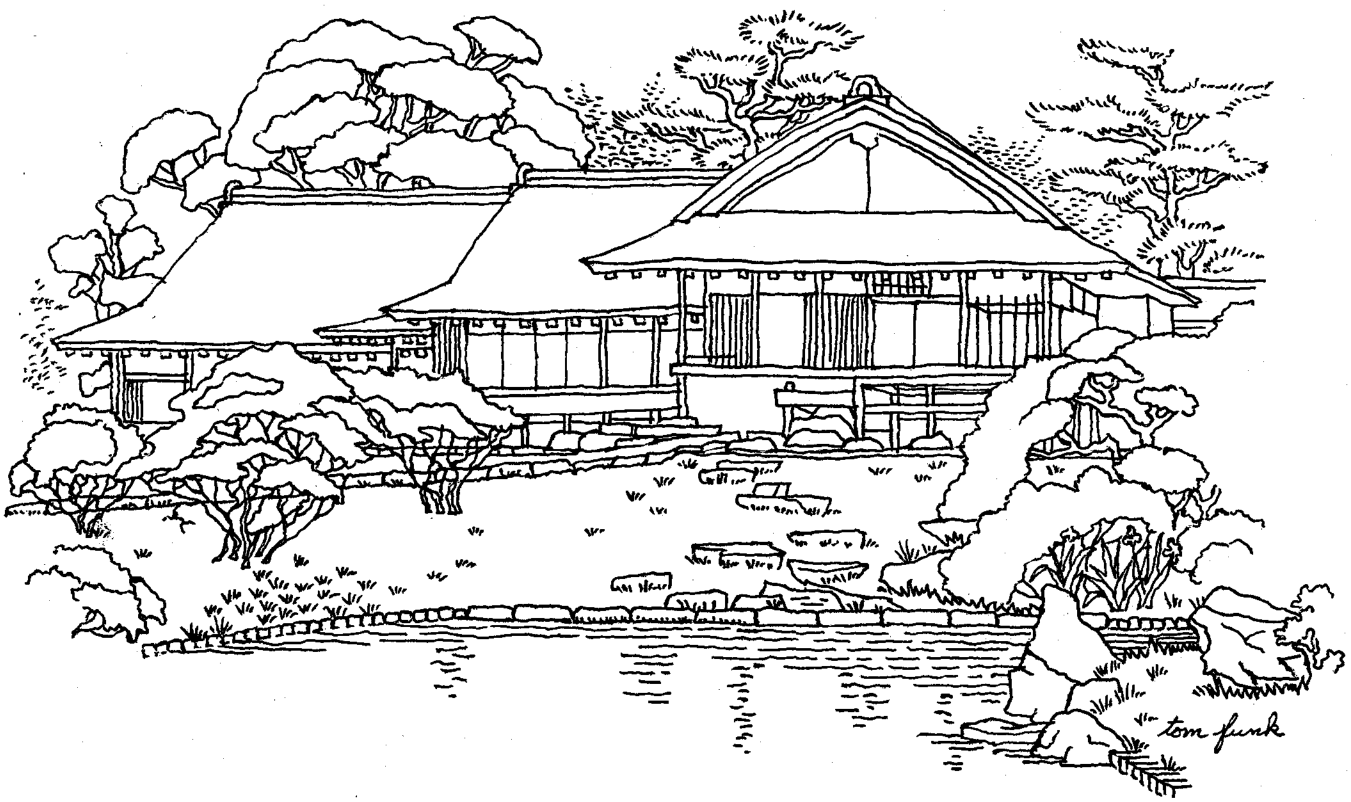
SUNLIGHT ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From "Today's Activities in Congress," in the Washington Post*]

Government Operations Subcomte. on Federal Spending Practices—2 p.m. Closed. Markup on S.5, government in the sunshine. S-207 Cap.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

FROM MACARTHUR TO MIKI—III



A VISITOR to Tokyo, which is, next to Shanghai, the biggest city in the world, has the feeling of moving up and down a giant escalator in a huge emporium where there are myriad enticing things to see and touch and smell. With its flowing crowds and cars, its subways and trains, its never-ending construction and reconstruction, Tokyo is probably the busiest-sounding, though not necessarily the noisiest, of capitals—the most perceptible auditory sensation being a steady hum of activity not unlike the whirring of a tremendous generator that never stops. To escape this generator, which epitomizes their propulsive economic force, the Japanese have a private passion for quietude which they seldom reveal to foreigners but which has sustained them as a people apart from others, a people whose language is more silent than oral. The meaning of what they say to each other is often imparted, as they put it, "through the belly"—the Japanese word is "*haragei*"—and understood intuitively; this may be one of the main reasons for the success of their postwar corporate society, which operates by consensus among businessmen, politicians, and bureaucrats, who collectively employ their own intricate antennae in dealing not only with each other but with the rest of the world. While this privacy of communication has helped to keep them isolated, as they have been through the centuries more by choice than by necessity, they have, especially in the last few years of flux and crisis, become increasingly aware of the perils of their apartness, as well as of the increasing fragility of their modern society. As a result, they are now engaged in a frantic process of self-analysis and in a search for their own identity—a word, incidentally, that those who speak English often use but that has no counterpart in Japanese, save for one that conveys the meaning "identical," or the notion of sameness.

Amid a succession of booms in business, there has recently been what intellectuals call an "introspection boom." Several dozen books have been published in which the Japanese are examined by resident foreigners in relation to other peoples—"The Japanese and the Jews," "The Japanese and the Americans," "The Japanese and the Chinese," and "The Japanese and the Germans"—but as Hiroshi Minami, a professor of social psychology, has pointed out, no one has yet written a book called "The Japanese and the Japanese." (There is, however, an organization of Japanese, highly critical of their country, who call themselves the Association of Japanese Residing in Japan.) The sudden national curiosity about the Japanese personality and about the changes that are taking place in Japanese life and society reflects a healthy concern about things that have heretofore been considered very private. Because Japanese society is multidimensional and multilayered but at the same time extremely compartmentalized, each member of it feels insecure in the expression of his own ego until he can clearly define his exact relationship with those with whom he regularly lives and deals, whether in the immediate surroundings of his family or in the larger context of the groups with which he has a professional connection. By thus charting the structure of his mutual dependence—for which there is a special word, "*amae*"—the Japanese finds both strength and confidence, and once he has established his bearings he is more than likely to remain on course for the rest of his life, even as he grows older and the order of dependency alters. While this process is primarily a domestic phenomenon, it also affects the conceptions that Japanese have of themselves in relation to the outside world, about which they are far less certain but which they now feel compelled to study.

Although Japan's special form of government—it amounts to carefully guided democracy—remains firmly based, the American example, which served as its inspiration, is no longer so highly regarded after such blots as Vietnam and Watergate, and amid the reduction of American power in Asia. At the end of the Second World War, the Japanese severely questioned the traditions and values associated with their defeat, but after their initial postwar recovery and the period of prosperity engendered by the Korean War they regained much of their confidence and belief in their old traditions. The economic boom of the sixties heightened this sense of confidence and created a new nationalism and pride. A somewhat similar process took place after the Meiji restoration of 1868, when Japan was brought out of the isolation fostered by the Tokugawa Shogunate and began to accept and imitate Western patterns of industrialization as well as many other Western forms and habits. Then the West began to be criticized; a rising nationalism led to the denunciation of the unequal treaties that had been forced upon the country, and successful wars were waged against China and Russia. Ultimately, however, this led to ultra-militarism, to dictatorship, and to a disastrous war against the West.

Despite some new sentiments for rearmament, post-1945 pacifist feelings remain strong, and there have been other fundamental changes in attitude. While the Japanese retain a strong sense of their superiority and rectitude, as well as pride in their ancient appreciation of beauty (despite the ugliness of most of their modern industrial cities), they seldom engage in the kind of specious self-praise and assertiveness that marked their prewar society, and they are far more skeptical about the future than they were a few years ago. In the introspective phase they are going through, they have become aware that their compulsive economic success of the past twenty years has failed to bring many things they should have had by now, such as better housing and more social benefits. There are also doubts about the rigidities of their education system, the vapidity, and even vulgarity, of much of their current cultural life, and the negative effect their vaunted prosperity has had on their personalities and on relationships in both their professional and their private lives. One manifestation of this, despite an outward craving for participation in group activity—whether it be travel, golf and tennis, attending baseball games, climbing mountains, or just sitting around coffee shops or drinking in cafés and bars—is a growing inclination to turn inward and seek the refuge of one's own small dwelling: what some have called "my-homeism."

POPULATION changes in Japan in the past twenty years have affected the society in many ways. Following a postwar baby boom, in which the population soared from seventy-two million to eighty million in three years, the birthrate declined by half during the fifties—from thirty-three and a half per thousand to seventeen per thousand—owing chiefly to the Eugenics Protection Law of 1948, which permitted abortions for specified physical and economic reasons. In the mid-fifties, abortion, according to researchers, was twice as important as contraception in limiting births, but by 1965 the ratio had been reversed. Mostly because of a shortage of younger workers in the past few years, there has been an effort, favored largely by the business community, to make it economically more difficult to obtain abortions. Contraceptive pills are available in drugstores but theoretically only to regulate menstruation, not to prevent conception. A small women's-liberation movement and other liberal groups now seek to retain the old abortion law and to legalize the pill for all purposes, but the conservatives still make the laws. In the past twenty years, the birthrate has remained fairly stable, at about eighteen per thousand, but the death rate has declined from nearly eleven per thousand in 1950 to seven per thousand in 1970, and the natural increase in the country's population, now a hundred and ten million, is about twelve per thousand a year—slightly more than one per cent. The government in a recent publication warned that "the change that will occur in the age distribution of the population during the nineteen-seventies will be extremely irregular and will probably give rise to profound economic and social consequences." During this decade, according to the publication, the segment of the population aged between fifteen and twenty-nine will drop by about four million, while the thirty-to-forty-four bracket will increase by the same amount, the forty-five-to-fifty-nine group will rise by five million seven

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hundred thousand, and the number of those over sixty will increase by a million or so. The government says that no other country will have ever experienced such an irregular change in the age distribution of the population over a single decade, and its statisticians have pointed out that these demographic shifts will make it "extremely difficult to supplement the younger labor force." While more women are seeking jobs—they now represent more than a third of all employees—more women are also attending universities than ever before, and this has delayed their entry into the work force.

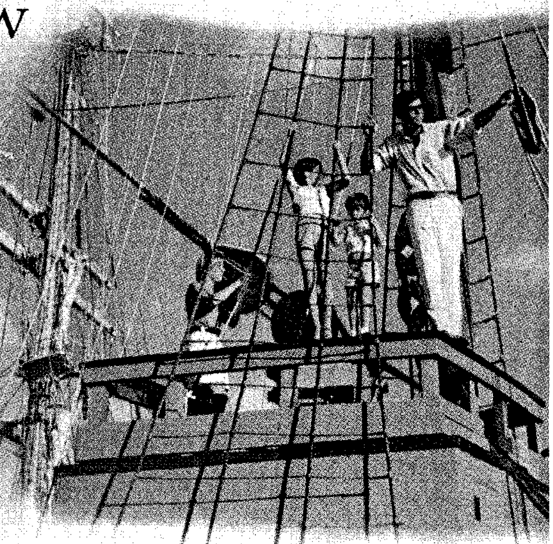
During the early sixties, when the movement from rural to metropolitan areas was at its height, the six largest cities of Japan increased in population by fifty per cent. People moved to the urban centers primarily to find better jobs, with the search for better living conditions a secondary factor. In the seventies, during what the government calls the "second internal migration," a more important motivation has been the desire to seek a good residential environment. As this attitude has grown stronger, the attraction of living in big, polluted cities has diminished and life in the rural areas and smaller towns has no longer seemed so unrewarding. Migration to the larger cities continues, but the pace has slackened, and many villagers seek part-time jobs in nearby towns instead. In the years ahead, the internal-migration pattern is expected to show a return of individuals and families to their regions of origin, though not necessarily to their home towns. This is what local demographers call a J turn—in contrast to a U turn, which denotes those who do go back to their old villages. Already, many small communities are trying to lure former residents back by finding new jobs for them, at home or in nearby places.

The number of people engaged in full-time farming in Japan today is only seven million—half what it was twenty years ago—and it is only because of the high rate of productivity, a result of mechanization and modern fertilizers, that enough rice is available for domestic consumption; other foods, including wheat, have to be imported. In fact, even fewer farmers could produce enough rice to meet the nation's needs, and there is still a call for better social planning to enable farmers to transfer to other occupations. At the same time, the problem of "*kaso*," a Japanese word describing the excessive decline of population in the rural areas, remains a serious one sociologically, and districts whose incomes are less than forty per cent of their expenditures are officially designated by the government and given assistance. There are a thousand and forty-six such *kaso* districts, with a combined population of nine million. I visited one of them, Ohtaki, about fifty miles southeast of Tokyo, where the population has declined from eighty-four hundred in 1960 to thirty-five hundred today. Ohtaki lies on the fringe of a lovely mountain chain, part of which is a national park, and, like many similarly situated places, it hopes to build up a tourist industry, but this takes time and money, and for the present most of the government help it is getting is for extending its system of roads, including small ones into the surrounding forests, where ample lumber is available. Lumber and charcoal have been Ohtaki's main industries aside from farming; some small iron mines were shut down a few years ago when they were found to be polluting streams. The deputy principal of the small junior high school told me that most of his students left the village to attend senior high schools in other parts of the prefecture, and then, if they didn't go on to college, usually sought work elsewhere. Despite this problem of vanishing young people, Ohtaki seemed to me to be surviving fairly well, if not exactly prospering; everyone looked healthy enough, and most of the families in the village, I was told, owned their own cars. Quite a few other Japanese villages, with scantier resources, have in the past twenty years simply disappeared altogether.

THE problems of underpopulated Ohtaki, with its clean mountain air and lush forests, are insignificant compared with those of overpopulated, polluted Tokyo. The capital, with a full-time population of eleven million six hundred thousand—another million and a half live in nearby satellite suburbs, which are bleak concrete deserts—was rebuilt after the war without any planning. As a result, it is a sprawling conglomeration of twenty-three wards, thirteen in the central area; many parts of the city consist of block upon block of labyrinthine streets and alleyways where it is virtually impossible to find an address, because the houses are numbered not in sequence but on the basis of when they were built. Tall office buildings tower above flimsy wooden dwellings and old brick houses that survived the war; neon-lit night clubs and bars stand alongside Buddhist temples beneath

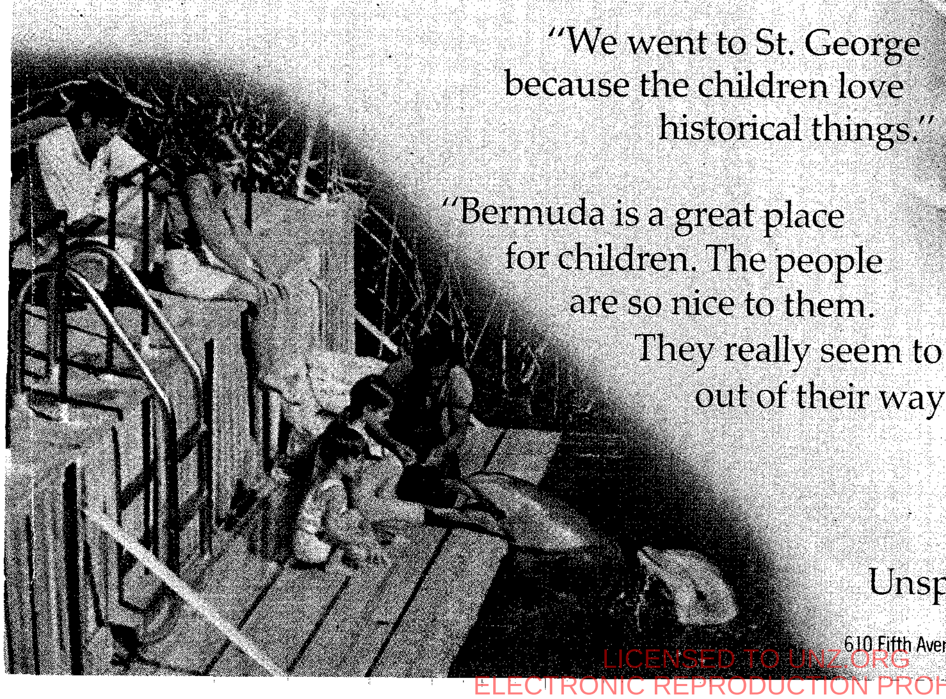
"The children love the beaches here. They said they'd never seen such sand, with bits of red and bits of green but somehow looking all pink."

The Johnsons on their fifth trip to Bermuda.



"We went to St. George because the children love historical things."

"Bermuda is a great place for children. The people are so nice to them. They really seem to go out of their way for them."



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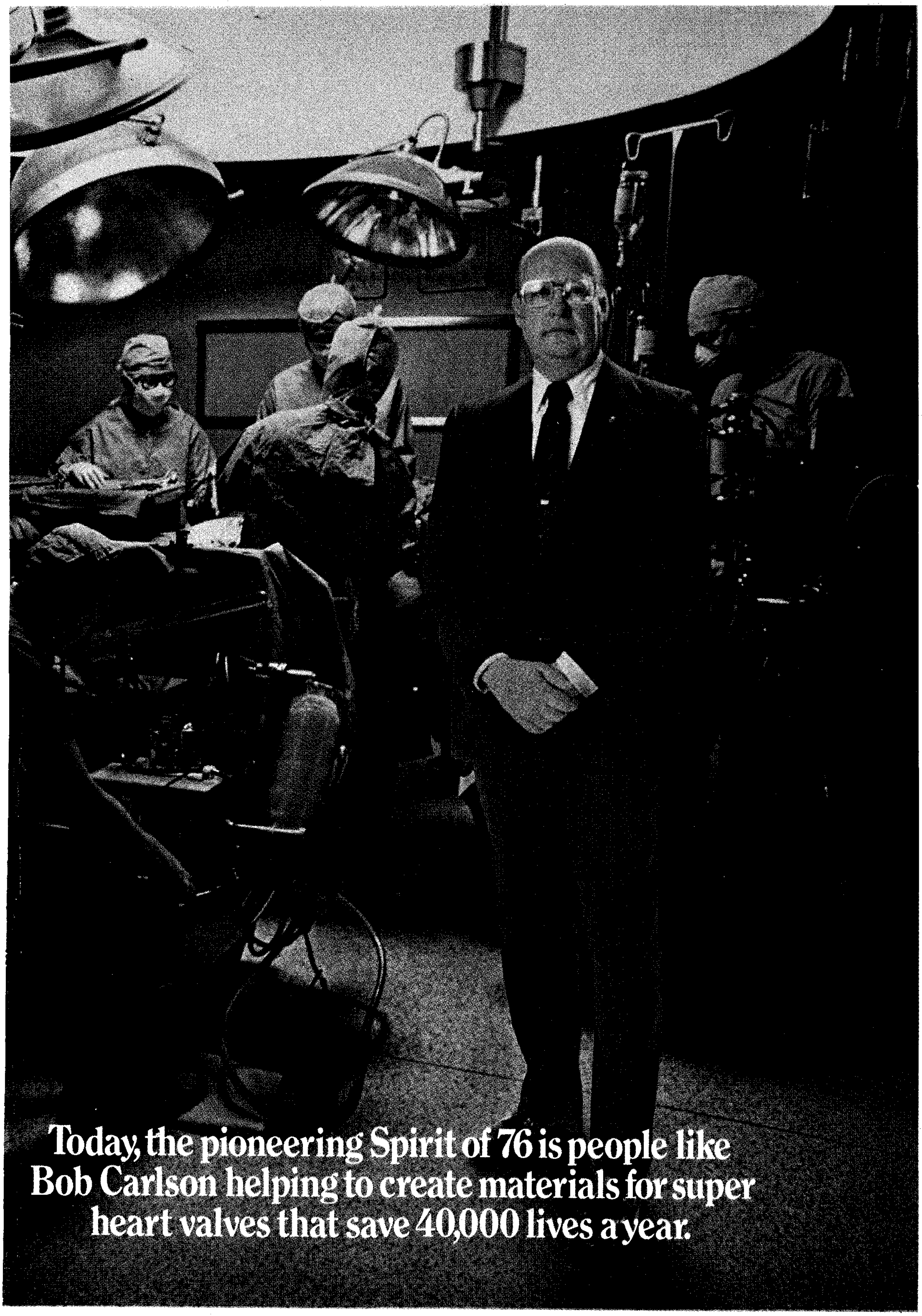
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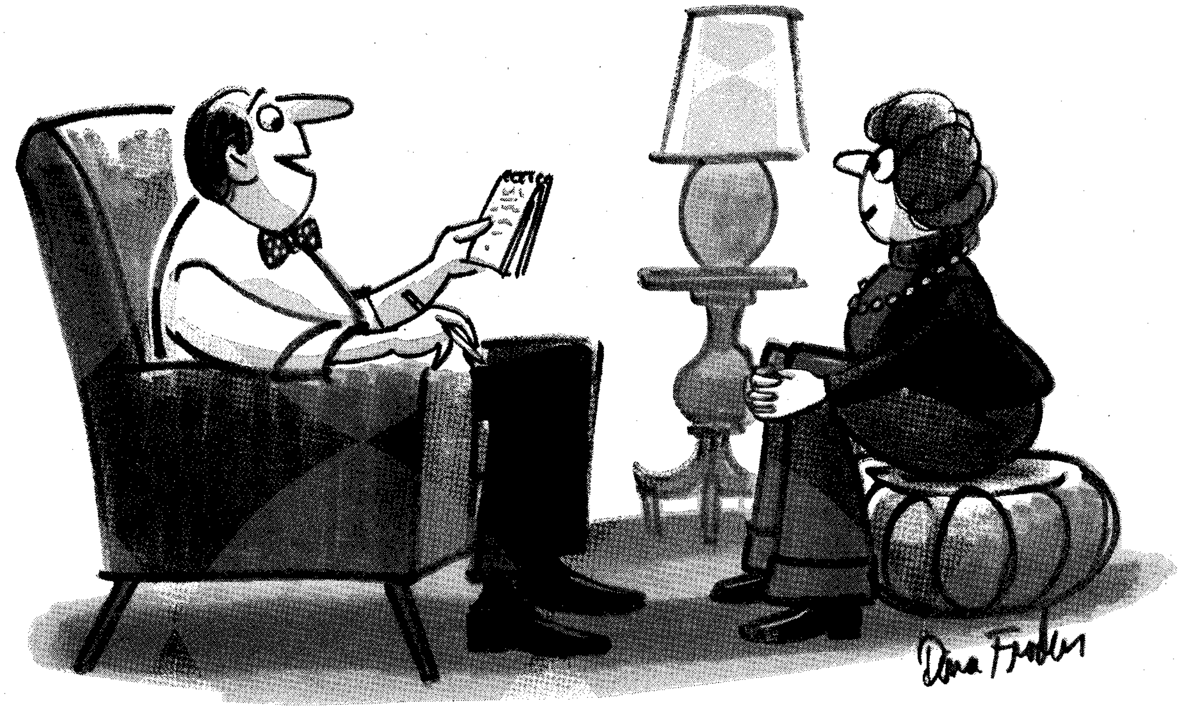
hurtling expressways; and even in the better residential areas it is not unusual to find a large, walled private estate surrounded by dilapidated repair shops and noodle stalls. Belatedly, plans have been made to alleviate some of the disorder and congestion by building one whole new town area in the Tama district and linking it with several other wards and districts to create a thirteen-square-mile zone for about a million and a half people who can live and work there or nearby. Smaller "city centers" are being constructed in at least three other major districts, and they include vast new, supposedly earthquake-proof skyscrapers to relieve some of the crowding in the downtown districts of Marunouchi and the Ginza. Among other things, it is hoped that people won't have to travel as far to and from work as they do now. The city's modern subway system is undoubtedly the best in the world, but, even so, during the morning and evening rush hours it is crowded beyond anything I have ever seen in New York or elsewhere. There are now eight separate subway lines, all of which are being extended, as are three railway lines to suburban areas. Many commuters travel three hours a day, and, considering the crowded conditions—passengers are herded into the doorways by special rush-hour pushers—it is astonishing how calm and dispassionate the people are, although there have been occasions in recent years, during strikes or slowdowns, when riots have occurred and pent-up emotions have burst forth. For the most part, though, the passengers stare emptily or, if they are lucky enough to have an extra inch or two of space, read magazines or newspapers, rising like automatons to troop out when the intercom system announces their destination.



"Well, here's my list. I have three bosom buddies, four good buddies, four dear friends, eight friends, thirty acquaintances, forty-four nodding acquaintances, twenty-one contacts, and five enemies."

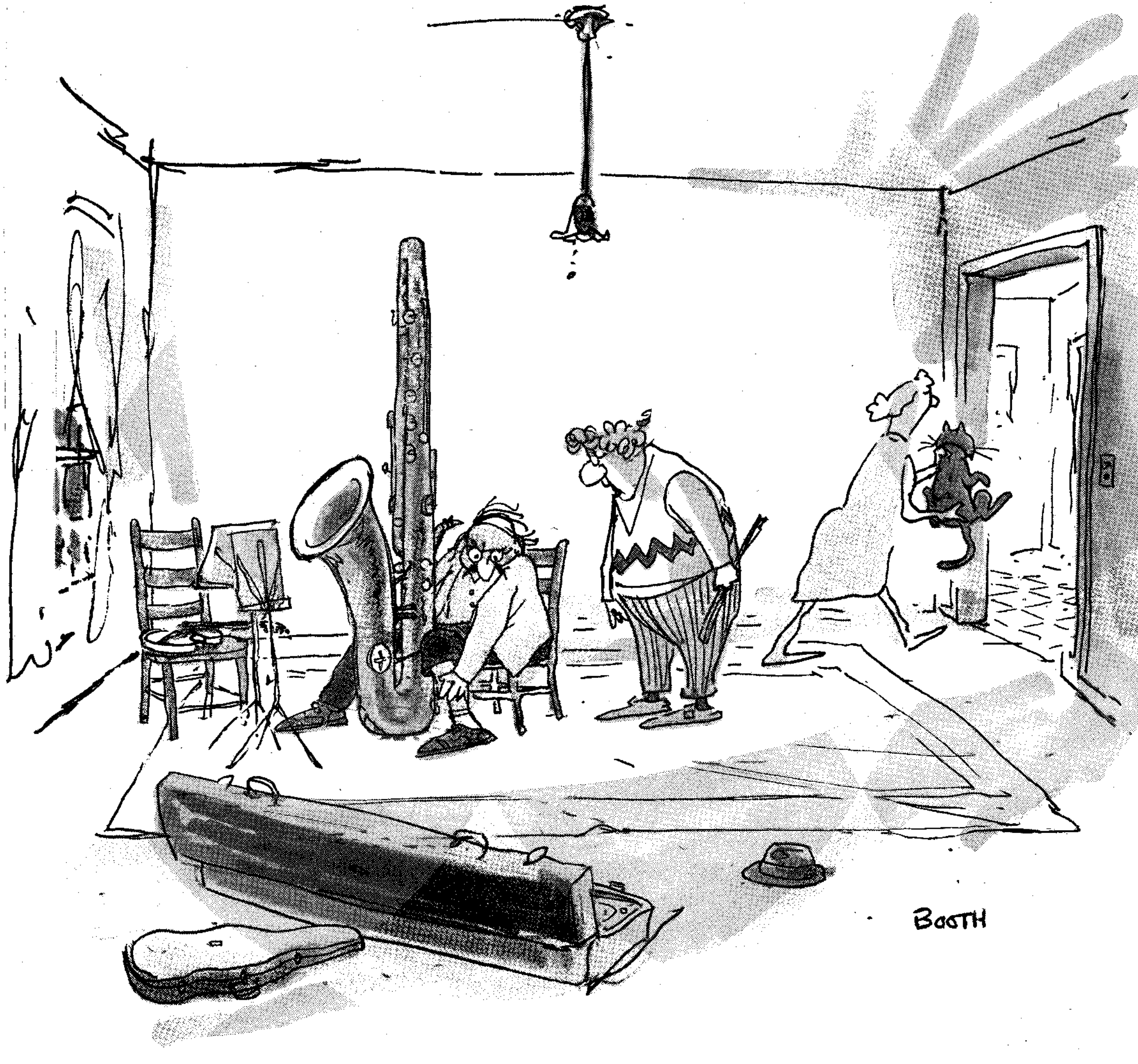
Tokyo, like most of Japan's big cities today, has a liberal, reformist chief executive, Governor Ryokichi Minobe, who was first elected in 1967, with the help of the Communists, the Socialists, women's groups, and labor unions; was reëlected in 1971; and, though now seventy-one years old, ran once more and was elected again in April, 1975. A former economics professor who entered politics late in life, he is a soft-spoken man, with a warm, winning smile; his consumer advocacy and appearances on a widely watched TV show have made him popular with housewives, while his humanitarian policies have also won him the support of the working class. A strong believer in more independent municipal administration, he has made considerable progress in improving welfare conditions in Tokyo and in reducing the high levels of pollution, but in a talk I had with him he told me he had only begun to reach his goals, having been held back by the conservative politicians and businessmen, whose ideas of progress are based on technological growth whatever the consequences. "I think social dissatisfaction among the people of Tokyo is getting more, rather than less, intense," he said. "It is reflected in the increasing number of groups protesting against pollution and inflation and demanding a better way of life. For example, people are claiming their 'sunshine rights' and opposing new tall office buildings. At the same time, we need more housing, so we can't avoid some high-rise structures. We still have far too few low-income-housing units. We also desperately need more parks and playgrounds—Tokyo's park area makes up about six-tenths of one per cent of the total city area. We have nineteen hundred playgrounds, and we want four or five times that many. We also need more expressways, but local groups oppose their construction. I'm in favor of such citizens' movements, and we try to work out the best compromises we can, but it all takes time. The same is true of sewage and garbage-disposal plants—all Tokyoites are in favor of building more of them, except that they do not want them in *their* wards, so they protest and our program is delayed. We have reduced some forms of pollution, but we still suffer badly from auto exhaust and photochemical smog." Minobe has taken a particular interest in minority groups and in the problems of the aged and infirm. He failed in an effort to establish a special university for Korean residents, and he jeopardized his reëlection chances this year by taking the side of the *burakumin*—the Untouchables of Japan—in a controversy over their status. However, he succeeded in a pet project to alter curbstones at street crossings so that handicapped people could more easily negotiate them. As a man who ardently opposes any form of exploitation, he has come to represent not only lower-income groups but all those for whom the frustrations of big-city life have increased in recent years. Like several other reformist chief executives in major cities of Japan, he has served as a popular champion against the conservative elements that for so long have dominated the country's political life at the national level.

IN their growing passion for finding out more about themselves and what they think, want, and respect, the Japanese have developed a positive mania for conducting surveys on every conceivable subject. In a recent one undertaken by the Tokyo government, rising prices, pollution, and lack of sufficient housing were cited as the three greatest concerns—followed, in sequence, by complaints about insufficient health care, inadequate garbage disposal, poor facilities for the aged, insufficient anti-disaster preparations (particularly for serious earthquakes), a paucity of parks and playgrounds, poor traffic controls, and the poor quality of schoolteachers. Other surveys have corroborated these results but cite the lack of enough housing space more than anything else; Tokyo is full of people who live in small single-room flats. The price of land has risen to such astronomical proportions in Japan, particularly in the big cities, that most Japanese have given up their dreams of someday owning their own homes.

To judge by such data, the Japanese are not very satisfied with their way of life, and the more comprehensive surveys, including the most recent of a series taken every five years by the Education Ministry, indeed reveal a growing dissatisfaction, attributed mainly to over-urbanization. Though the survey disclosed a continuing belief in *giri ninjo*—the traditional Japanese sense of duty and devotion, especially of obligation to one's family—it also showed a mounting distrust of government and a consequent political and social apathy. Whereas in 1953, at the start of Japan's rapid economic surge, in a similar poll thirty per cent expressed the belief that scientific and technological growth could lead to a loss of "humanity," in 1973 fifty per cent felt this to be the case; fifty-four per cent felt that, while Japan had surpassed most Western countries as an economic power, it rated either "fairly bad" or "very bad" in richness of the mind and spirit, and sixty-four per cent felt that "peace of mind" would decrease further. The emphasis on material accomplishment was criticized by a heavy majority, and, demonstrating the growing trend toward "my-homeism," eighty-one per cent said they were satisfied or somewhat satisfied with their home life but only twenty-six per cent were satisfied with the society in general.

Japanese youth, who were rebellious during the sixties—demonstrating against the security pact with the United States at the start of the decade, against the Vietnam war in the middle, and against the restrictions and formalism of university administration at the end—have quieted down in recent years. But student demonstrations against such things as higher fees still take place on the campuses, and small radical groups that used to form part of broader political fronts engage in violent and sometimes deadly internecine warfare. Relatively few Japanese youths take drugs nowadays; a decade ago, there was more experimentation. A government survey in 1971, before the societal strains began to show, pointed out that while a large majority of youths questioned had close family ties, they felt themselves to be considerably closer to their mothers than to their fathers, no doubt because so many Japanese men work all day and spend their evenings together in restaurants or bars. Another reason for the greater attachment to their mothers is the great educational competitiveness in Japan, which extends from kindergarten up but is especially intense at the college-entrance level. Because mothers have far more free time than fathers, thanks to all the gadgetry that has made housekeeping easier, they have devoted themselves to pushing their children up the educational ladder with a fervor unmatched anywhere else in the world. Women, in fact, are widely described as "education mamas."

Once enrolled in a decent college, most students do not expect too much from their



"I *do* apologize, Rinehart. The cat has never bitten anyone previously."

courses or their teachers, with whom their associations are not as close, ordinarily, as those with athletic teams and social clubs. As for attitudes toward jobs after college, sixty-one per cent of recent graduates replying to a survey conducted by the Prime Minister's office indicated that they were "fairly contented" but had no particularly strong psychological or emotional attachment to the companies they worked for—a sizable shift from traditional Japanese attitudes. Complaints included insufficient wages, not enough vacations, and lack of close relations with superiors. This human-relationship factor is becoming more disturbing to employees in Japan, particularly younger ones, who feel that their special abilities are not taken advantage of and that the long climb up the promotional ladder toward retirement is no longer as worthwhile as it once seemed. Young people are consequently finding greater satisfaction in private group activities outside of work, while remaining more critical of the larger society. In the government survey, the most common causes of dissatisfaction reported were: "What I feel right is not accepted," "The gap between the rich and the poor is too great," "There is no national consensus," and "Youth's opinions are not reflected in society." A majority of those questioned rejected an affluent society in favor of "a nation where we can lead our daily life without anxiety" or, simply, "a welfare state." A general apathy was reflected in widely expressed preferences for easier and more pleasurable lives instead of just making money. Another government report, published in 1973, dealing with Japanese youth in relation to youth in other countries, showed, surprisingly, the Japanese ranking next to lowest among ten other nations in Europe, North and South America, and Asia in the desire for more money as compared with more leisure time. Japanese young people ranked highest in lack of interest in religion, and lowest in the belief that human nature was fundamentally good.

In two long conversations I had with groups of students in Tokyo and Kyoto, many of them spoke of the generation gap—a favorite subject in Japan—and expressed a need to define their own moral standards and values. One youth said, "There are a lot of ideas and ways of life we want to understand and explore that are different from those of our parents, who came from the generation of defeat and then of economic boom. The country is still in a state of digestion, and if we want

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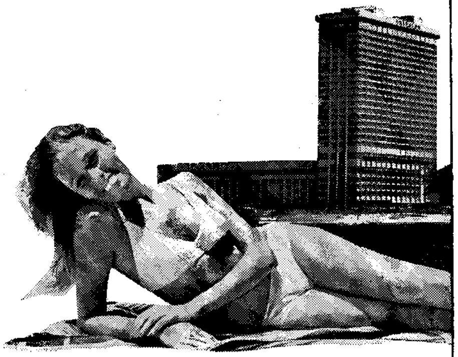

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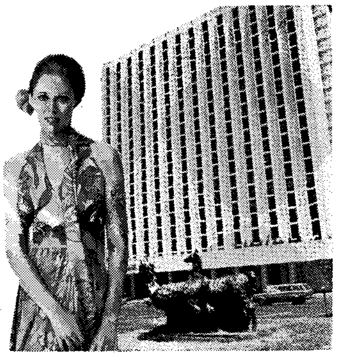

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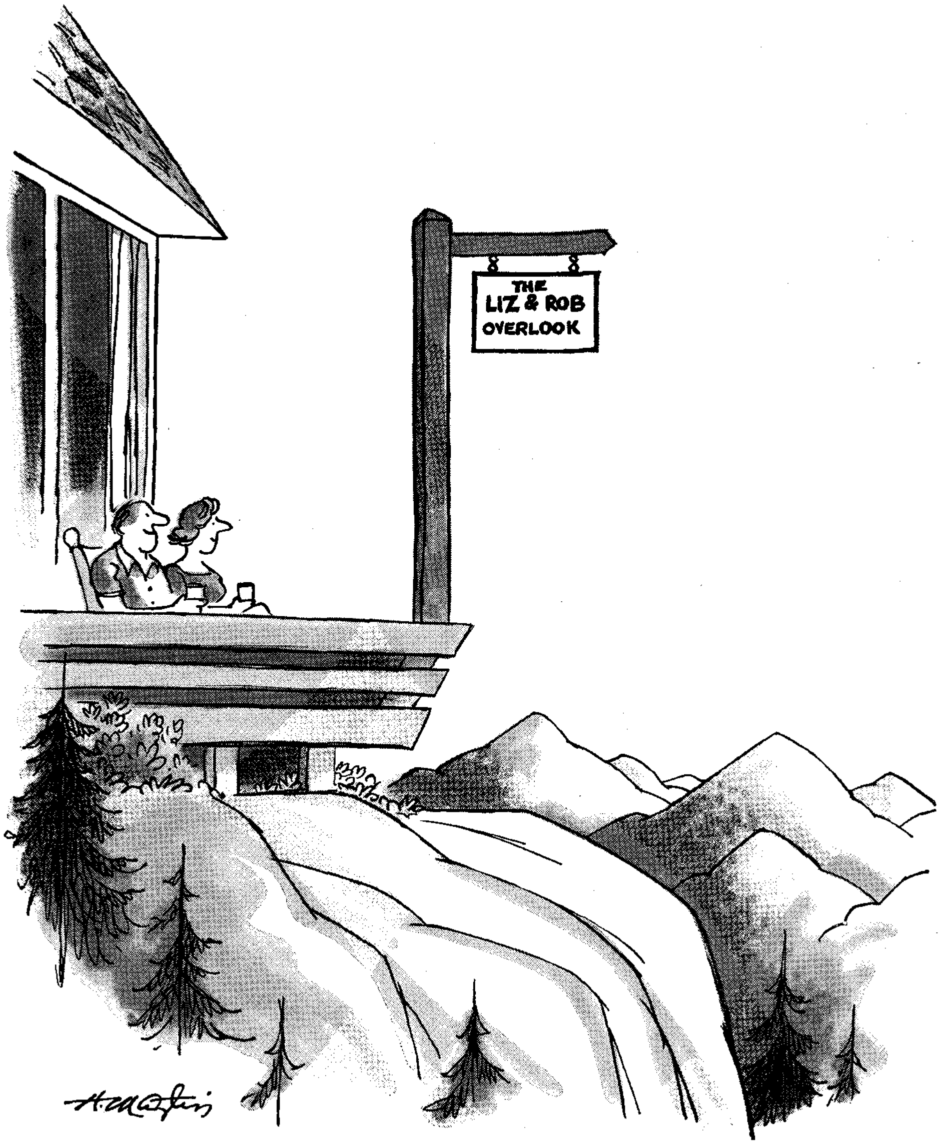
to change things we have to digest more new ideas from abroad, because there are so few we can find here. For one thing, public opinion is too controlled. Young journalists can't write what they want, because the media are part of the establishment and everyone follows them blindly." Most of those I talked with said they were not interested in politics but that they had, as one student put it, "tested the waters of radicalism in college, because a lot that our parents told us wasn't right." Then, realizing that they somehow had to make a living and prepare to support a family, they had been forced to "follow regulations" and plan to go to work. Others, however, wanted to get part-time jobs—some already had—even as waiters and waitresses, so they could make enough to get by and save for a trip abroad, which a great many Japanese dream of, and they seriously thought in terms of "a moratorium" after their graduation and before they accepted regular company jobs. "I'm proud of being a Japanese, but I don't want to get trapped or hemmed in," one said. "There is a danger, of course, in drifting too long. I guess I think a year or two of wandering would be right."

About three-quarters of those I spoke with agreed that, while they got along well enough with their parents, there was a generation gap, and, among other things, they cited contrasts in vocabulary as evidence. They use many words and expressions not known by their fathers and mothers, including titles and phrases from popular songs and cartoons, as well as such words as "*resubian*"—which is borrowed from English, like many words in modern Japanese, and means lesbian. Lesbianism is on the increase, incidentally, especially in large cities like Tokyo, and in general there is greater sexual freedom: a high percentage of the young men and women I saw, especially the men, had no compunctions about premarital sexual relations, unlike their elders (though their fathers had a long tradition of extramarital sex).

Japanese society is still cast in a basically conservative mold, but there are aberrational aspects, as there have always been, and as individuals the Japanese are by no means a consistently passive people, despite the acceptance by a large majority of set standards of conduct. The whole organized ritual of bowing according to rank, of exchanging business cards, and of trading greetings in an exaggerated manner represents a shell beneath which



the individual hides his private self from all but his intimates. Drinking with friends in a favorite bar, the Japanese businessman sticks his head out from the shell for a few hours, often to engage in indiscriminate, disconnected, and trite conversation. A deeper frustration with the hardships of life can lead to suicide or to running away, and there are thousands of cases a year of people, usually unhappy husbands or wives, simply disappearing; the police track down most of them. Infanticides are also frequent, and are increasing in these difficult times.

The younger generation gives vent to its frustrations in various ways, sometimes moving to the edge of violence. For example, in the last two or three years there has been an upsurge of wild hot-rod motorcyclists and souped-up-sports-car gangs, called *sahkitto-zoku*, or "circuit-racing tribes." There are nearly five hundred such groups in the country, and more than two hundred in Tokyo alone, with names like Massacre, Black Emperor, Spectre, Medusa, and Outlaw. The favorite weekend pastime of such tribes, whose members ordinarily wear leather jackets, bluejeans, and Elvis Presley hairdos, is to tear through the city's traffic mazes at the highest possible speeds, or to engage in highly competitive drag racing. Some of the hot-rodders have established relationships with local gangsters and engage in fights to "defend their turf," and last year the police reported fifty cases in which young girls, lured by the fascination of the new breed of speed demons, were gang-raped. The drag races have led to battles and to cars' being burned. Public complaints have prompted more concerted police action in recent months, but, as one traffic superintendent says, "it is very difficult to control these groups, because they are well-organized and carry two-way radios to outsmart us."

The over-all Japanese crime rate, especially in the big cities, is astonishingly low compared to those of other countries, and has decreased steadily in recent years. Murders are relatively rare, and most of those that occur stem from love rivalries rather than gang feuds or quests for personal vengeance. There were nine times as many murders in New York in 1972 as in Tokyo, and robberies and assaults also occur far less often, though recent statistics on petty theft and "intellectual crimes," mostly bribery, show some increase. The level of corruption has risen, partly in connection with the competition for scarce land and with the profiteering that has contributed to rampant inflation. Various reasons are cited for the low incidence of crime generally. Among them is the unavailability of guns, which are prohibited by law among ordinary citizens except for ballistics experts, marksmen, and hunters. Just as important, according to sociologists, is the still dominant national sense of self-discipline and duty and the sense of shame if one is arrested. Tokyo's highly efficient police force of forty-two thousand five hundred—about fifteen thousand more than in New York, which has three and a half million fewer people—functions mainly through a network of twelve hundred and forty-two police boxes, called *koban*, which cover every neighborhood, and the police have the voluntary help of civilian block captains, each of whom is responsible for about thirty households. This is a mild reflection of the old neighborhood surveillance system of the prewar and wartime days. Today's police are invariably mild-mannered and helpful, treating drunks and other disorderly persons, for instance, far more leniently than New York cops do. Fumihiko Kunashima, one of Tokyo's top police superintendents, told me, when I asked why there was so little violent crime in Japan, "We are all Japanese here. We have strong family and mutual relationships, and we are accustomed to helping each other, to working hard and supporting ourselves."

The only major exceptions to the low level of violence are the activities of revolutionary terrorists such as the Japan Red Army and of the radical student groups, who used to demonstrate violently over such issues as the security treaty between Japan and the United States but now fight mostly among themselves. The Red Army has operated almost exclusively abroad and was responsible last September for the seizure of the French Ambassador to the Netherlands and eight other hostages in The Hague. Its most notorious crime to date was the auto-

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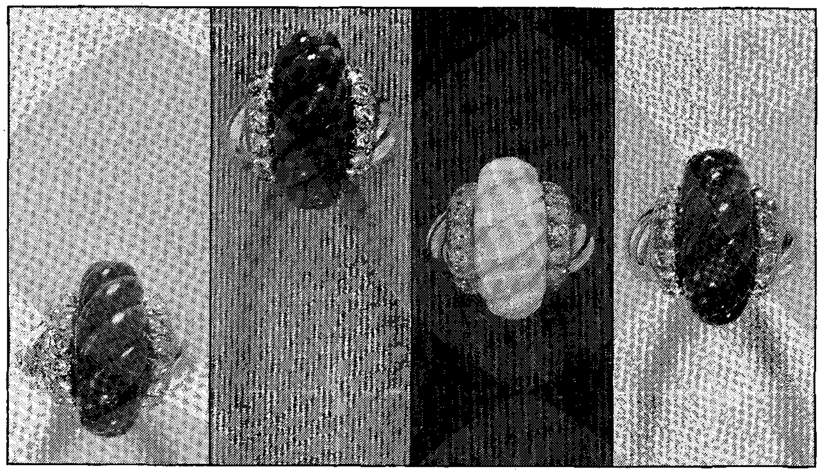
matic-rifle-and-grenade massacre of twenty-six people at the Lod International Airport, outside Tel Aviv, in May, 1972. The Red Army surfaced last week in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, where five members took over the consular section of the United States Embassy and held fifty-three hostages while demanding the release of comrades imprisoned in Japan. Five of the latter were let go, and the act presumably served the additional purpose of embarrassing the Japanese and American governments at a moment when Prime Minister Takeo Miki was in Washington. The Red Army's activities in foreign countries are regarded by the police and political observers as an admission of failure to make any headway in Japan and as an effort to harass the conservative Liberal Democratic Party. There is, however, suspicion that a bombing of a Mitsubishi building in downtown Tokyo on August 30, 1974, when eight people were killed and more than three hundred injured, may have been the work of a domestic radical group called the East Asia Anti-Japan Armed Front. The domestic radicals—including another group called the United Red Army—have, at any rate, succeeded in their attempt to disturb the Japanese establishment, which remains highly sensitive to accusations that the Japanese are a latently violent people and potentially still a militaristic nation. As for the radical students, they represent, for the moment, a less dangerous but still violent manifestation of the frustration felt by the Japan Red Army. Five student groups, including two main ones called Kakumaruha (the Revolutionary Marxists) and Chukakuha (the Middle Core), both composed of self-styled Trotskyites, are offshoots of the original Zengakuren, a radical association that led demonstrations against the security treaty and instigated campus riots that succeeded in closing down a number of universities over a period of months in 1969. These groups remain unrecognized by Japan's Communist Party, which does not employ violence, and have savagely fought each other in the past four years, mostly with iron pipes and bamboo spears; about twenty members of the two main rival student factions have been killed in these fierce political vendettas. (This total does not include fourteen young members of the United Red Army who were summarily executed, for ideological reasons, by their colleagues in late 1971 and early 1972 in a remote rural area of Japan.) The police estimate that the student radicals total thirty-seven thousand today—about ten thousand less than a couple of years ago—but as small a group as thirty or forty is still capable of capturing the left-wing movement on the campus of one of the big universities, seizing government buildings, or holding officials hostage. The police believe that the radicals may in time destroy each other, but if Japan should suffer a prolonged recession or depression they could become a serious threat to stability.

THE activities of the radical students in the universities, and of less radical ones as well, are a reflection of the serious educational crisis in Japan. The nation is completely literate today, with school attendance compulsory for nine years; three-quarters of the students go through senior high school, after which roughly half, or a total of more than four hundred thousand a year, attend college. There are almost a thousand universities and junior colleges, eighty per cent of them private, and it is these unsubsidized private institutions that are having the greatest trouble—primarily financial. Of all the major industrial countries, Japan devotes the smallest proportion of its budget to higher education, and fees charged by private colleges are six times higher than those at the public ones, such as Tokyo and Kyoto Universities. Despite their high tuitions, the private universities still cannot afford proper facilities and, worse, enough full-time professors; part-time professors, who in recent times have been paid as little as two dollars a lecture, frequently fail to show up for classes, because they can earn more elsewhere. Student demonstrations have continued on a less active scale in the past several years, mostly directed against such conditions, especially the high cost of getting into a good, or even a fair, institution. Many students, in order to pass rigid entrance exams, attend expensive cram schools called *yobiko*, which pride themselves on their skill and advertise their success ratings like baseball averages. Sadly, it is not uncommon for students who fail the tests to commit suicide.

The outdated structures and policies of the universities, and their failure to keep abreast of social changes, are important contributing factors in the alienation and anxiety of students, and until recently the government has done very little to help. Bureaucratic as well as private study groups and councils in the past few years have issued a string of reports and recommendations, and an effort is under way now to increase subsidies to the private universities four- or fivefold. There is also a bitter debate between the radical and powerful Japan Teachers Union, with its half a million members, and the bureaucrats of the Education Ministry. The union insists—correctly, in the judgment of most observers—that teachers at all levels have the right to strike, whereas the government has maintained that teaching is a "sacred mission" that must be tightly controlled, in the interest of producing good citizens. Oddly, the Communist Party, which plays a low-key role these days, agrees with the government view, while the Socialists back the union.

The education conflict goes back to the days of the American Occupation, when reforms were designed to democratize and decentralize the school system, cleanse it of ancient Shinto and Confucian dogma, end government selection of textbooks, and eliminate courses in ethics and morals. After 1952, when the Occupation ended and the so-called "reverse course" of conservatism was in full swing, many of these reforms were abolished. As Japan began its steady drive toward economic growth, the influence of the business world, seeking to train students to join the big companies and stressing scientific and vocational courses, became greater, and the right-wing elements of the Liberal Democratic Party in the Diet, as well as the conservative bureaucrats in the Education Ministry, supported this trend. "After the war, the influence of those who espoused the philosophy of John Dewey was very great among the Occupation reformers," I was told by Michio Nagai, an erstwhile educator and journalist who is now serving as Education Minister, shortly before his appointment to that post. "The effort was to keep education apart from politics. But by the fifties the politicians had grown afraid of allowing too much centralization, and they were worried about the spreading influence of Marxism in the universities. They wanted a return to the prewar system of morals and ethics, to the old Confucian precepts. Because the whole education system was so closely tied to the aims and purposes of the politicians and the bureaucrats, the 'ethical' thing to do, it was thought, was to preserve the connection. Now the issue has come up again and is treated like a political football, at the expense of the universities in particular." Nagai is regarded by education reformers as a breath of fresh air in the mandarin corridors of the ministry—and he has already tak-



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en steps to change the cruel examination system. A supporter of his, Masao Kunihiro, a cultural anthropologist who has become one of Prime Minister Miki's top advisers, told me, "Something is rotten with our education system, because it's too business-oriented and has no philosophy behind it. The growing anti-intellectualism is a reflection of the new ethos of the nation, which has made us not economic animals but economic beasts."

Because the education system is still regarded as a means of sustaining Japan's élitist establishment, and because campus riots in 1960, which represented a cultural and political watershed, had a traumatic effect on many students, a sense of nihilism has carried over to the present student generation. "Those who went through those days suffered feelings of apathy and impotence afterward," Kunihiro says. "They felt they no longer had any attachments or involvements, or sense of responsibility. There has all along been very little cross-generational fertilization in Japan, and the fault lies with my generation. I was only fourteen when the Pacific war ended, but I still associate that period with pangs of hunger—my students laugh at me for eating every grain of rice from my lunchbox. The more serious ones want to know more about it, but they're a definite minority. Shame and guilt keep us from wanting to talk about the war. Psychologically, people of my age were hardest hit by it, which is perhaps why we tend even now to look skeptically upon material prosperity as fleeting. In a way, we are all subject to degrees of skepticism and nihilism. The emptiness of purpose accounts for the many fads we pick up and drop, such as psychokinesis; for the desire to find new answers, even through tricks or miracles."

A well-known professor of Oriental philosophy I talked with, Hajime Nakamura, condemned "the anarchy that has become the synonym of democracy," and particularly the "vagabond atmosphere" in education. "A lot of people want to restore the lost spirit of the nation, but it has to be done properly, and not demagogically," he said. "There is still a lot of interest in exploring the past. Books on Japanese history sell very well, as do books on Buddhism. Gadgets aren't enough for us anymore. Shintoism is still popular, though it is no longer a state religion, and many young people go to Shinto shrines. The bedrock remains. People get married in a Shinto ceremony, and when they die they have Buddhist funerals. Meanwhile, our conservative leaders often cite Zen aphorisms when they want to be elusive and evasive."

MORE people are taking an interest in historic shrines as part of a revival of traditionalism. Each year, the crowds have been getting larger at the various Shinto ceremonies, and some eighty-five million Japanese still adhere to Shintoism. One of the best known temples is Sengakuji, in Tokyo, where huge crowds gather annually to burn incense and throw flowers over the graves of the forty-seven brave *ronin*—loyal warriors who two hundred and seventy-two years ago avenged the hara-kiri of their lord by killing the evil official who had made it necessary, and then committed mass suicide. Similarly, the Japanese revere the Ise Grand Shrine, which for the past thirteen centuries has been rebuilt every twenty years. Considered to be the home of sacred spirits that represent "the starting point of Japanese life," the shrine area consists of a hundred and twenty-three thatched huts, among trees where sacred spirits are still supposed to dwell. Shoichi Suzuki, one of the priests, says, "Ise is a place for the Japanese to pause, to put aside their technical skills for a moment, their money-making, their Western masks, and to become Japanese again." The Yasukuni Shrine, in Tokyo, is another place of reverence, honoring those who died during various wars, particularly the Second World War. A recent government attempt to make it a state shrine again was condemned by the political opposition as an effort to revive militarism, and the proposal was shelved, but the veneration of the past is regarded as healthy.

Another manifestation of the search for old values, which also has potential political implications, is what some experts believe is a coming revival of localism. Kimitada Miwa, a professor at Sophia University, in Tokyo, believes that, historically, Japanese nationalism may have been the result of the suppression of local or regional desires and aspirations. Eventually, he thinks, the ultra-nationalists subverted the process and, as they became stronger, used local issues and traditions for their own purposes. "You could say that Japanese pan-Asianism before and during the Second World War was the result of suppressed localism," Miwa says. "Today, the situation is different. Local people are faced with a new Tokyo imperialism—the Tokyo-ization of their communities. Now there is an effort to recapture local characteristics

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and identities. It's not really channelled yet, but it's significant that the opposition parties, especially the Communists, are encouraging it."

Yasumasa Tanaka, a political scientist at Gakushuin University, also in Tokyo, who has made public-opinion surveys on a variety of international and domestic matters, is less convinced that there will be a lasting return to older traditions and institutions but sees certain unique cultural forms being retained and refined as part of a new, multilayered society. Among these is a love of nature. "The worship of nature in Japan, even though sometimes we don't take proper care of it, must be distinguished from religion in the Western sense," he points out. "Ninety-five per cent of the Japanese say that religion is less important here than in the United States, but a great deal of our religious influence is pantheistic." Tanaka also feels that there is a nostalgic retention of ceremonial forms in Japan as a kind of convenient defense mechanism. One of them is the *miai*, the system of professional matchmaking: a Japanese young man and young woman will be formally introduced by a matchmaker even though they have met before and become interested in each other, or the matchmaker will make a ritualistic appearance at the engagement ceremony. "Form is thus preserved, though the matchmaker becomes nothing more than a master of ceremonies," Tanaka says.

Otis Cary, an American-born professor of literature at Doshisha University, in Kyoto, who has lived in Japan for more than a quarter of a century, is among those who think the society is changing. "In particular, personal relationships are being altered," he told me. "But there are many fundamental strains that remain—what I call 'subterranean passages' of the society. These include some basic supports that a Japanese can count on, and that anchor him back into the culture whenever he feels the need for it. Among them are such things as *no* and *kabuki* plays, judo, *kempo*, karate, flower and tea ceremonies, sand painting, the cultivation of bonsai, calligraphy, and so on. These are the things that help shore the Japanese up, that keep them from falling into a void. It's part of their essential strength, though they don't even know they have it." Another perceptive American observer, Donald Richie, a literary, film, and theatre critic, who has been around Japan almost as long as Cary, summed up his view: "One of the things that foreigners living for many years in Japan

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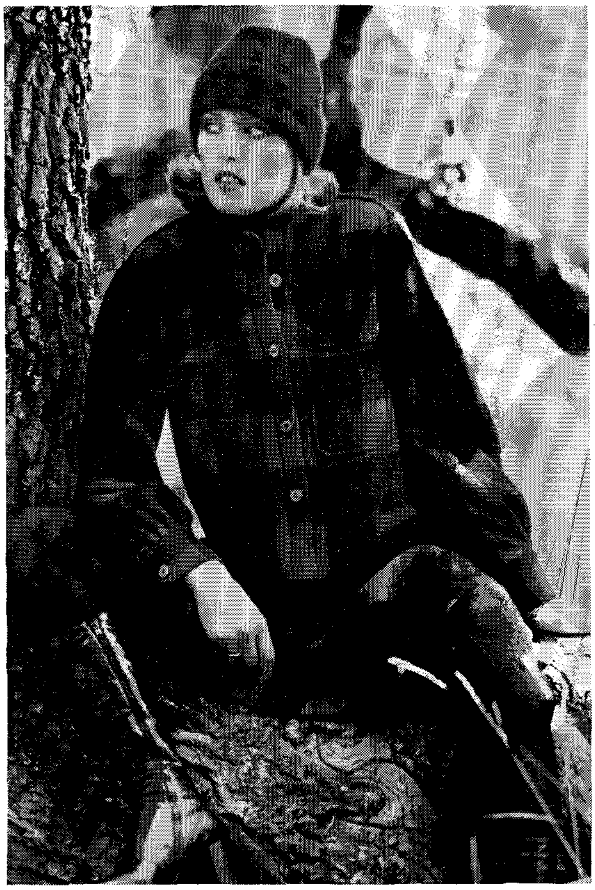

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have in common is their ambivalence toward themselves. They do not feel sure who they are, and what attracts them most is that they do not sense this kind of unsureness in the Japanese, who never seem to doubt their Japaneseness. Yet they seem to have more 'selves' than the Westerner could ever have. The Japanese has a social self—he can willingly and happily become a member, or even what we'd call a cog. He can melt into a demonstration or become a mere unit in a company, and he can do this with no fear or apparent loss. On the other hand, the same person has his own 'self'—the solitary person that is he and no one else. The Japanese thus has, by Western standards, a plethora of selves. This is appealing and attractive, but, more important, it is educational, and the Westerner who spends a long time in Japan becomes educated in this way."

Charles Gallagher, another American scholar who has lived in Japan on and off for many years, has been struck by the enormous amount of Western literature, music, and art that the Japanese have assimilated, and thinks there is a "bipolarity in Japanese thought and behavior that often baffles outsiders." He has said, "This bipolarity exists at the expense of synthesis. Japan does bring together almost everything, but whether the Japanese can synthesize the materials is another matter." Father Joseph Roggendorf, a Jesuit priest, who has lived in the country since before the Second World War, and who impressed me as knowing as much about Japan as any foreigner I talked with, agrees with Gallagher and others that the Japanese must integrate better with the rest of the world or be condemned "to being forever a kind of fringe country." He points out that "the Japanese have always shut the world out or been hostile, and have been accustomed to thinking of the world in terms of strong and weak people, but they can't do it anymore. Instead of considering themselves as Japanese looking out on foreigners, they will now have to change their world view, or else they won't even be able to trade. They are not used to colloquy, and they're still trying to keep the barbarians away, but they will have to change or perish. It's debatable how much the younger generation understands the need for this larger change. There are some hopeful signs. One of them is that 'loss of face,' which always meant shame, doesn't matter so much anymore. They no longer go to bed in tears to hide their frustrations. There seems to be a new variety of Japanese that understand that they can no longer live apart in a hothouse atmosphere. We must wish them the best of luck and be careful not to tread on their toes."

ONE of the most important aspects of the Japanese personality, and a key to an understanding of the whole society, is *amae*, the sense of mutual dependence. *Amae* has been well explained by Dr. Takeo Doi, a brilliant clinical psychiatrist, with whom I had a long, fascinating talk in his office at Tokyo University; his book "The Anatomy of Dependence" is regarded throughout the world as one of the best analyses of the Japanese character. The *amae* relationship, according to Dr. Doi, starts in infancy, when a child begins to *amaeru* (this is the verb) toward his mother, depending on her breast for food. In this, the infant is no different from infants elsewhere, but subsequently, in the special hierarchical Japanese society—involving the highly intricate relationships a man establishes with his peers and with those above or below him in rank and status, both on an individual basis and within the group-oriented world that dominates so much of his life—*amae* becomes the determining force of an adult's actions and responses. The vocabulary, logic, and pathology of *amae*, Dr. Doi says, are peculiarly Japanese, and there are no Western words or concepts that can specifically explain their substance and meaning.

Closely related to awareness of self, for which the Japanese word is "*jibun*," *amae* is also tied to that other fundamental Japanese characteristic, *giri ninjo*, which Dr. Doi defines as "social obligation and human feeling." The relationships Japanese establish throughout their lives are, in essence, defined by these words, and a man lives by affirming or denying his capacity to *amaeru*. "We are all *amae*-ridden," Dr. Doi told me. John Bester, the English translator of Dr. Doi's book, aptly sums this up at the end of his foreword:

> Only a mentality rooted in *amae* could produce a people at once so unrealistic yet so clear-sighted as to the basic human condition; so compassionate and so self-centered; so spiritual and so materialistic; so forbearing and so wilful; so docile and so violent—a people, in short, that from its own point of view is preëminently normal and human in every respect.

In present-day Japan, Dr. Doi feels, "social relationships . . . no longer allow the individual to *amaeru* as easily as in the past." He adds, "Or it may be that society has become so complex that it is no longer easy to discover the rules whereby one may *amaeru* with ease.” At the same time, he does not regard the generation gap as serious, except insofar as it represents “the older generation’s loss of self-confidence.” But, as a psychiatrist, a profession that is relatively rare in Japan, he has numbers of patients who demonstrate depression—rather than anxiety—deriving from a loss of firm goals in their lives and from the inability, as they have expressed it, “to melt into others;” that is, to *amaeru* successfully. He has also observed an increasing incidence of a phobia expressed in a morbid fear of crowds and public places, and he thinks this may partly account for the growing “my-homeism,” or turning inward. The apathy of many students and their desire to drift, he says, also reflect this. He thinks that student apathy and student radicalism are both protests against the status quo, and he points out that many students have suffered nervous breakdowns while engaging in radical movements and have required some psychiatric treatment. If social and political conditions in Japan grow worse, Dr. Doi feels, there will be a new flareup of mass student protests.

The Japanese consensus society is “a token satisfaction of *amae*,” in Dr. Doi’s terms. Similarly, *amae* accounts for the fact that legal differences between individuals are invariably settled out of court, and corporate cases by arbitration. The whole process is closely tied to special ways of communicating and to the language itself. Elsewhere, Dr. Doi has written:

> That the Japanese language is so constructed as to be particularly conducive to the effect of ambiguity is well known. For instance, Japanese verbs come at the end of the sentence. Therefore, unless and until you hear the whole sentence, you wouldn’t know where the speaker stands. This apparently gives him a psychological advantage, as he can change his position in anticipation of your possible reaction to it. However, it may happen that you are often left wondering whether he really means what he says.

The lack of pronouns in everyday conversation also results in ambiguity, while conjunctions, which in English provide logical connections, in Japanese “more often . . . serve only to cement and induce the speaker’s free associations.” The Japanese refer to “round” and “square” language. When they talk seriously, especially with foreigners but also among themselves, they use “square” language; when they relax, in bars or elsewhere, they talk “round,”

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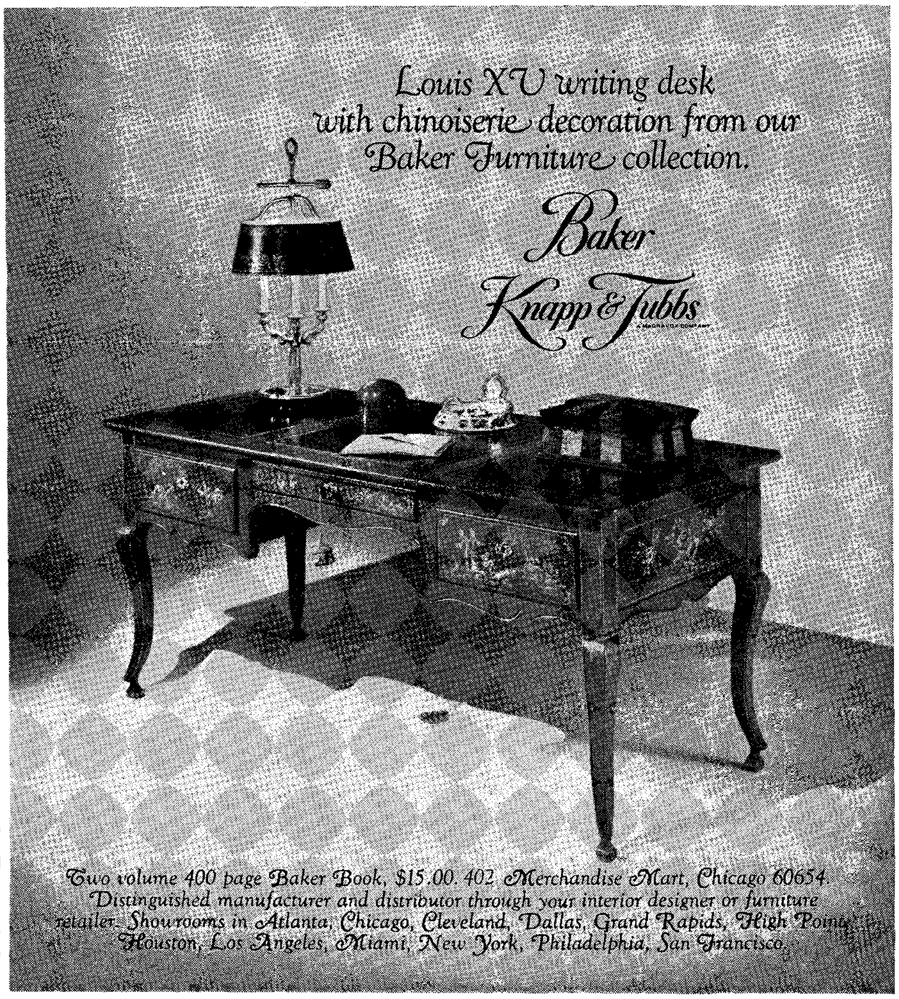
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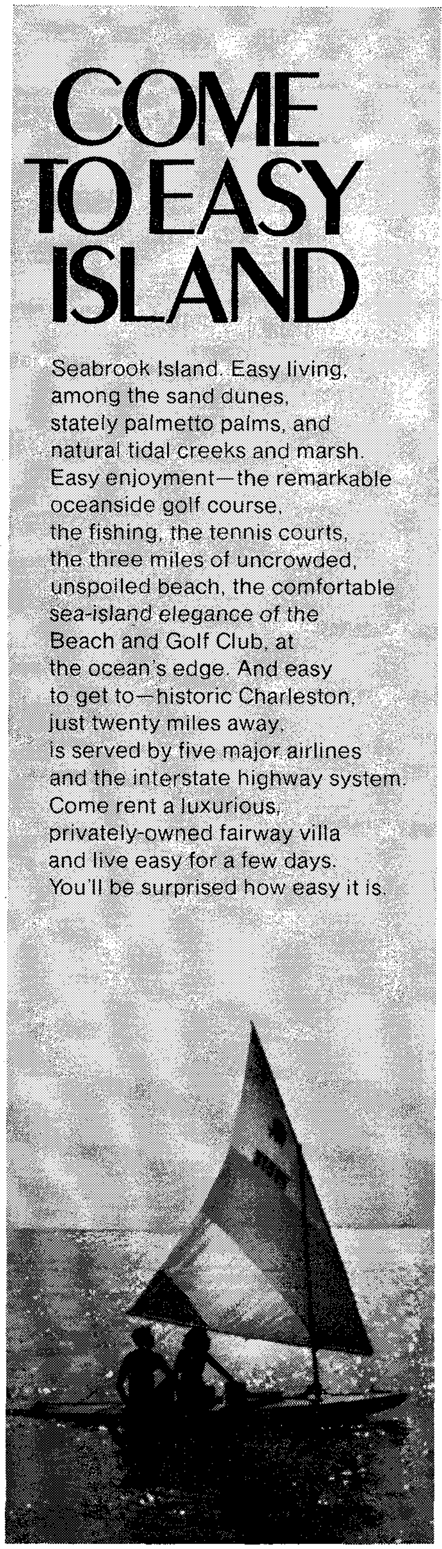

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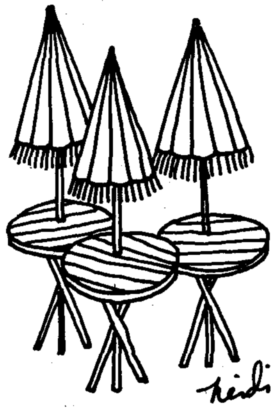
giving free vent to their personal feelings. In serious conversations among themselves, particularly those involving decisions, they often remain silent for long periods of time, fishing for clues to determine where each participant stands. They may also hesitate or hold back because of their fear that what they say will be disagreeable to others, especially when they have to express dissent, and this is also related to *amae*, for dissent destroys the proper sense of dependence, or over-presumes. As Dr. Doi says, "Americans hate silence, whereas Japanese can sit together comfortably without saying a word to one another," gathering by intuition, by "belly language," what they mean and feel. When Dr. Doi first went to the United States, he says, "I was greatly surprised, almost perturbed, by the fact that Americans love to talk incessantly whenever they get together, even during the meal. As a matter of fact, they sounded to me almost hypomanic."

Professor Chie Nakane, one of Japan's foremost social anthropologists, who, like Dr. Doi, has acquired an international reputation, believes that the sense of *amae* is decreasing somewhat. "For lack of time alone, among other reasons," she told me, "and because we want more things constantly. Excitement is necessary here whether it's bad or good—though a lot of the desire for change is superficial—and we can't stay with one thing too long." The freedom to act in different ways challenges the group structure and, to a degree, diminishes efficiency, but she feels that what she calls the "vertical principle," which she elaborated in her book "Japanese Society," will not be seriously altered. The principle is shaped by what she describes as the "attribute" and the "frame"—the frame is the locality, the institution, or the company, while the attribute refers to the situation and condition of those within it. Thus, a lathe operator and his foreman represent attributes, and the company they work for is the frame. The company becomes the *ie*, or the household, as Professor Nakane sees it, and dominates a man's existence, both socially and professionally. His *amae* relationship has been transferred from family to firm, and the spirit and purpose of the company pervade the life of all employees, who engage, for example, in the fervid singing of company songs.



In the vertical society, rank applies outside the company as well as within it, so that a man of lower status and his wife, if they meet a fellow-employee of higher position in a restaurant or on the street, will defer to him, bowing lower. An employee seeking a decision or an opinion will never leap-frog over his immediate superior to obtain it, for that would be considered insulting and detrimental to his own fortunes. This paternalistic *oyabun-kobun* (literally, parent-child) relationship predominates in all areas of Japanese life, including the universities, where a professor ordinarily has closer ties with his students—or at least with some of them—than with his fellow-professors. Similarly, it applies to the Japanese underworld, the *yakuza*, which includes a number of political kingmakers, called *kuromaku*, of whom the most powerful is Yoshio Kodama, who has played an important role behind the scenes in the Liberal Democratic Party since its founding, in 1955, and has had a hand in choosing several Prime Ministers. His critics claim his influence is enhanced by his ability to get vast amounts of money by blackmailing rich company executives whom his spies catch in illicit love affairs. Kodama is, in effect, a Japanese Godfather, who regards himself as an ultra-nationalist anti-Communist patriot—he maintains a private army ready to "save" the country if necessary.

The system of group loyalty operates in all spheres of life, including even the traditional-entertainment world—the *no* theatre, for example, has five separate "schools," none of whose members attend the others' performances—and it helps sustain the discipline needed for tremendous material progress, but it also has disadvantages. Various competing groups not only have limited links with each other (though company executives belong to the same employers' organizations and know what they are all up to) but, as Professor Nakane says, "they lack a sociological framework on which to build up a complete and integrated society." Central authority is so overweening that it "implants in the Japanese a ready submissiveness, alongside fear and hostility." Obedience becomes total submission. Opposition to authority is usually seen as a form of heroism; intellectuals hail it as "democratic action," but it seldom works, and is often opposition for opposition's sake only. Professor Nakane believes that most opposition is "nearer in essence to emotional contradiction than to the rational resistance from which further reasonable development might be expected." A company employee, faced with the vast rigidity of daily life, turns to his colleagues for consolation, and they protect and side with him, whether he is right or wrong, in his personal and sometimes his professional affairs. This is perhaps the main reason the after-work bar is so important in Japan. Men openly admit, "I can't live without a bar," and the bar has a function of its own, which neither wife nor mistress can duplicate.

BOTH Professor Nakane and Dr. Doi spoke of the growth of old and new Buddhist sects in Japan over the past few years, agreeing that this was a sign of people seeking fresh outlets for their frustrations and new sources of identity. The largest of these groups is Soka Gakkai, which has some twenty million members in Japan and is based on the tenets of the thirteenth-century priest Nichiren Daishonin, described by Dr. Doi as "a very interesting monk—the only one who sensed a nationalistic imperative." Dr. Doi does not consider Soka Gakkai politically dangerous, as some others do, "because it is too religious a movement to go either right or left," but he admits that a certain danger could arise if "those who run it and belong to it become too self-righteous." Professor Nakane made the point that though Soka Gakkai cuts across the hierarchical structure—its members come from all walks of life—it, too, is thoroughly organized along vertical lines, with a member's loyalty belonging to the person who converted him and to the particular small group, or cell, to which he is attached. Most of its members belong to the urban lower-middle or poorer classes, and it has considerably more women than men. Though no prescribed rules or disciplines are enforced, members are encouraged to read as much as they can of the works of Nichiren and his successors—including the present leader, Daisaku Ikeda, who has been president of the organization since 1960—and to take unofficial examinations once a year. Each man or woman is urged to contribute to society as best he can by, among other things, converting others in his neighborhood, school, or factory to Soka Gakkai's cause. Although es-

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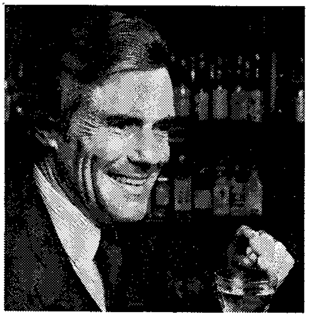
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sentially religious, Soka Gakkai plays an important behind-the-scenes role by means of Komeito, the Clean Government Party, which became its political arm in 1964, after having been founded by Ikeda several years before. Komeito's members in the Diet and in local prefectures are active in promoting welfare plans and political reforms, including election reforms. Some observers think Komeito will peak out soon, but others see it as a growing force in the country's political life, especially if the recession lasts for any length of time.

I arranged a long interview with Ikeda, who had just returned from a visit to China and was preparing to go to the Soviet Union. He is an impressive, heavy man in his late forties, with a broad face, deep brown eyes, and a resonant voice. He was dressed impeccably, in a blue suit with a white shirt and a blue tie, which made him look like any other Japanese executive, and he greeted me with a bow and a handshake at the entrance of one of the many offices and temples that Soka Gakkai has throughout Tokyo and elsewhere (including a huge university campus on the city's outskirts). The organization also has a profitable publishing house and newspaper; Ikeda is a prolific writer and, having written several books on doctrine, is now working on the eighth volume of a historical novel about the movement. At the outset of our talk, he discussed the contrast between the great progress Japan has made in the past twenty years and "the lack of purpose in our lives," saying, "Development has so far been limited to material things and phenomena, but the big gap in spiritual matters, in philosophy and in thought, has caused a grave handicap, because we have neglected the human side, our inner selves." The failure of Shinto to provide a guiding philosophy, he said, had led people to concentrate too much on economic development, which became the sole postwar objective. He explained Soka Gakkai as the exemplar of "middle-of-the-road Buddhism, based on the principle of humanism." Soka Gakkai, he said, was "educational and cultural," but he admitted that it acted as a lever on Komeito, "with our main aim being to avoid any extremism of left or right in the country." He added, "I'm convinced that we can serve as an important buffer." He looked upon his recent travels—he has visited thirty-five countries in the past few years—as a mission "to establish buffer zones abroad," and said that he was "most interested in trying to define a world view for Japan, in creating cultural and educational interchange, in promoting peace and the total abolition of nuclear weapons." Unimpressed with most statesmen he had met in his travels, Ikeda said he had learned most from long talks with Arnold Toynbee and André Malraux. I came away from our conversation impressed with Ikeda's sincerity and graciousness but with lingering reservations about the Soka Gakkai movement as a whole. With its amorphous, largely ignorant, and inchoate membership, ranging from bar girls to discontented employees of big companies, it could at a time of stress become someone else's political instrument. Interestingly, Ikeda appears to have been moving somewhat to the left recently. Seven months ago, it seems, he conducted a long dialogue with Kenji Miyamoto, chairman of the Presidium of the Japan Communist Party, but only within the past fortnight has the public been told that an agreement had been concluded specifying that the two groups would respect each other's viewpoints and seek further mutual understanding. Interestingly, too, the leaders of Komeito have said that they will not be guided by the Ikeda-Miyamoto discussions.

A NUMBER of people I spoke with in Japan referred to "togetherness" as "the cancer of the country," and it is certainly true that, despite their penchant for withdrawing into themselves, the Japanese, whether through such organizations as Soka Gakkai or within the all-consuming confines of their companies, demonstrate a basic fear of doing things alone. The new leisure boom, encouraged by the increasing prevalence of the five-day week (until around 1970 the six-day week was the rule), has produced a restlessness and a sense of fretful unfulfillment. "The Japanese don't know what to do with their growing independence and leisure," one friend of mine, a social and literary critic, says. "They read comics, watch television, go to *pachinko* parlors, and tend to fritter away their time. Part of this derives from their double-decker life, their peculiar mixture of Western and Japanese habits and ways. It is true that many of them, older people particularly, still go home at the end of the day, have their Japanese baths, and get into their kimonos and relax, but the number is decreasing. The distinction between Western suits and kimonos, rugs and *tatami*, or sake and Scotch whiskey is becoming blurred. In a sense, by becoming steeped in Western culture while trying to remain them-

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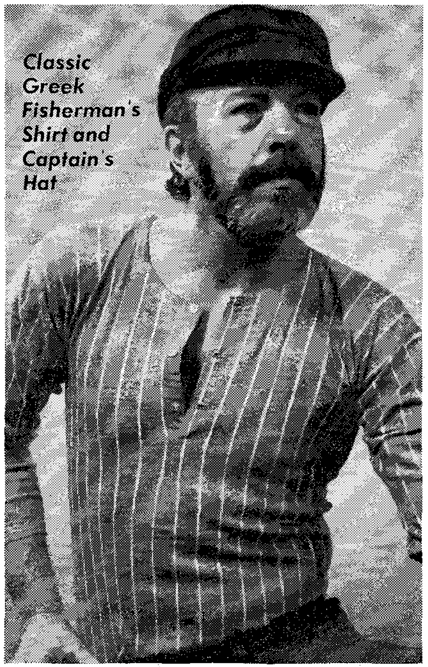

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selves, they've spread themselves too thin. Part of this has stemmed from their sudden prosperity, and from a resulting kind of collective smugness. They function now with a certain frenzy, but without healthy self-mockery. Until ten or fifteen years ago, for example, their films and plays had a certain wild, rambunctious quality—a witty, sardonic sense of takeoff on themselves and their culture—or represented what they call *mono no aware:* a sympathetic sadness. There was an appreciation of mutability, of transience. Now there's a denial of all those things. On television, soap operas reign supreme—the dead hand of Andy Hardy. The humor is scatological, raucous, and slapstick. It always comes out in a scream."

While there is little serious painting that is not imitative, design and the graphic arts are flourishing. The modern Japanese theatre, called *shingeki*, is, in effect, waiting for fresh cues. *Shingeki* started at the end of the nineteenth century, with adaptations of Shakespearean plays, and then moved to cover a wide spectrum through the years, from Artaud and Brecht to Pinter and Albee, but Shakespeare and Chekhov remain the most popular. The Japanese, with their unique sense of adaptability, find no difficulty in embracing Western artistic styles and maintaining their own traditional forms, including *kabuki*, which started at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and *no*, which began even earlier. They enjoy both the subtle, stylized traditional forms and the more direct and abrupt Western ones. Masakazu Yamazaki, one of the most perceptive drama critics, puts it this way:

> The characters who appear in the Western theatre are gigantic, well-defined human beings who oppose destiny, while those in the Japanese classics acknowledge their own insignificance within the fateful circumstances in which they find themselves. . . . The heroes of Western theatre—whether Oedipus or Macbeth—are characterized by their *hubris* . . . but Japan's traditional image of man lacks this important feature. Thus, in *no* and *kabuki*, the idea of tragedy is implicit from the start. The hero may be killed, or is a ghost of someone else, and his identity gradually emerges. The hero is thus a transmogrified character in search of himself, and as the play goes on the audience also finds out who he actually is. This appeals to the double role the Japanese enjoy playing in their own lives, just as man acts out his own *kabuki* in his favorite bar.

Similarly, besides adopting Western literature, the Japanese have retained their own forms and styles and developed their own literature of rejection

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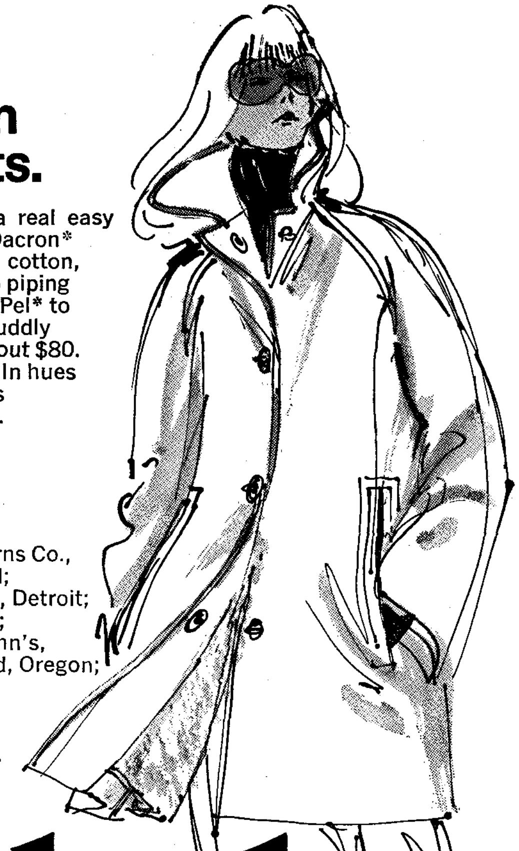

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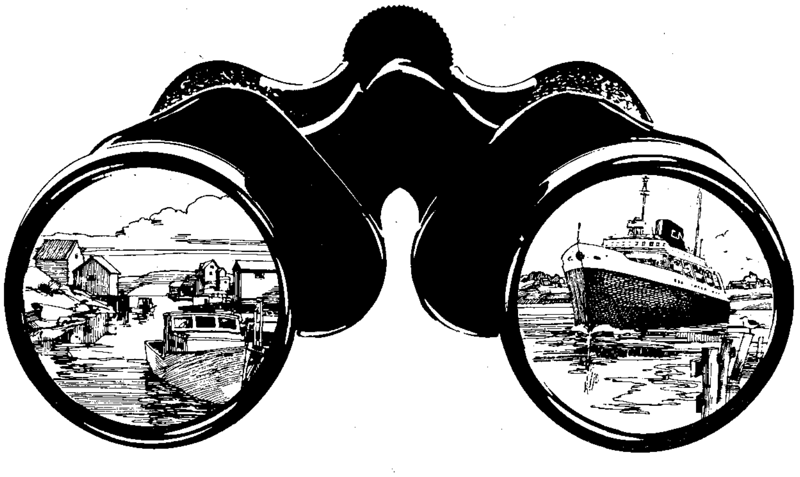

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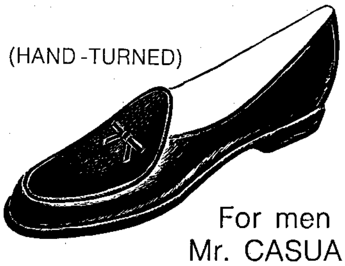

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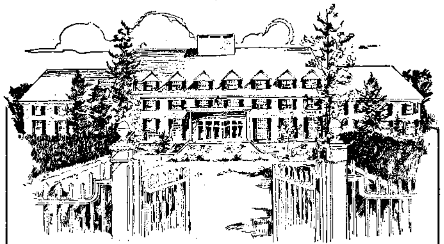

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and alienation, as well as their own special ways of interpreting the relationship of Japanese man to his society and environment. The best expression of this is probably the so-called "I-novel," which many foreigners find too subtle, too delicate, and too difficult to read. Having roots in such writers as Flaubert, Zola, and Maupassant, and going back to the end of the nineteenth century, the "I-novel" concentrates on the author-hero's most minute descriptions of the emotions and experiences of his daily life. It is a form of autobiographical naturalism, Japanese-style, in which the writer's ego is, in fact, intricately submerged or minimized in an almost intangible world—he becomes much like the tiny human figure against a vast backdrop of nature in a Japanese landscape scroll. Self is explained in a larger cultural context. The "I-novel" survives, though in a more oblique, lyrical form. Donald Richie has said, in an article he recently prepared for a Japanese magazine:

> Japan has never had an objective literature, such as the West has had, one in which actual facts appear . . . uncolored by the writer's thoughts or feelings. Literature has, from the first, been subjective—it is precisely the writer's thoughts and feelings which have been prized—and much of it has consequently remained a refuge for the Japanese, art for art's sake. Both traditional and much modern literature is written in the first person singular, and is confined by what the narrator knows or has observed. With the exception of a few Marxist authors, the writer has, at least until very recently, never played a social role in this country. There are no Dreisers, no Dos Passoses—perhaps only Yukio Mishima presumed a social role and was the first person to use Western psychological methods in writing a novel.

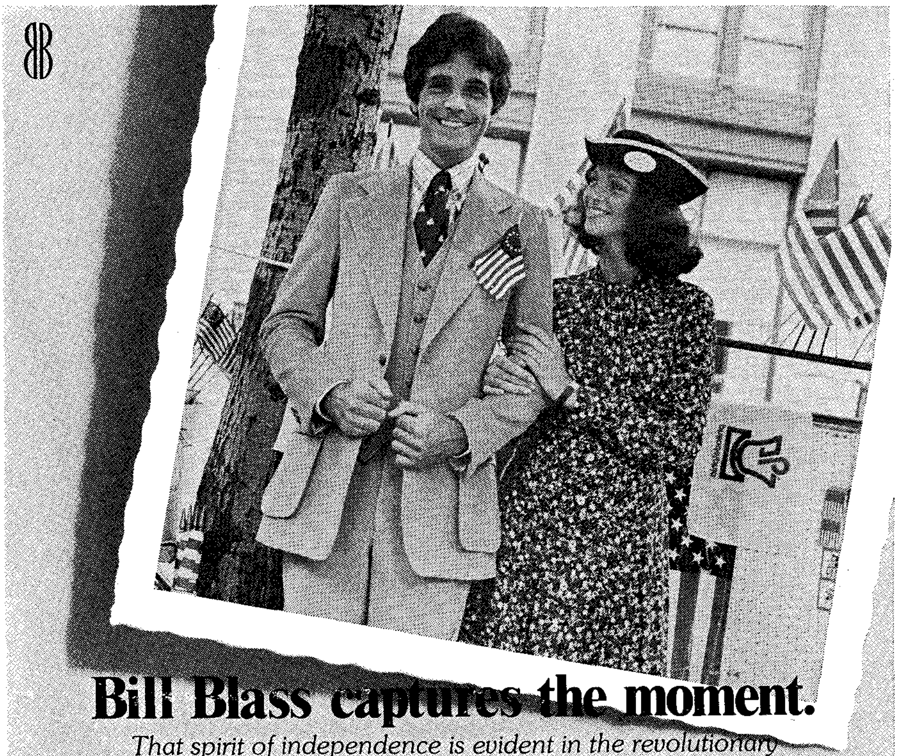
Mishima, the modern Asian writer most widely translated into English, committed suicide by hara-kiri, with the assistance of members of his small private army, the Shield Society, on November 25, 1970, a few hours after he had handed the manuscript of the last volume of his tetralogy, "The Sea of Fertility," to his publisher and moments after he had harangued members of the Self-Defense Forces from a balcony at their headquarters in a theatrical effort to stir their patriotism and their vanishing samurai spirit. The Self-Defense men had mocked him, but that was not what provoked his act, which was partly a protest against what he deemed Japan's flagrant economic waste and its spiritual emptiness. He had often spoken and written of suicide before. His friend Donald Keene, one of the best Western critics of Japanese writing, afterward said that in taking his own life Mishima was "governed by aesthetic, not political, reasons." A weakling who had painfully built up his strength by exercise and discipline, Mishima looked upon the traditional *bushido* spirit of the samurai as a symbol not only of old warrior traditions but of integrity. Other critics regard his act as a manifestation of his highly confused erotic impulses—he was a homosexual—and as a bathetic sacrificial gesture. Although he wrote plays, essays, and even *kabuki* dramas, his finest talents were displayed in his novels, and in these highly lyrical, moralistic books, through which the theme of death and rebirth ran steadily, he ranked on a par with his Nobel Prize-winning contemporary, Yasunari Kawabata, who also committed suicide, but in a much less dramatic way. At the time of Mishima's hara-kiri, there were those in Japan and elsewhere who feared that it might stir a wave of right-wing sympathy and action among the Japanese, but no such thing happened. In fact, while Mishima remains an admired writer, his death is now almost forgotten in Japan, or looked upon as the act of a tortured, unbalanced man.

After Mishima, the Japanese writer best known in the West today is Kobo Abé, who is concerned, in his novels and plays, with both what he deems the nightmarish quality of modern Japan and with universal aspects of modern life, in the manner of Kafka, Pinter, and Beckett. Abé, born in Tokyo in 1924, and raised in Manchuria, where his father was a doctor, is best known for "The Woman in the Dunes" and "The Ruined Map," both novels that deal, in an often bizarre but wry and humorous fashion—he is a great admirer of Lewis Carroll and Edgar Allan Poe—with themes of victimization, alienation, homelessness, loneliness, the hunter and the hunted. Without any of Mishima's posturing or self-glorification, Abé has a tragicomic view of life that often, especially in his plays, is expressed in absurd terms and situations; people are trapped, or trap themselves, in ridiculous positions and conditions, and neither love nor death provides solutions—they are, in effect, confronted, suspensefully and either happily or unhappily, with their own fates.

After reading two of Abé's novels and seeing two of his macabre and humorous short plays, I spent a couple of delightful evenings with him. On the first occasion, we simply drank and talked at random at his private club—he seldom likes to talk about himself—about such things as the return to Japan of Lieutenant Hiroo Onoda, a Second World War intelligence officer who had spent twenty-nine years hiding out in the Philippines. Abé found him a ridiculous—indeed, almost despicable—figure. "He belongs to the international fraternity of spies," he said. "He should now get a job as a spy for a big company." (Apparently, the new Japan was, in fact, too much for Onoda, who has, for the time being, gone to manage a cattle ranch in Brazil with his brother.)

On the second occasion, Abé sat, owlish-looking—he wears horn-rimmed glasses—on a sofa in his studio, and we talked about his work. "Japan is changing so quickly," he said. "Each individual is helplessly inundated by change. He can't digest it or react to it, so therefore he is uptight. It's part of the country's personality, but if we were robbed of it there would probably be even more suicides. All that remains, somewhere, is the inner man. Life is ephemeral, but the real basis of human emotions has to do with the little things around us. In an everyday sense, Japanese just float in their uptightness. They are alienated more than Westerners from so many things and relationships all their lives, so they have only particular relationships and loyalties—to schools, relatives, companies. But their relationship to society as a whole remains tenuous, and in a way they don't even know what they are alienated from. I suppose I am more isolated than anyone could imagine, so perhaps I expect less and learn more."

The sense of alienation and uprootedness, and of disaster, either actual or impending, runs through much of modern Japanese writing. This is especially true of writers who are old enough to remember the Second World War and its aftermath—the accompanying enervation and emptiness, and the loss of old values, including ethical ones. Kenzaburo Oe, another top novelist of Abé's generation, though he is ten years younger, expresses the same themes, but his heroes and heroines tend more to seek release in sex, violence, and fanaticism as expressions of their disillusionment and of a lack of a feeling of continuity and meaning in postwar life. Takeshi Kaiko, a forty-four-year-old ex-journalist and foreign correspondent, deals with similar themes. He has set the first two novels of a trilogy in Tokyo and in Europe; the final one will be about Japan, he told me. The second book, which has been translated into English, deals with a hopeless love affair between a middle-



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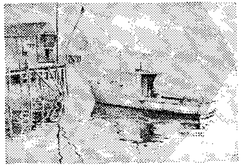

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aged couple in an unnamed European city. I saw Kaiko in a house, owned by his publishing company, where he and another author do their writing. "We are like two scorpions in a box," he said. "If I don't write, they cut down my whiskey and food. If I leave, I come back like a boomerang." Speaking of his book about Japan, which he was working on, he, too, disparaged Japanese life today. "We have a doubtful happiness quotient," he said. "All we've thought about for years has been work. We may all become diseased monsters. It's no longer easy to tell who are the polluters and who are the victims. We are committing national suicide."

IN Kyoto, my last stop in Japan, I spent an afternoon and evening with Sakyo Komatsu, a forty-three-year-old science-fiction writer, whose 1973 book "Submersible Japan" has sold more than four million copies and will shortly appear in America. The book is a prophecy of the national death and destruction that many Japanese fear will actually take place, and thus it typifies the doomsday books that are highly popular today, vying for attention with such nostalgic or escapist works as "Jonathan Livingston Seagull"—the Japanese translation of which was on the best-seller lists for some months last year. "Submersible Japan" chronicles the destruction of the nation following a series of titanic volcanic explosions—the whole country simply sinks into the Pacific, carrying with it forty million people (the rest have been evacuated in time). Komatsu, whose geniality belies his underlying sense of doom, worked painstakingly for nine years on the book, doing a vast amount of scientific research, just as he is now doing for a novel that will deal with a new Ice Age affecting the whole globe; when I saw him, he had just returned from a conference of geophysicists in Iceland. Over drinks and a delicious steak dinner in a restaurant, he told me that he had been strongly influenced by Aldous Huxley, Arthur Koestler, H. G. Wells, and Thomas Moore. Almost dispassionately, he, too, spoke in depressed terms of modern Japan. "Our prosperity is a cancer on the sun," he said. "The Japanese learn quickly, but they also forget quickly. We are too timid about the world, so we turn back inward in search of our own identity, but it takes a long time to become adults, and we need a whole new approach, a new world. We must find new ways to contribute to it, but I'm not sure a new world needs Japan. We have come to the end of our season of heroes."

Komatsu, who lives in Osaka, the second-largest city in Japan and an even more polluted area than Tokyo, comes to nearby Kyoto frequently, as do many Osakans. So do many people from Kobe, which is also close by, and from Tokyo. (The trip on the "Bullet Train" from Tokyo takes almost three hours, and faster trains, which would reduce the time to one hour, are under study.) Businessmen and academics commute between these cities two or three times a week as part of their work schedules, but people from all over Japan come to Kyoto simply to relax and enjoy its historic and scenic attractions. With a population of a million four hundred thousand today, Kyoto has increased only by three hundred and fifty thousand since 1945, chiefly because it has remained one of Japan's few non-industrial cities. The imperial capital of Japan until 1868, it is still regarded by the Japanese as their cultural and spiritual capital, and many of the older people in Kyoto believe the Emperor will eventually return from Tokyo and establish his seat there. Prior to the Meiji days, Kyoto was a center of samurai strife, and some of the oldest and finest houses in the city have small wooden outer doors designed to protect them from samurai who might be tempted to attack and loot. During the Second World War, Kyoto was one of the few big cities that were not bombed by the Americans, out of respect for its proud cultural history, and while the downtown area has since been unattractively built up, much of the rest of Kyoto—including its ancient Buddhist shrines and spacious gardens and parks, particularly the Old Imperial Palace grounds—remains as it has been for hundreds of years. The city draws eight or nine million Japanese and foreign tourists a year; scholars seek it out as a quiet place of refuge for contemplation and discussion among themselves.

Kyoto is a peculiar mixture of a formal, traditional city—whose people are more closely knit than those in vast, remote Tokyo, and see each other far more regularly—and a center of Marxist and liberal political activity. Its seventy-eight-year-old mayor, Torazo Ninagawa, was recently reëlected for a seventh term, with the support mainly of the Communists and the left-wing Socialists. The anti-establishment Marxist influence dates back to the end of the war, and the Kyoto prefecture was the first to send a left-wing member to the postwar Diet, in the period when the Marxists were most active. Nevertheless, Kyoto retains a quiet, even conservative atmosphere. Professor Toru Yano, a political scientist at Kyoto University, the prestige of which is almost as high as Tokyo University's, told me, "It takes three generations to be accepted in Kyoto. I've been here twenty years, so I am a first-generation man, though my wife's family goes way back. We all know each other, perhaps too well. It's a small-town atmosphere. We drop in to each other's houses, we're busybodies; I know what my neighbor has in his icebox and how bright or stupid his wife and children are. There is a lot of political intrigue, accordingly—especially among academics. But while I go to Tokyo a couple of times a week for meetings and lectures, I much prefer to live here. I've learned to relax on the trains, and I prefer Kyoto's temples and its quiet old streets." Otis Cary told me, "We enjoy it more through the years. Not only do we have our own artisans, such as wood-block and graphic-arts experts, but we get all the exhibitions and other attractions that Tokyo gets. In one week, we had exhibits of Andrew Wyeth and Paul Cézanne."

ONE of the subjects Kyotoans and Osakans do not like to talk about is the *burakumin*, the social outcasts of Japan. There are somewhat more than a million of them in the country, and more than three-quarters live in ghettolike communities in southwestern Japan, a third or so in the Osaka-Kyoto area. They are descendants of the *hinin*—literally, "nonpeople"—the beggars, prostitutes, gypsies, itinerant entertainers, mediums, and religious wanderers, who in ancient Japan were not even ranked in the four-tiered class system of samurais, peasants, artisans, and merchants. In later periods, the *burakumin*—the word is best translated as "special communities"—were associated with occupations regarded as impure, such as meat cutting, sewer cleaning, and leatherwork. Along with the Koreans, of whom there are six hundred and thirty thousand in the country, and the Ainus, of whom there are some eighteen thousand, most of them on the northern island of Hokkaido, the *burakumin* are not part of the homogeneous Japanese society. There are some thirty-five hundred *burakumin* ghettos in the country, and most of them, including those in Kyoto, are overcrowded warrens of wooden shacks, though in recent years, owing to a rising radical movement

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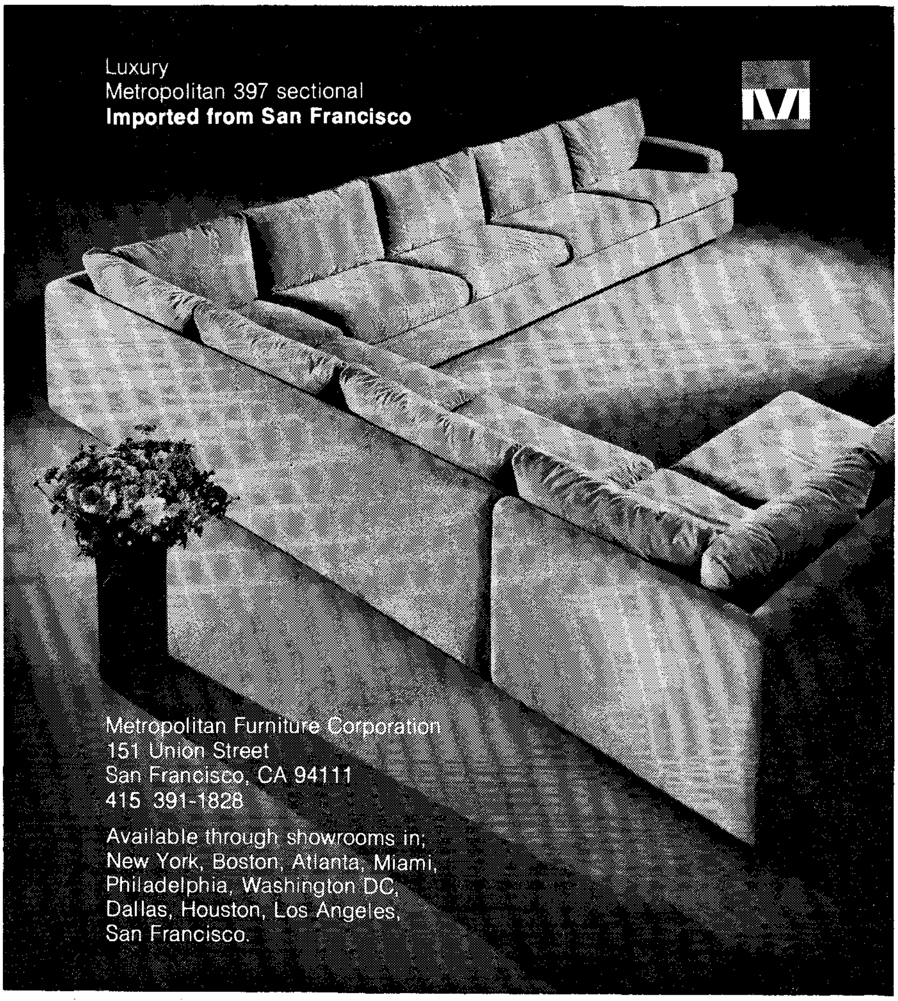

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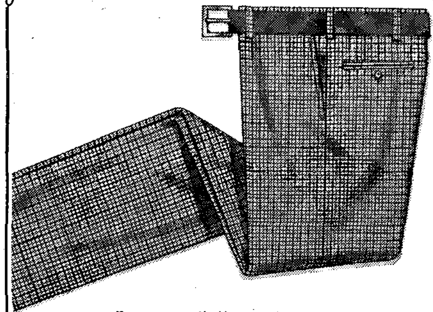

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among the *burakumin* and to Marxist demands for their better treatment, some improvements in housing and other facilities have been instituted. Tetsuo Suemoto, a Socialist city councillor, who was one of the few people I talked with who seemed to welcome my bringing up the subject, said, "The *burakumin* are our shame. The main reason the problem exists in Japan is that we don't really have a modern civilized society, and these people—the *eta*, or 'dirty ones,' as they used to be called—are still regarded as slaves."

Some *burakumin* try to "pass," and move out of their communities to hide their identities, but this is difficult, since all Japanese have to carry *koseki*, or family-registration papers. A *burakumin* who marries an ordinary Japanese, an event that is rare, will beg his relatives to remove themselves from his life so that he can continue to hide, or try to hide, his origins. Gradually, however, at least in some communities, the outcasts are becoming better educated; they attend senior high schools, and some even go to college. Professor Jiro Suzuki, of Tokyo Metropolitan University, the recognized expert on the subject, told me that he knew of two *burakumin* students on his campus but assumed there were probably more, who were "passing." Those known *burakumin* who graduate get low- or middle-level bureaucratic jobs, and a few have entered politics. But in Tokyo, where there are four hundred thousand of them, they mostly hold jobs as construction workers, subway conductors, and garbage collectors, though some work in department stores and small shops. In the big, amorphous capital, they tend to blend more easily into the mass, though when they are discovered they are still discriminated against: doctors, for instance, have refused to operate on *burakumin* patients. The militant elements become violent on occasion, locking up officials in their offices as a protest against the way they are treated. "Eventually, the *burakumin* will be adopted into the society," Suzuki says, "but who knows how long it will take?"

MY last day in Kyoto, and in Japan, in an odd sort of way typified the conflicting and countervailing forces in Japanese society. In the morning, on the Doshisha campus, I was present when fifty members of two radical student groups held the dean of students an outdoor prisoner for eight hours, forcing him to sit in the broiling sun while they tried, in vain, to get him to discuss their demand for an ex-

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tra handyman in a large dormitory. There was only one handyman for two hundred and fifty students—a *burakumin*, I was told. Legitimate as the protest appeared to be, the dean refused to discuss it under the circumstances, and, rejecting all food and water, he finally accepted a written protest statement and was allowed to go home. In the evening, I had an hour's talk, in his home, with Professor Masao Abe, a Buddhist scholar and a practitioner of Zen. Over tea and cakes, Abe, a gentle, benevolent, and extremely patient man, tried to explain to me what accounted for the rising popularity of Buddhist sects and teaching in Japan. "People everywhere feel an emptiness," he said. "When young people express their disillusionment with contemporary life, I tell them to be more open and frank, to speak the truth, to disregard social status and age differences. I hold meditation meetings two evenings a week, and then we have discussions. There is no dogma, no doctrinal teaching. I simply try to tell my pupils to clear their minds, to learn how to think purposefully, and to know what they are forgetting—how to divest themselves of themselves, both in their hearts and in their minds. Life must be experienced directly—drink tea to discover what tea is, but don't analyze it. In a way, it's existential, and it's a way for them to find their identities, in the deepest sense. 'You are all Buddhas,' I tell them. 'There is no Buddha outside yourself—it's a matter of awareness rather than an object of worship.' They must learn what they are here for. Every Japanese today must try to discover not why he is Japanese but why he is himself." —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

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"Feelin Good About Bein a Woman." That's the name of a new personal development and self-awareness opportunity that will be offered by the Reno-Sparks YWCA.

Dr. Claudia Williams of Reno, the instructor, prefers to call it a rowth roup, not a class.—*Nevada State Journal.*

Well, that's up to Claudia. Has a nice ring to it.

•

Mrs. Gertie Bush was honored earlier this month when all of her children gathered for a reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Olson in Phoenix, Ariz. In honor of the occasion Mrs. Bush was served on a silver platter. —*Fulton (Ill.) Journal.*

And many a joke about who would carve.

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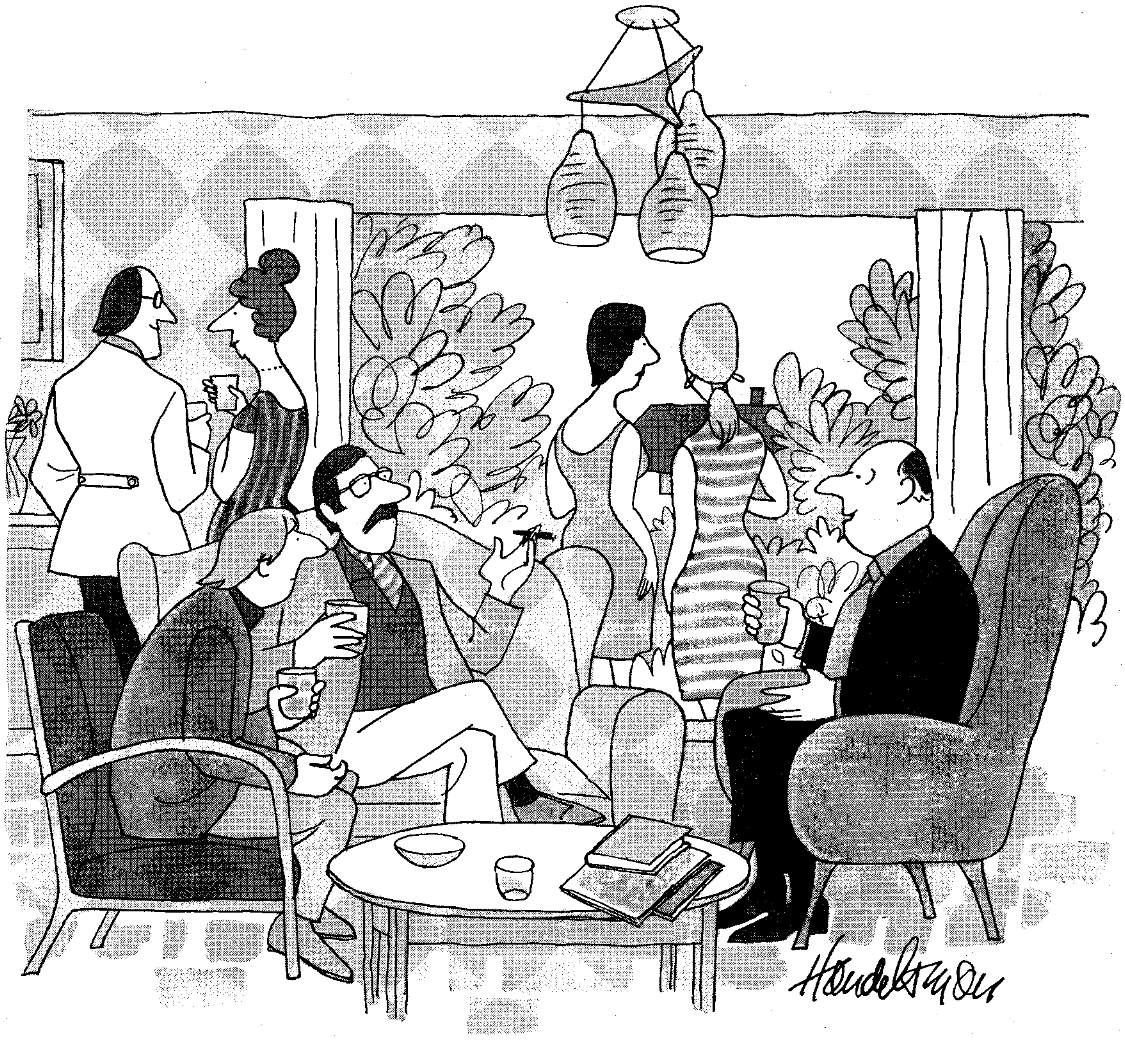
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Hand of the Thirties

THE one thing we are sure the pre-Socratic philosophers didn't know is that they were pre-Socratic. Equally, no one in Hollywood working on a film in 1930 could have known that he was making a film at the beginning of the seemingly endless Great Depression. And the men who copyrighted "Happy Days Are Here Again" on November 7, 1929, when the stock market was still reeling after its panic sell-off of thirty billion dollars' worth of stock, couldn't possibly have known that it was going to become famous as Roosevelt's political theme song.

"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?," which was directed by Philippe Mora—born in Paris in 1949, brought up in Australia, and now a resident of England—is a palimpsest film about the thirties that cuts together clips from feature films, from home movies, and from newsreel footage. A lot of it had to be meticulously rescued from nearly wrecked nitrate stock; a good deal of it had never before been seen; and some of it had not even been printed up from the negative. The picture was shown on BBC TV in May. There are two anchormen, so to speak: Roosevelt and James Cagney. No narrator intrudes. And here the pre-Socratic question comes in. Mora knows the chronology of the clips, but how are we to? When there is an amazing juxtaposition either of likeness between fiction and fact or of the mendacious difference between them, how do we know that this is either an accident or one of life's natural sardonicisms, and not an inspired piece of editing? Almost as the film opens, we see what I take to be a newsreel shot of an empty Wall Street, and soon afterward there is Cagney in a frantic stockbroker scene from "The Roaring Twenties" (1939). We are in the age of freneticism. As the banks close and the breadlines lengthen, there are clips from "King Kong" (1932-33) and shots of marathon dancing: the thirties' particular way of finding relief and festivity in the exaggerated persists in the teeth of all statistics. We know—though not from the film—that in 1932, according to the figures of the American Federation of Labor, there were a little more than thirteen million unemployed, and that in 1933 there were a million transients, including young girls disguised as boys.

Movies sometimes deal in the gunpowder of the truth, sometimes in the scented face powder of the profitable peddling of wishes. We see Ginger Rogers, dressed in a cape made of coins, singing "We're in the Money," from "Gold Diggers of 1933." As Walter Lippmann wrote in 1931, "We have been and are even now under the spell of an illusion, a kind of popular superstition of a type common enough in history. It is, in our case, a belief in the magical restoration of prosperity. Whereas up to the autumn of 1929 we had dreamed that depressions were abolished, we have since clung with passionate faith, worthy of some better object, to the idea that a boom and a crash and a recovery follow each other, like winter and summer, in a fixed cycle." Darryl F. Zanuck was one of the biggest optimism-hawkers in Hollywood. In 1934, no less, he made "Stand Up and Cheer," with people bursting into rooms to cry out "I've got great news for you! The Depression is over! There is no unemployment!" and singing "We're out of the red!" There are marching columns of waiters, children, miners: parades of extras representing the errant wretched of the country, making a few bucks out of Hollywood by looking resolute and happy. Later on, Mora shows clips from a promotional film called "Hollywood Extra Girl" (1935). Bellowing at a scared extra in a colossal epic scene, De Mille yells with religious fervor, "This isn't a fantasy, this is history! We spend thousands and thousands of dollars on research . . . and they give me a girl



"But I see no harm in living a lie. That's where the Unitarians and I part company."

who looks as if she's just walked out of a beauty salon!" And later "Come on now, don't be extras—be a nation!" In Mora's film, it is Cagney and Roosevelt who seem to hold Americans together as a nation in the Depression: Cagney, shown in "Taxi" (1932), "Picture Snatcher" (1933), "Lady Killer" (1934), and "G-Men" (1935), with his coiled-spring walk and his swift nasal ripostes, who somehow bestowed the American virtues of individualism and candor on gangsterism and G-Mannery at the very moment when panic headlines about crime were hitting the papers, and when J. Edgar Hoover was already instilling a good deal of doubt into the heads of liberals; and Roosevelt, whom we see many times in clips, including one from his Inauguration speech of 1933 ("The only thing we have to fear is fear itself"), and others from less famous speeches that show us his actor's gift of irony. He would mimic the opposition, or he would speak to the topic of his suspect leftishness: "You have heard that I was at the very least an ogre, a consorter with Communists . . . that I breakfasted every morning on a dish of grilled millionaire." Mora simply records Roosevelt's personal transition from the famous "I hate war" speech of September 3, 1939, to the Pearl Harbor war-declaration speech without trying to shed any new light on it, and he shows us one of the celebrated fireside-chat family scenes that were staged for newsreels, cutting to Cagney listening to Roosevelt in a feature film.

A Communist speaks on a soapbox. And a very young Orson Welles holds a press conference about the astonishing public alarm after the Mercury Theatre's radio production of H.G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds" in 1938. Jack Benny jokes about Hitler in "To Be or Not to Be" (1942). There is a cut from Bogart being sworn into a sort of Ku Klux Klan in "Black Legion" (1937) to a roomful of teen-age boys swearing allegiance to the flag and being told to remember that "the password is 'our country.'" There are scenes from Hollywood movies—not many of them—showing men working, making one remember that Dreiser was then calling on American writers to stand up for showing work in film. (Dreiser "made people uneasy by taking the movies seriously," wrote Edmund Wilson in "The American Jitters.") There are saddening newsreel interviews with country men talking about crop failures, recalling Studs Terkel's reference, in "Hard Times," to the New Deal's novel assertion that

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"anybody who is unemployed isn't necessarily unemployed because he's shiftless." After a shot of Dillinger's body in a morgue, Dillinger's father—a thin, small man in suspenders—says slowly, "I tried to raise him right." Though the staged newsreel shots that were so common in those days look more false than the feature films, the spontaneous newsreels are true finds. They are passionate, sober, and greatly eloquent about the period of frenzy and gravity in which the same people were simultaneously titillated by the sight of a high diver plunging into a shallow pool, made hysterical by any mention of Communism, yet seriously enough troubled by the lack of radical measures in Hoover's Washington to vote steadily for a President who brought in measures closer to Socialism than this nation ever allowed itself to countenance before or since.

How perverse, then, in such a packed and vitally informative film, that the information should be half withheld. Audiences will have to know a good deal about the thirties in America for the uncommunicative narrative to mean what I think Mora hopes it will mean. (Before this, he made a reflective film called "Swastika," about the rise of Nazism during the thirties in Germany, using some of Eva Braun's home movies.) Mora is an urgent researcher; both that talent and his sense of a country's social dynamic are striking. To make this film, he first thought out a historical outline, then gave it as a script to three researchers in New York, Washington, and Los Angeles, who each pursued trails of card-index entries of film under social, economic, and cultural headings. He went on to put in many twelve-hour days watching film before starting to put together his picture. With all this assiduity and scholarship, then, why on earth aren't the clips identified, so that one can have as much as possible of the tremendously significant facts about their dates, about whether they are reportage or fiction or staged newsreel, and about who is being shown? Aren't there millions of people in his possible audience in this country who won't have the faintest idea even that the initials N.R.A.—often spoken in the film but never elucidated—stand for the National Recovery Administration? Taciturnity is one of the elements of Australian irony, but to make a film like this without letting audiences know what they are looking at is for the director to keep his trap shut when subtitles should be blabbing their heads off. Mora began his career as a painter,

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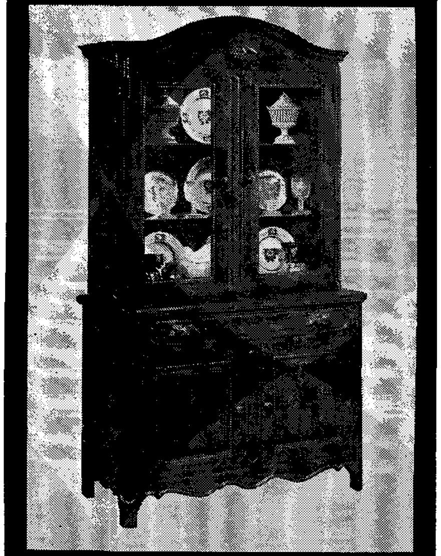

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which may be one of the things that led him to compile a documentary that rests perilously on information limited to the visual. He also, as people in the arts generally do, fears being literal-minded. But his film is reportage raised into art, and a little information would raise it much higher: there is all the difference in the world between literal-mindedness and lucidity. By Mora's choice not to give us subtitles, the film lives in aesthetic purity and intellectual havoc. It is not that Mora doesn't possess the knowledge himself, simply that his decision, which would have been fine in an abstract collage done by a filmmaker without much behind the eyes, opens him to unjust charges that in avoiding being literal-minded he is being lazy-minded. Identifying subtitles should be put on fast, or the distributing company should at least give audiences a program of information about all the clips in their running order. To watch this potentially fascinating film in its present form is to be in the presence of a sullen teen-ager who stubbornly refuses to say that the visible chaos of paper on his desk is actually ordered and understood.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Q.—How can I tell the difference between a termite and a flying ant? I read somewhere that they are very similar.

A.—Any time you find an insect that you suspect may be a termite, wrap it up and take it to someone who can make a professional analysis. This can be a termite dealer or, better yet, the agriculture department of a local university or state agency. If you wish to make the determination yourself, examine the insect carefully. A termite has a thick waist; the flying ant has a narrow one. The antennae of a termite stick out straight from its head. The antennae of a flying ant are bent. Hold your arms out from your body parallel to the ground. Now bend them at the elbows so that your hands are pointing toward the sky.—*San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle.*

And if the grand piano comes through the floor, it was a termite.

•

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK, N.Y.
AUGUST 6, 1975

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

SINCE publication of my article "A Scrap of Black Cloth" (*The New Yorker*, June 17 and June 24, 1974), a number of readers have written to ask about the outcome of the freedom-of-speech case I described—that of Charles James, an eleventh-grade English teacher at Addison High School, near Elmira, New York, who was fired for wearing a black armband to class one day in the fall of 1969 as a silent protest against the war in Vietnam. To recapitulate briefly, James fought his dismissal through the State Education Department, the federal District Court for the Western District of New York, the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, and the United States Supreme Court. In May, 1972, the Court of Appeals ruled that his right of free speech under the First Amendment—"symbolic speech" in this case—had been violated by the school authorities who dismissed him, and the following August a District Court judge implemented this decision by ordering James reinstated in his job. James returned to work that fall, but at the end of the 1972-73 school year the local school board notified him that his appointment would not be renewed, on the ground that his teaching had been unsatisfactory. Since James believed he had not been given a fair chance to demonstrate his teaching abilities—the first term he was assigned two unpopular electives, four study halls, and a lunch period—his lawyer, a young man named Burt Neuborne, who worked for the American Civil Liberties Union, asked the District Court to order James reinstated in his job once more, and to award him full back pay for the two and a half years that he had been illegally deprived of his position. Because of what Neuborne called the "bad faith" displayed by his client's superiors from the beginning of the case, he also sued the principal of Addison High School, the district principal, and the president of the school board on the charge that they had intentionally deprived James of his Constitutional rights, and demanded compensatory damages of fifty thousand dollars from the three together and punitive damages of twenty-five thousand dollars from each of them individually. The lawyer for the defendants—a private practitioner from Corning by the name of Harry Treinin—persuaded District Court Judge John T. Curtin, who had ordered James reinstated in the first place, to try the suit for back pay himself, and to order a jury trial on the suit for reinstatement and the compensatory and punitive damages. When "A Scrap of Black Cloth" was published, just over a year ago, the first trial was scheduled to take place sometime during the summer, but there was no way of telling when the second suit might be settled, since it could not begin until the first, including any appeals, was resolved. As it turned out, the entire James case was finally closed late this spring, five and a half years after it began.

The Court of Appeals' decision upholding James's right to wear a black armband to school was based on the conclusion that his act hadn't disrupted his class or the school in any observable way and was Constitutionally protected. Treinin had appealed this decision to the Supreme Court, which declined to review it and thereby left it as a final judicial ruling. Even so, Treinin attempted to raise the issue anew in the back-pay suit last summer by claiming that the black armband had caused "inherent psychological disruption" among students at Addison High School. At the trial, which lasted two and a half days, he tried to demonstrate this point—not by presenting as witnesses the students who might have suffered from such disruptions or teachers who had observed these traumatic effects upon their charges but by putting two "expert witnesses" from the State Education Department on the stand. One of them was Anthony E. Terino, director of the Division of School Supervision and holder of an honorary Doctor of Letters degree from the College of Mount St. Vincent, in Riverdale, who testified at great length about the malignant effect on young minds that could be expected when only one side of a controversial issue was presented to them. "Now, the wearing of anything that represents one side of an issue is, in a certain sense, a form of indoctrination; you might call it a form of propagan-

"Excuse me. But there's a gentleman out here who says he's very eager to see you."

dizing," he said at one point, and he later added, "If we allow indoctrination to take place, where do we stop? This is precisely what happened in Nazi Germany." The other expert witness for the defense, Thomas D. Sheldon, who was deputy commissioner for elementary, secondary, and continuing education, concentrated on the same point. When asked what he thought about James's wearing an armband to school, he said, "I think it was very, very poor pedagogy." On cross-examination, Neuborne quoted from the Court of Appeals' decision—"It does not appear from the record that any student believed the armband to be anything more than a benign symbolic expression of the teacher's personal views"—and asked Sheldon if he knew of any documentation or even investigation of the mysterious effects that were claimed for the armband. "No, I do not," Sheldon answered.

Edward J. Brown, the district principal, who was responsible for James's dismissal, also testified about the pressing need for assuring that students be given a chance to hear all sides of controversial issues. Neuborne asked him how many teachers were on the faculty of Addison High School, and Brown said that there were a hundred.

"In the high school there were ninety-nine teachers not wearing an armband and one teacher wearing an armband on Moratorium Day, would that be accurate?" Neuborne asked.

"I assume so," Brown answered.

"And you thought you would aid the students of that school to see all points of view by having the one teacher take off his armband?"

"I don't understand your logic, Mr. Neuborne."

Brown stated that he could have seen some justification for James's wearing the armband if it had borne some relation to the subject he was teaching but that he could see no way to connect a black armband with poetry. Neuborne then asked Brown about a physics teacher at the school who had pinned a bumper sticker saying "PEACE WITH HONOR" to his classroom bulletin board. Brown replied that the quotation didn't seem to him to be "a political thing," and added, "However, I can envision where, within a physics class, this might be an appropriate topic for conversation and instruction, especially as it relates to the use of atomic-war materials."

James was unable to find a full-time teaching job after he was fired, and during most of the time that he was

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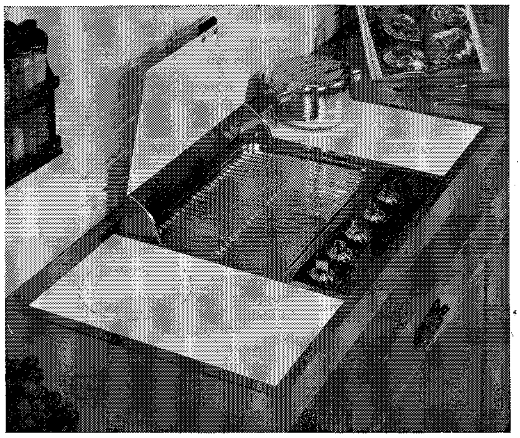

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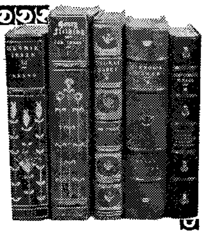

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struggling to assert his rights he, his wife, Neva, and their four children lived on welfare aid, the produce of their garden, and the proceeds from a few laboring or part-time teaching jobs he found. Because of the family's continuing privation, which was repeatedly cited in the court records of the case, Neuborne hoped that the Judge would act promptly to alleviate the Jameses' hardship, which, after all, had been created by an illegal act on the part of the state. And, because of the obvious flimsiness of the defendants' claims in the suit for back pay, Neuborne also expected the Judge to resolve the simple issue involved by deciding in James's favor at the end of the trial. However, it wasn't until more than four months later that the Judge, whose calendar had been unusually full, finally announced his decision—by way of a twenty-six-page opinion stating, in brief, that James's act had caused "neither actual disruption nor the slightest threat of it." Accordingly, Judge Curtin ordered that James be paid his school salary for the two and a half years that he had been unlawfully deprived of his job—a total of $26,804.50. But then the Judge subtracted the income James had received during this period—$5,840.25. That left him with an award of $20,964.25. To make up for this loss, Neuborne asked that interest of $6,088.32 plus "reasonable" legal fees be added to the award. Treinin angrily opposed both, and when Judge Curtin granted the requests, Treinin appealed the entire decision on the case to the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. Although that court was exceedingly unlikely to reverse itself by upholding the defendants' claims about disruption, Neuborne warned James that Treinin might appeal an adverse Court of Appeals decision to the Supreme Court, however hopeless such a move would be, that in a trial of the suit for compensatory and punitive damages a conservative upstate jury might find against James, and that even if he won such a case Treinin would probably start the long train of appeals all over again—in short, that the case could go on for a couple of years more.

Oral arguments on Treinin's appeal from the District Court's judgments were to be held before the Court of Appeals in New York City on April 9, 1975. In late March, the two sides were summoned to that court to discuss the issues informally with a referee, under a new system that was set up to encourage out-of-court settlements in such cases as a means of relieving congested court calendars. The two sides

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got nowhere. At the end of the meeting, Treinin asked Neuborne what his client would settle the whole case for, and Neuborne hastily calculated that if no further court action was necessary an acceptable sum would be fifty-five thousand dollars. That was impossible, Treinin snapped, and stalked off. But then, four days before the oral arguments were to be held, he telephoned Neuborne and said that his clients had consented to pay James fifty-five thousand dollars as a final settlement for all his claims. Neuborne passed the offer on to James, who was reluctant to accept it, because he believed that any settlement should include his reinstatement at Addison High School. Actually, he had no intention of going back to work there, but he felt that he should hold out for reinstatement both as a matter of principle and in order to set a precedent for teachers who might be similarly denied their rights in the future. However, his wife finally persuaded him that, principle or no principle, it was dishonest to hold out for something that he had no intention of accepting, and he told Neuborne to take the offer. James added that he would like to have fifty thousand dollars and that the A.C.L.U. could keep anything over that amount as legal fees. Neuborne then told Treinin that if he would add a thousand dollars to the offer, for printing costs incurred during the latest round of the case, the matter could be settled at once. The night before the oral arguments, Treinin agreed to this, so Neuborne drew up the final papers and informed the Court of Appeals that the case was being settled out of court. Among the papers that Neuborne drafted was a statement to be signed by the defendants admitting that they had wrongfully deprived James of his Constitutional rights and were paying the agreed-upon sum to make amends. Treinin indignantly rejected this proposal, and declared that his clients would never sign the statement. Again, James was reluctant, as a matter of principle, to accept their offer unless they signed the statement. And again his wife urged him to settle the case on the proposed terms, so that they could put the affair behind them once and for all and start living for themselves rather than for one abstract principle after another. One thing they agreed on was that they would refuse any financial settlement if that would undermine a firm legal precedent, and Neuborne assured them that the precedent was now established. James had fought so long to vindicate a principle—his right to express his conscience—that he found it extremely difficult to settle for a sum of money. But he desperately needed the money, and when his wife became ill and was ordered into the hospital by her doctor for diagnostic tests, James finally gave in—as it happened, on Mother's Day—and told Neuborne to accept the offer. By mid-May, the final papers were signed by all the principals, and on May 30th James received the first installment, a check for forty-six thousand dollars. By then, his wife was fully recovered. They paid off eight thousand dollars in debts and bought their twelve-year-old daughter a bicycle.

Sincerely,
RICHARD HARRIS

• •

BIRCHES

Already the hills are being delivered to moonlight.
The rest follows: the labored
green of the fields, the little garden
darned with green thread—

They vanish.
The trees also, whose shadows were blue spokes.

But some the light chooses.
How they tremble
as the moon mounts them, brutal and sisterly—

And then they become the birches.

I used to watch them,
all night absorbed
in the moon's neutral silver until
they were finally blurred, disfigured,

and it was my mother moving in the house
fixing this and that, her small things
no longer needing to be visible.

—LOUISE GLÜCK

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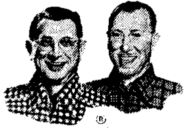

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THE RACE TRACK

Word to the Wise

OFFHAND, I'd say that the best riding orders a trainer could give a jockey before a race are "Take the shortest way home." Jean Cruguet did just that when he rode Elmendorf's Spout in the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday and won the ninety-fifth running of the classic. The going was still muddy from the heavy rain the previous Thursday, so while the riders of the nine other three-year-old fillies were looking for firmer footing near the crown of the track, he kept Spout near the rails, saving ground from beginning to end of the mile and a quarter. She was next to last going down the backstretch, but when the leaders went wide going into the stretch she had enough of an advantage to win by nearly three lengths from Aunt Jin, the favorite. Funalon was third. Spout, a light-bodied chestnut by Delta Judge out of Strike Oil, was little fancied in the betting and paid a $32.80 mutuel. Aunt Jin made a good try, but she looked to this slave of the TV tube as though she'd had too much racing. A crowd of 26,941 packed the stand and lawn for the event.

Nearly as many people—22,387—came out for the Jim Dandy Stakes earlier in the week, which went to Forceten in a head finish with Prince Thou Art. Only six ran, and Be-A-Son, up from the claimers, led for more than half a mile. Forceten was away well, too, but Pierce, who rode him, waited until about the half-mile ground before making his move. If you've wondered about the colt's name, "force ten" is a meteorological expression meaning a wind of whole-gale strength. And, indeed, Forceten swept like a gale past the leaders as they turned into the stretch. Prince Thou Art also made a great run in the last quarter. They'll meet again Saturday in the Travers Stakes, for which Foolish Pleasure is the favorite. The race has always been the main event of the Saratoga meeting, and since the field this year will also include l'Enjoleur, winner of the Queen's Plate and both the Quebec and the Manitoba Derby; Wajima, winner of the Monmouth Invitational; and Intrepid Hero, winner of the Hollywood Derby, it should be a good show.

THE heat wave almost swamped the first Sunday of racing at the Spa. A crowd of fewer than fourteen thousand came out to watch the Saratoga Special and the eight other events, and it saw quite a performance by Bold Forbes, a runner from Puerto Rico. Leaving the gate like a jackrabbit, he stepped the six furlongs in 0:21⅘, 0:44⅕, and 1:09⅘ to win by eight lengths. Turning into the stretch, he was in front by ten, but Velasquez eased him up in the last furlong. He came out of the race with bucked shins, an ailment comparable to the charley horse baseball players get in spring training, and it will keep him out of the Hopeful Stakes on the twenty-third, the closing day of the meeting.

BIDDING was lively every evening at the Fasig-Tipton yearling sales at Saratoga. Nothing like Keeneland, of course, but the two hundred and thirty head brought $8,525,700. Dan Van Clief paid the top price of the sale, $260,000, for a half sister of Northern Dancer from E. P. Taylor's lot—a filly by Buckpasser out of Natalma. Buyers from abroad took twenty-three yearlings for $1,199,000; one of them—a full brother of Sham, who raced for Sigmund Sommer—brought $127,000. He will be trained in Ireland by Vincent O'Brien, who does well over there with American-breds.

BUCKLAND FARM's Full Out, winner of the Tyro Stakes earlier in the meeting at Monmouth Park, brought off a double in the Sapling Stakes, the big one for two-year-old colts, down there last weekend. Taking the lead halfway from home, the bay son of Never Bend won by half a length from Riverside Sam, to whom he gave six pounds. Eustace was third. The six furlongs was run in 1:11⅗. Although Full Out got off slowly, he had no trouble picking his way through the dozen other runners. No doubt Thomas Evans, who owns him, will enter him for the Hopeful, if he hasn't already.

JIM STEWART, who used to run Hollywood Park, has been named acting chief administrative officer of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations. A sound move. —AUDAX MINOR

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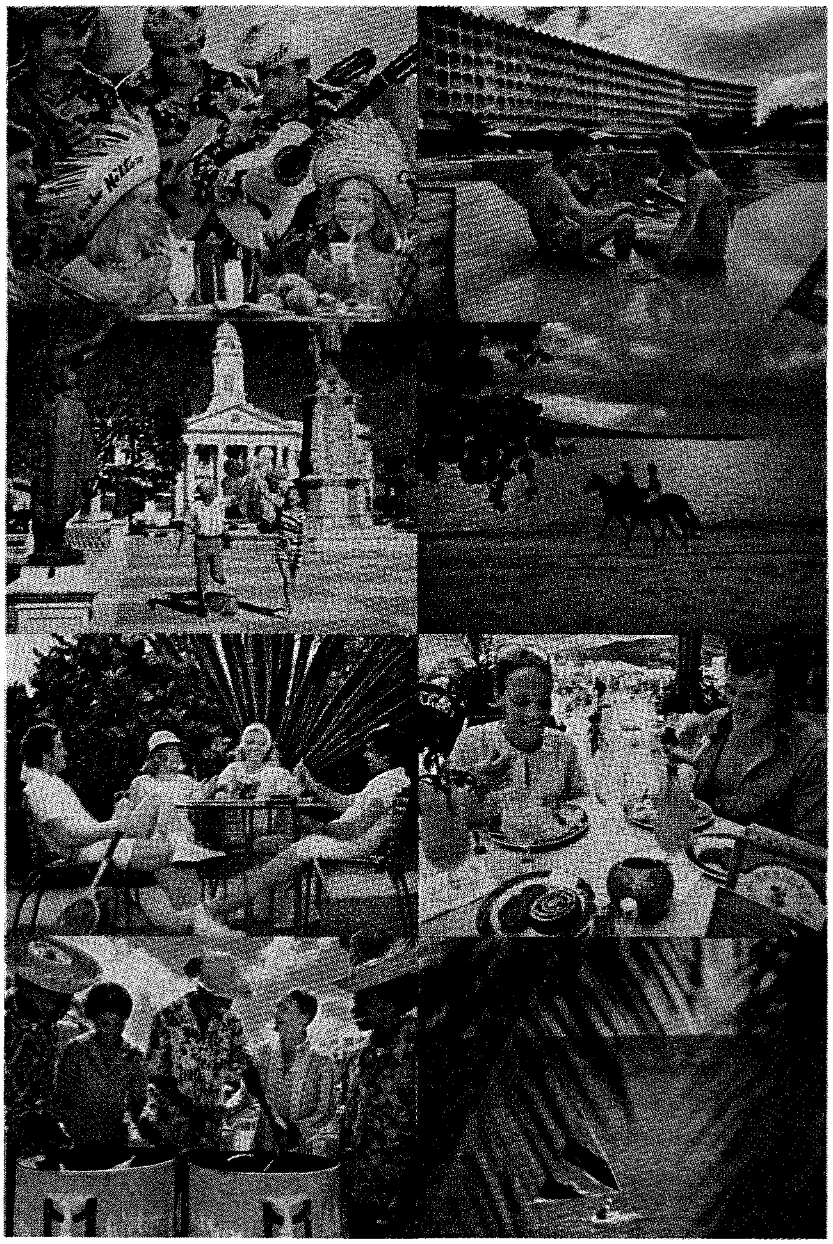

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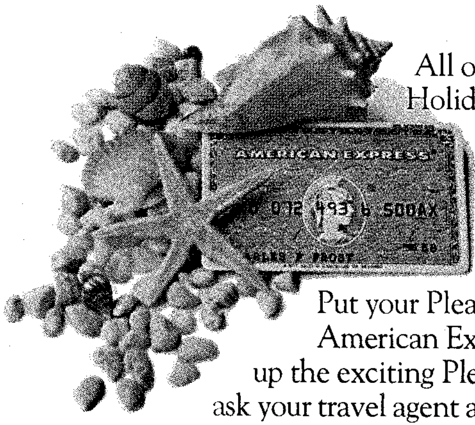

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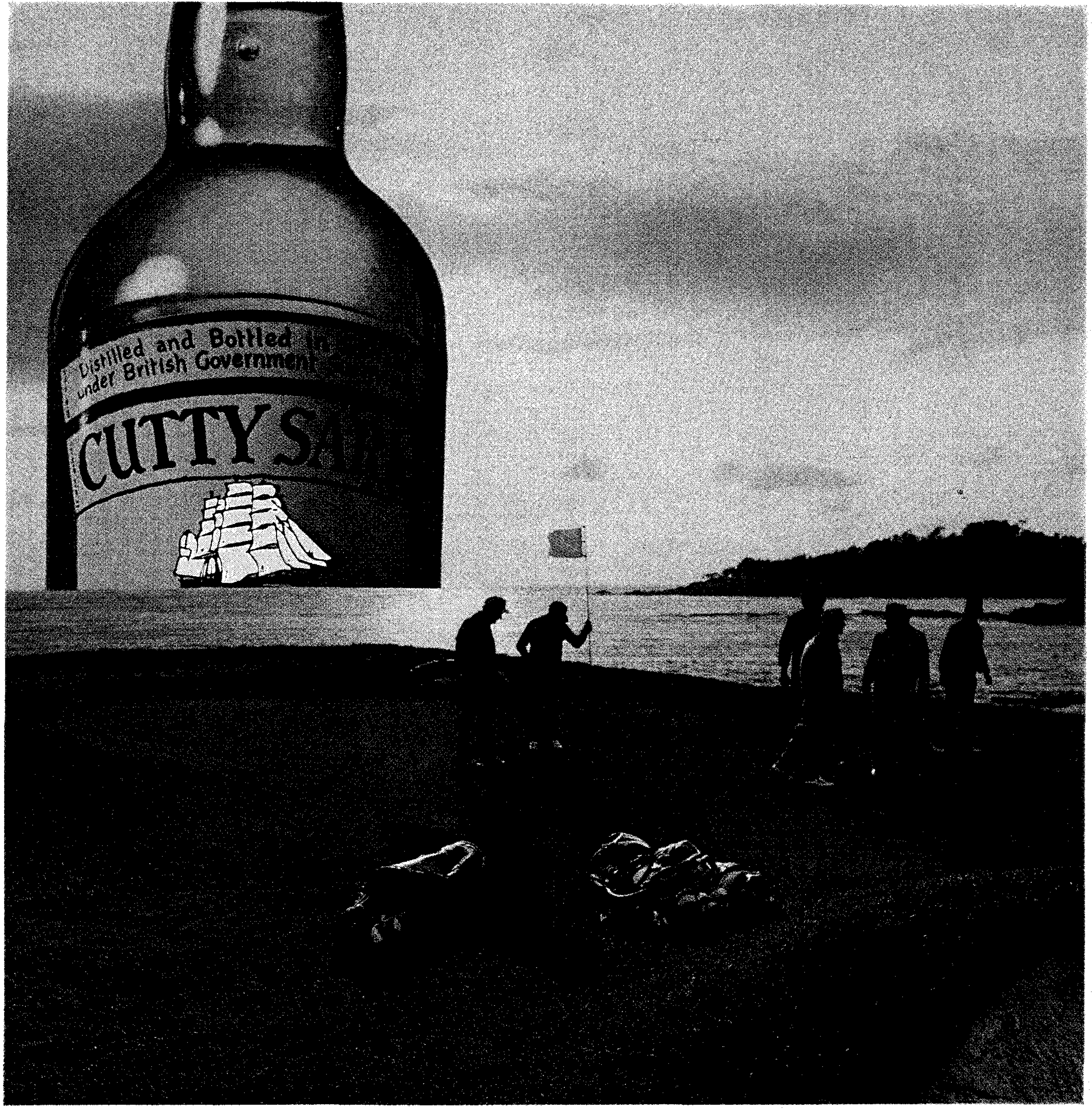
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DANCING

An American Giselle

LAST summer, Mikhail Baryshnikov made his American début partnering Natalia Makarova in "Giselle" with the American Ballet Theatre. Makarova "sponsored" Baryshnikov in that performance, and a year later almost to the day Baryshnikov did the same for Gelsey Kirkland in her New York début as Giselle. In different ways, both débutants enjoyed a triumph that seemed guaranteed in advance. There was nothing to do but wait for the performance to bring it about. Baryshnikov would have had his triumph in any role that let him soar, but in Kirkland's case it was the perfect apposition of star and role that was a fait accompli. In the nearly forty years that we have had "Giselle" in the American repertory, we haven't lacked great interpreters, but we have lacked a great American-born Giselle. Kirkland may be the first totally credible American Giselle since the ballet was first danced here, in the nineteenth century. The role has been taken by brilliant American ballerinas, but none seems to have fit inside its Russo-European tradition as Kirkland does. And this isn't just because, partnered by Baryshnikov and modelling her conception on Makarova's, Kirkland has made herself look almost as if she, too, came from the Kirov; it's because she's a natural Giselle, whose chrysalis is the immediate influence upon her of these two great Russian stars. I wouldn't be surprised if, as she grows accustomed to the part, she were to shake off some of the more pious Kirovisms, such as the very slow tempo of the second-act adagio. A deliberate act of emulation, the performance is already impressive for its lack of excrescence. Kirkland has borrowed only as much as conforms with her instinct, and that instinct is profound. I predict that when she reaches her full wingspread in the part, she will have made the connection between the Russo-European Romanticism of the ballet and the romantic mythology of American melodrama even clearer than it is now.

Kirkland is a natural Giselle the way other Americans are natural Myrthas—by reason of Freudian biological destiny. But it's not only that the role underscores her airiness and fragility; it also enhances the archetypal echoes in her personality. As Giselle, Kirkland is more Lillian Gish-like than ever; she even seems to be playing a Gish role. She also has, again by nature, a plainness and stringency of manner in the way she presents a role, a fastidious taste that withdraws before "romantic" excess. All this has, I think, a peculiar appeal to Americans, especially to young Americans new to ballet. For old-timers, Kirkland just now brings no burst of originality to the part, but that is as it should be. She doesn't jar the marvellous singular clarity of the picture she presents; she awakens an extinct cameo image and lets us play with its reverberations. There is no suspense over "interpretation." She forgives her Albrecht as she dies, and that's that. Though it by no means sets the capstone on what she has achieved as an artist, Kirkland's appearance in "Giselle" is a promise fulfilled. Every ballerina, they say, dreams of dancing Giselle, but very few of them can, as Kirkland has, take the role as if by birthright; there's one more address on Dream Street.

In the first performance, there were a few technical uncertainties, most of them having to do with the spacing of entrances and exits within the set. Erratic conducting marred the first-act solo. There was a moment at the start of the solo when eye contact between Kirkland and Baryshnikov lapsed, but it's an indication of how well they were performing together that the lapse should have been felt. I expect that by the second performance these errors had been corrected. So, too, the descent from the two overhead lifts, which on the first night was chancy both times. Baryshnikov is a much more relaxed Albrecht than he was a year ago or even last winter. His acting is free and unguarded, yet rhythmically taut, and there's a new and keener flow of volubility between him and Kirkland, which also showed in their "La Sylphide" this season. The dancing pours out of the mime as if in a fever of pent-up eloquence. The diagonal of brisés toward Myrtha with open, pleading hands has never been stronger in its emotional impact, and the lily-strewn ending, with its symbolic transference of Giselle's spirit into the bouquet that scatters, never more lucid.

The third member of this superb cast was Martine van Hamel. Tall and luscious, van Hamel dances Myrtha as the great ballerina role it is. The grandeur of her carriage makes even a simple rhythmic port de bras, such as the one she does standing in a cluster of Wilis, an exciting dance experience, and when she advances on a majestic

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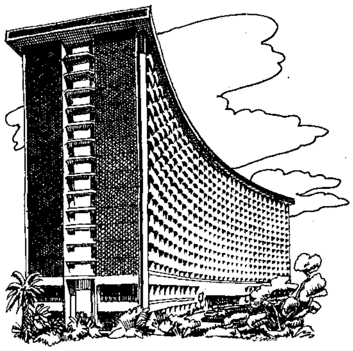

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tide of sautés en arabesque those treetop arms of hers both clear her path and cross it in momentary blockages. She gives Myrtha a divided nature—she's no one-dimensional dry-ice villainess.

VAN HAMEL is the company's most dramatic classical dancer. She shows us the drama of classicism as a drama of poetic suggestion, not a drama of peril. At the Ballet Theatre, you frequently see dancers, gifted and ungifted, trying to reduce classical phraseology to one bright element—the piqué balance or the extra twirl—that the audience can read as a blanket meaning. They have acrobatic daring, but they don't have the large understanding that van Hamel has of the compound imagery of a classical phrase—its ability to express several meanings at once. At times, at ecstatic peak moments, van Hamel gets swept away on the crosscurrent of her text; she goes emotionally high on the movement and, apparently, regrets it later. Recently, she told a *Soho Weekly News* interviewer that she felt her Black Swan was "too young and too happy." But the multidimensional logic of classicism allows for van Hamel's happiness, and we're as happy as she is that she can express that logic so well. Van Hamel uses her weight and size fearlessly to magnify the fluid changes of balance and proportion of which she is such a mistress. She is the perfect Petipa dancer—squarely based, obliquely reinforced, yet temperate, rounded, and soft. In the title nonrole of "Raymonda," she made sense of every moment that fell to her; and every moment that didn't—and there were quite a few—found her cheerfully content. Van Hamel's movement is big and honest "commenting" movement. Very beautifully, she showed you the exact point of all the "Raymonda" variations and also the exactness of the monotony with which they are arranged. She couldn't save the ballet, but it was one of her largest and sunniest performances, and at the end there was an ovation. As the season closed, the audience seemed at last to be catching on to van Hamel's magic. Several fans even threw flowers—a sure sign. —ARLENE CROCE

•

Secretary of State Kissinger, who has dealt extensively with the Chinese, believes it is vital in dealing with them for a nation to keep its word.—*The Times.*

With the Bulgarians, of course, it's another matter.

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BOOKS

Selda, Lilia, Ursa, Great Gram, and Other Ladies in Distress

ALTHOUGH Christina Stead is seventy-three, Australian-born, and white, and Gayl Jones is twenty-six, Kentucky-born, and black, heir two recent novels—"The Little Hotel" (Holt, Rinehart & Winton) and "Corregidora" (Random House)—are similar in size (just under two hundred pages), in the look of heir jackets (tame paintings with nononsense lettering), in a certain chosen uncoziness of tone, and in their feminism, feminism being femaleness that considers itself politically. In Miss Stead's case, the politics are Socialist, and her put-upon women are caught up in he incessant, somewhat paranoid bourgeois capitalism of a declining Europe; n Miss Jones' book, a history of American racism weighs upon her women, making of their bodies, generation to generation, a living history of the slavery that otherwise will be forgotten. Though isolated and unfulfilled in their widely separated worlds of heedless male domination, the books' heroines remain heterosexual and are not quite helpless, asserting freedom in final gestures of, in "The Little Hotel," renunciation, and, in "Corregidora," acceptance.

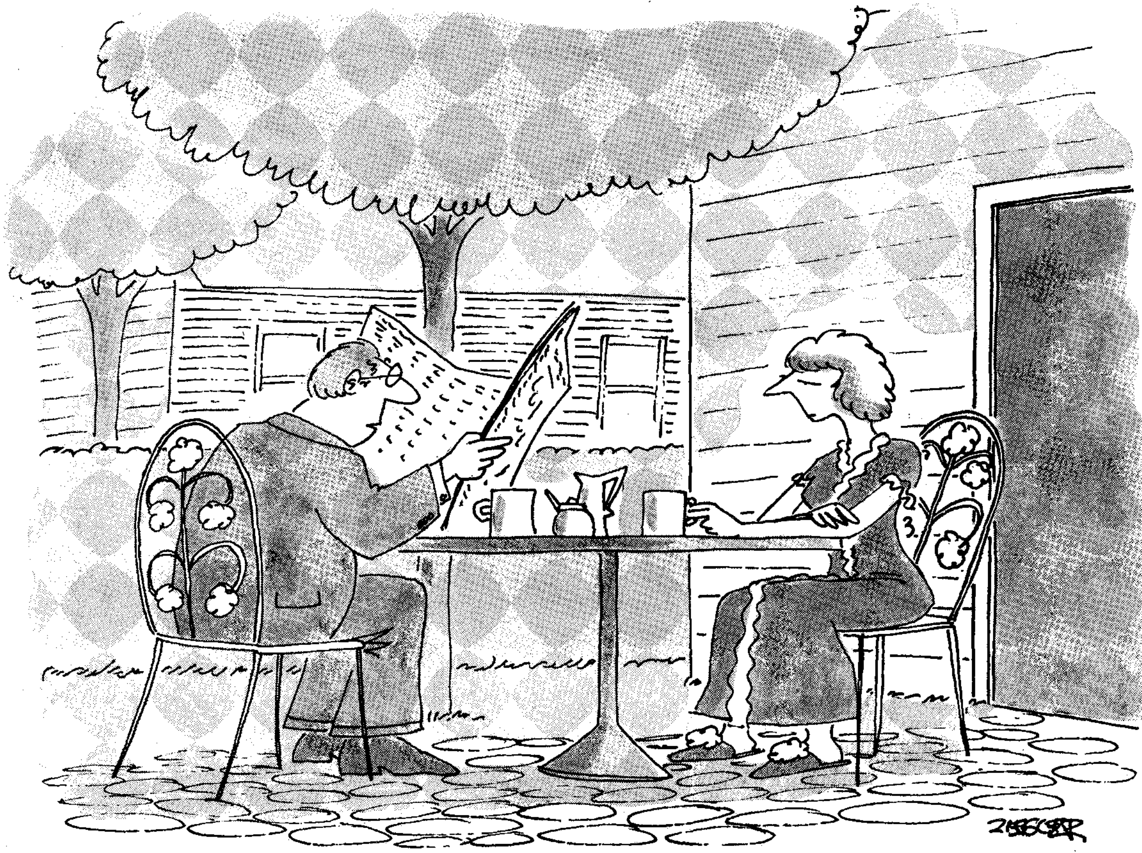
Miss Stead's book takes place in Lausanne, and has for a narrator Mme. Selda Bonnard, the proprietress of a small Swiss *pension* patronized for ts moderate rates and tolerant management. Beginning in the breathless, flustered voice of a stage monologuist, Mme. Bonnard tells us of her guests, concentrating upon the Mayor of B., a Belgian official boisterously suffering from a nervous breakdown; the subtle portrait of his derangement is too real to be funny. A globe deranged seems implied in the sketches of the other guests—Mrs. Powell, an old American woman, noisily anti-Communist and a bit less blatantly racist; Mme. Blaise, a rich doctor's wife from Basel, obsessed by her hairdo and perpetually swaddled in layers of clothes; Mrs. Trollope, a petite and slightly dark Englishwoman who has spent most of her life in the East; her "cousin," Mr. Wilkins, who lives in the adjoining room, acts as proprietor of her money, and reads in her face at every meal; Miss Abbey-Chillard, an Englishwoman who, though dying and penniless, is nevertheless consummately demanding and arrogant; and the Admiral, another decrepit Englishwoman, whose insufferable manners induce persecution from the hotel servants. These servants, Italian and Swiss peasants in the main, and the touring artistes who perform at the neighboring night club, and Mme. Bonnard's husband, Roger, the usually absentee master of the establishment, round out the hotel roll; a "Magic Mountain"-like microcosm of Europe appears intended, though on a less Alpine scale. Yet the book never quite takes hold as that; its locus in time seems vaguely scattered, as if it had been composed over a long stretch of years. Wilson's Labour Government appears to rule England, but a more immediately postwar atmosphere colors the financial manipulations and political anxieties of the characters. Rather indistinguishably aged and reactionary, they all agree that the Russians are about to invade Switzerland. Thus immersed in the Cold War, the book is slow to thaw, though chips of icy vividness fly when Miss Stead gives a character more than a passing glance. Of a hotel maid:

> And then, after a short cold silence, Luisa had shown a set of fascinating wiles, delightful smiles, half-words in English, soothing and loving. Luisa could be angry, acid, contemptuous. She had flying passions, transparent guile: she was fluid, clever and really affectionate.

Of Miss Abbey-Chillard:

> In the sagging bed, propped up by pillows, lay a tanned bony church-door martyr, with large bright blue eyes in deep hollows. Her lank hair trailed over the pillows; a loose nightgown with a handsome lace décolletage showed her emaciated neck, bony chest, the wide-set weakened breasts. But the neck had been a column, the chest once broad, deep and strong: there was still determination in this disorder, a high-spirited selfish temper.

A deep experience of life speaks in such phrases as "the unmistakable trotting and nodding of the long-married" and "the fresh beauty of blood newly mixed." Yet for much of the book the



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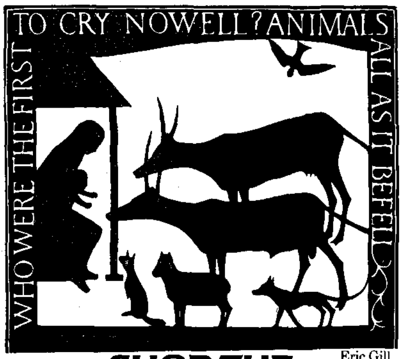

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reader feels about these glimpsable guests as Mrs. Trollope does: "I can see everything that everyone does; and it all has nothing to do with me."

This compact novel, full of anecdotes, seems to lack a story; we only slowly realize that, by a remarkable technical sleight of hand, the story has become Mrs. Trollope's. The narrator, Mme. Bonnard, begins to tell us of conversations at which she was not present, and in the end enters very intimately into the private emotions and history of this Mrs. Trollope—Lilia, a child of the Orient; her mother a Dutch-Javanese, her husband a rich philanderer, her "cousin" a lover met in Malaya and now as indifferent and mercenary as the most meagre of husbands. She has children in England; she has money there, which Robert Wilkins keeps badgering her to bring out for him to "arrange." She expected him to marry her as soon as she and her husband divorced; she is humiliated and agonized by his silent refusal. She knows that everyone thinks of her: "This woman is an Eurasian; that is why the man won't marry her." Though the other characters continue to pose, to flaunt their individual terrors and cruelties with increasing shamelessness, our interest remains caught up in this middle-aged, kindhearted half-caste's brave, hopeless, and salutary effort to end a liaison prolonged to the point of degradation. Our hearts cheer when, though yielding to his teasing demand for a kiss, she says, "Well, if you wish it, Robert, but it doesn't mean anything. You have lost me. I'll kiss you, but it's finished. I've been meaning to tell you. I loved you, I was loyal to you, and there never was another man for me. But you have lost me. You let me down, Robert." She has become all those partners in love for whom a long succession of slights and affronts accumulates at last, and conclusively, to the astonishment of the confident affronter. Robert believes the love he took for granted is still there, can be revived with a kiss, a pretense of relenting. But he is wrong. A change has been wrought, imperceptibly. Departed, Mrs. Trollope writes Mme. Bonnard, "I think I have made a break, and I have suffered a little, dear Selda; but Mr. Wilkins will not believe me. I have been so weak in the past, I do not blame him. As for coming back—I am not coming back." The novel's last sentence says, of the two "cousins," "I do not know if they ever saw each other again;" and this ending is sad, though we have seen the lovers happy for only a moment when, at a night club, they dance "in a pretty coupling, their faces lit up."

As she leaves the hotel, Lilia calls Selda a "sister," and the same transparent art that let one woman's narration glide into the story of another has Mrs. Trollope's unhappy affair reflect back upon the Bonnards' marriage, the unseen coupling within the book. In the first pages, the wife confesses, "I have headaches, I am worried about my husband Roger," but the complaint is not developed. Roger comes and goes, nurses his hangovers, solves the crises of the hotel, and for the rest lets his wife run the daily details. Their economic marriage to this enterprise, and their captivity through it to each other, is caricatured in the "pretty coupling" of Dr. and Mme. Blaise; her money, descended to her from wartime dealings with the Nazis, binds them in an exacerbating and savage relationship that is the book's epitome of unpleasantness. Throughout, money or its lack is crucial, and it is the women, rich and poor, who are exploited. Mrs. Trollope's decisive, revolutionary gesture is to give money meant to buy her lover a car to the dying Miss Abbey-Chillard, for her medical expenses. Miss Stead, an outspoken left-winger, enriches her perceptions of emotional dependence with a tactile sense of money as a pervasive, unpleasant glue that holds her heroines fast, in their little hotels of circumstance.

BONDAGE of a different sort pervades "Corregidora," named after a Portuguese seaman who, become a Brazilian plantation owner, compels his female slaves to sleep with him and then with others, for money. The history of the "generations" descended from this white progenitor is interspersed in italics as the novel's heroine, a blues singer in a Kentucky café, tells her own history of unhappy marriage to two black men. Her name, which she keeps in marriage, is Ursa Corregidora, and her ancestors are Great Gram, "the coffee-bean woman," who was Corregidora's prize whore; Gram, fathered by the slavemonger and born into a slop jar; and Mama, also the daughter of the energetic Corregidora. After the abolition of slavery in Brazil, Great Gram fled to Louisiana, but went back to Brazil in 1906 to take away Gram, eighteen and pregnant with Mama. Mama—the family has moved to Kentucky "to get better work"—conceives Ursa by a black man, Martin, who shares only briefly this odd household obsessed with "Corregidora, who gave orders to whores, the father of his daughter and his daughter's daughter." For as long as they live, Great Gram and Gram talk aloud of their past in slavery, impressing upon the little girl, the fourth generation, the need to make generations:

> "The important thing is making generations. They can burn the papers but they can't burn conscious, Ursa. And that what makes the evidence. And that's what makes the verdict."

This imperative—procreation as revenge and testimony—has its strangeness and ambiguity. Her mother tells Ursa:

> "I think what really made them [Gram and Great Gram] dislike Martin was because he had the nerve to ask them what I never had the nerve to ask."
>
> "What was that?"
>
> "How much was hate for Corregidora and how much was love."

Ursa's predecessors in this matriarchal line, as sacred to itself as a line of Nordic kings, "squeezed Corregidora into me, and I sung back in return." She becomes a blues singer, which offends her conventionally pious mother but pleases her grandmother. When her first husband, jealous of her art and its audience, throws her down a stairway, damaging her internally so she can never bear children, she discharges her obligation to the memory of Corregidora by speaking this book.

"Corregidora" persuasively fuses black history, or the mythic consciousness that must do for black history, with the emotional nuances of contemporary black life. The novel is about, in a sense, frigidity, about Ursa's inability to love.

> "Stop, Ursa, why do you go on making dreams?"
>
> "Till I feel satisfied that I could have loved, that I could have loved you, till I feel satisfied, alone, and satisfied that I could have loved."

Her interior monologues, where they do not concern Corregidora, are addressed to her first husband, Mutt, whose attempted domination of her, climaxed by her fateful fall down the stairs, nevertheless quickened a response she cannot give her second, gentle husband, Tadpole. Throughout the span of her life that is related—in the end she is forty-seven—Ursa rejects the advances made to her by her husbands, by amorous night-club clients, by lesbian sisters. Similarly, her mother, having rejected Martin, lives alone, spurn-

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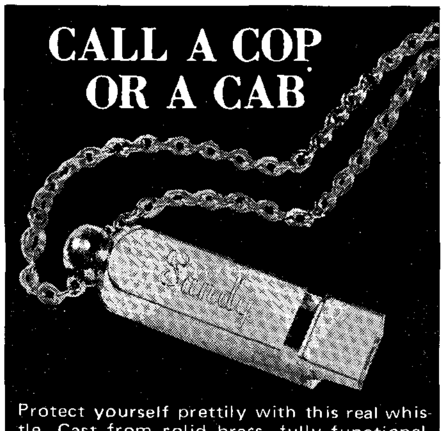
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ing the courtship of a friendly neighbor. The interweave of past shame and present shyness gives the dialogue depth; after Mutt, in response to Ursa's confiding of the Corregidora legend, tells her the tale of his slave great-grandfather's loss of his wife, she nods but says nothing.

"Don't look like that, Ursa," he had said and pulled me toward him. "Whichever way you look at it, we ain't them."

I didn't answer that, because the way I'd been brought up, it was almost as if I was.

"We're not, Ursa."

I had stepped back suddenly.

"What did you step back for, woman? I wasn't going to bite you. What in the hell did you step back for?"

The book's innermost action, then, is Ursa's attempt to "get her ass together," to transcend a nightmare black consciousness and waken to her own female, maimed humanity. She does it, in the end, with a sexual act that she imagines was what "Great Gram did to Corregidora"—an act combining pain and pleasure, submission and possession, hate and love, an act that says, in love, "I could kill you." This resolution is surprising but not shocking; one of the book's merits is the ease with which it assumes the writer's right to sexual specifics, and its willingness to explore exactly how our sexual and emotional behavior is warped within the matrix of family and race.

The men in this novel do not live except in the wonderful transcriptions of "sweet talk," of seduction's musical mumble, and the women retain a certain occluding severity. The simultaneous largeness and intimacy of Miss Jones' themes scatters her narrative; the characters come and go as casually as guests in Miss Stead's hotel, and without the solidity of Miss Stead's aphorisms and local color. The minor-league Kentucky ghetto seems colorless and generalized; our retrospective impression of "Corregidora" is of a big territory—the Afro-American psyche—rather thinly and stabbingly populated by ideas, personae, hints. Yet that such a small book could seem so big speaks well for the generous spirit of the author, unpolemical where there has been much polemic, exploratory where rhetoric and outrage tend to block the path. The space her novel occupies, between ideology and dream, seems proper to fiction now, and to material of which sordid detail and sexual myth are linked aspects. Both these novels, indeed, build *from* their political convictions rather than *toward* them, and leave us not with slogans but with a sense of witnessed life.

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Hemmed in by capitalism, by racism, Lilia and Ursa find room enough to act in, and power enough within themselves to give their decisions an unexpected grandeur, the momentousness of birth and its endured pain.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Small Rain, by Nicholas Delbanco (Morrow). How a writer of Mr. Delbanco's skill and depth could have written a highbrow "Love Story" is something of a mystery, but that, unfortunately, is what he has done. If it weren't so high-toned, it could almost be mistaken for a parody—from the ultra-romantic meeting of Anthony Hope-Harding (a sixty-year-old English bachelor vacationing in his dilapidated house in the South of France) and Maija von Einzeedle (a bored Swiss mother of two who has been married for twenty years to a dullard), through the kitsch lovers' dialogue, school of Noël and Gertie ("You're a foolish person. And you can't remember Sanskrit either"), and the big obstacles (her husband, his job) that you know they'll overcome, to the tragic ending. In the interstices of all this, there are, encouragingly, signs of the author's undeniable talent and continuing sanity. Hope-Harding and Einzeedle are full-blown, thoroughly modern, if late-blooming, people, and their unpinned passion for each other has a certain grandeur and weight that demand to be taken seriously. But the artificiality of their conversations and the sheer straining for effect intrude constantly. As in his last novel, "Fathering," Mr. Delbanco gives one the feeling that ambition outdistances his perspective (he's thirty-two), and that though this is his seventh novel he has yet to find his real voice.

GENERAL

Looking Backwards, by Colette, translated from the French by David Le Vay (Indiana University Press). A hodgepodge of observations and feelings about life in France before and during the Second World War. The book suffers somewhat from being a collection of pieces written in haste for newspapers or magazines, but Colette's infallibly keen nose and sharp eye make even her slapdash journalism worth grazing on. Here is still another loving por-

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trait of her mother, Sido, regal, pink, and blunt; here are Paris evacuees, soldiers' wives, and Provence peasant women staving off hunger and loneliness with furious bursts of activity; and here, too, are plants, flowers, children, bees, snakes, dogs, and small subtle gestures that were for Colette such a telling part of every human drama, including war.

THE SARGASSO SEA, by John and Mildred Teal (Atlantic-Little, Brown). All about the still not entirely riddled North Atlantic entity, formed and perpetuated by ocean currents responding to the turn of the earth and trade winds, that "stretches from the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream to about 10° west of the Azores and from the southern tip of Greenland to the latitude of Santiago, Cuba." The authors discuss the curious pelagic weed that both identifies the Sargasso Sea and gives it its still faintly sinister name; the many creatures, ranging in size from ten-micron ultraplankton to the blue whale, that make it their home; its peculiarities of temperature, depth, and fruitfulness; and, of course, the extraordinary life cycle of its most celebrated native, *Anguilla*, the common eel. This most entertainingly instructive natural history also includes, as a rich good measure, the diaries kept by Mr. Teal of three scientific journeys to the Sargasso from his headquarters at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. Illustrated with an endpaper map, and with many exquisite line drawings by Leslie Morrill.

OSWALD MOSLEY, by Robert Skidelsky (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A fat, well-documented, and spirited biography of one of the most troublesome figures in modern British politics. Born in 1896, a brilliant product of old landed gentry, Mosley could have become the great peacetime leader that Britain did not have—the man whose boldness and vision could have led the nation out of the Depression, much as Lloyd George and Churchill led it through the two World Wars. His famous memorandum of January 16, 1930, the rejection of which prompted his resignation from Ramsay MacDonald's government, showed far greater understanding of the economic crisis than was apparent elsewhere at the time. But some flaw in his seeing—something narrow and arrogant in his division of the world into hermetic blocs—diverted him toward the mirages of Fascism and anti-Semitism. Mr. Skidelsky defends him against some charges—he argues that the violence of Mosley's Black Shirts was often purposely set off by Communist provocateurs—but of the anti-Semitism he can say only that it was "the most difficult of all his offences to forgive—and by some will never be forgiven." This sorrowful compassion for his subject is matched in other places by an intellectual self-confidence that equals Mosley's own, and the book is loaded with donnish and quarrelsome asides like "We all know the Labour Party of today" and "the typical arrogance of the Cambridge economist."

THE OTHER GOVERNMENT: THE UNSEEN POWER OF WASHINGTON LAWYERS, by Mark J. Green (Viking/Grossman). The author, a lawyer and writer, is director of the Corporate Accountability Research Group, in Washington. He writes about a collection of servants of corporate power: Washington lawyers who practice, for the most part, before the federal regulatory agencies. The book studies firms and individuals. It is personal—one member of the bar assessing the character and behavior of his fellows. Mr. Green is highly critical of the ethical standards of the successful Washington firms. He thinks that their purely legal ethics may be good enough but that their advocacy includes working for things they know are bad, such as keeping harmful or useless drugs on the market. He feels that they should advise their clients to act justly and reject clients who will not. He is knowing, temperate, and readable—qualities that make his argument persuasive.

NOTE: "Passage to Ararat," Michael J. Arlen's account of a journey to Armenia, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. All the material first appeared here. . . . "Buried City," a collection of Howard Moss's poems, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Atheneum.

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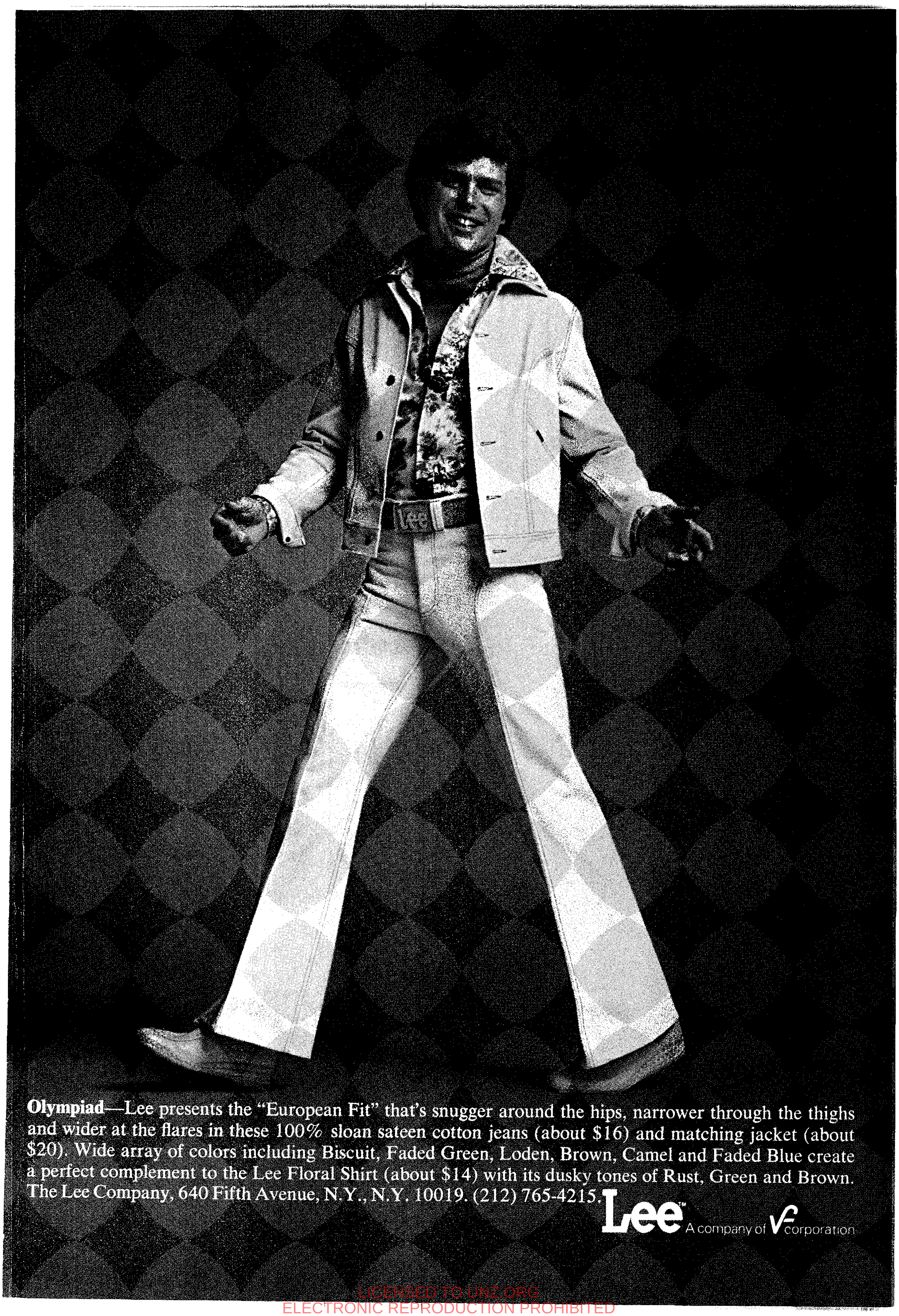
LETTERS ONLY THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON "GLOBE" EVER FINISHED READING

[*Beginning of a letter in the Boston Globe*]

It's time we stop pooh, poohing the woof, woof problem. Most mature citizens are concerned.



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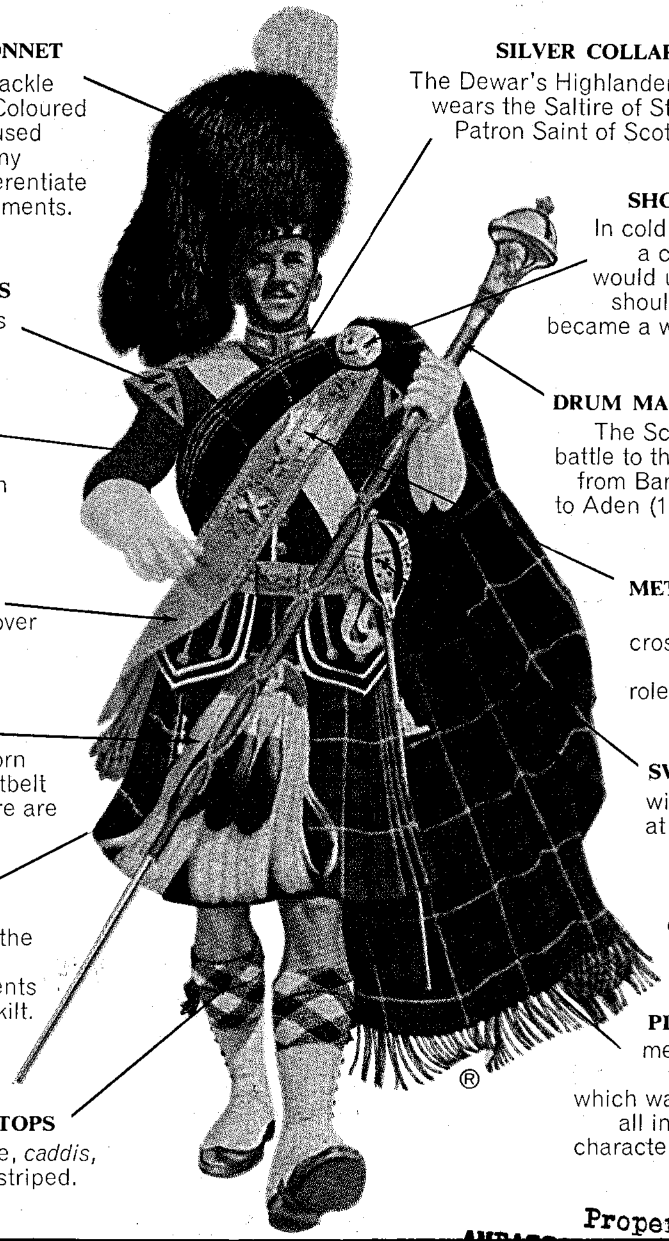

FEATHER BONNET
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

"WING" EPAULETS
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

SCARLET DOUBLET
Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis,* meaning striped.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

DRUM MAJOR'S BATON
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

SWORD
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg,* (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

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